The Golden Sheaf

A collection of choice Hymns and Songs, especially designed for Prayer and Social Services, Tent and Revival Meetings.

Published and for sale by
The Advent Christian Publication Society
144 Mulberry Street, Boston

THE

GOLDEN SHEAF

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE HYMNS AND SONGS

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR

TENT AND REVIVAL MEETINGS, PRAYER AND SOCIAL SERVICES

BOSTON
THE ADVENT CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY
144 HANOVER STREET
1898

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PREFACE.

For the success of gospel work much depends upon the singing. As an inspired apostle has taught us that it is fully as important to sing with the understanding as with the spirit (1 Cor. 14: 15), we believe that "*the truth*" should be *sung*, as well as preached.

With this end in view, and to meet a general desire for a book less bulky and expensive than the usual church hymnals, we have prepared this modest collection, with special reference to the needs of social services, tent meetings, and general evangelistic work.

We tender our thanks to all who have granted us the use of their hymns or music for this book, and humbly pray that God will bless its use to the edification of His Church and the salvation of the perishing.

GEO. J. FRENCH,
FREDK. S. STANTON,
GEO. W. SEDERQUIST,
WM. A. BURCH,
Committee.

CHAS. H. WOODMAN, MANAGER, MUSIC PRINTER, 144 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

THE GOLDEN SHEAF.

1 Harvest Fields.

F. S. S. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. See the shin-ing fields of wav-ing grain, See the har-vest fields so white!
2. Hear the Saviour, as he call-eth thee To the har-vest fields so white!
3. Haste! the Master's ur-gent call o - bey, See the har-vest fields so white!

O - ver-spreading ev - 'ry hill and plain, See the har-vest fields so white!
"Come and la - bor ear-nest-ly for me In the har-vest fields so white!"
Quick-ly join the reaper's ranks to - day In the har-vest fields so white!

CHORUS.

There is work . . . that each may do, . . . Work for me, . . . and work for

There is work each may do, Work for me,

you, . . .

work for you, And the lab'rers are so ver-y few In the harvest fields so white!

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Sowing for the Harvest.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

With animation.

1. We are sow - ing the seed of the word of life, We are sow - ing each day in a world of strife; We are sow - ing with care in the morn - ing bright; We are sow - ing till late, in the shades of night.
2. We are sow - ing the seed in a world of pain, We are sow - ing in faith, we shall reap a - gain; We are sow - ing in hope, from the field to win Some poor soul, in the har - vest to gath - er in.
3. We are sow - ing each day, in our word and deed, We are sow - ing the truth with an ear - nest heed; With a dil - i - gent hand we de- light to sow, In the morn-ing and eve, where the wheat may grow.
4. We are sow - ing in tears, we shall reap ere long, When the Mas - ter shall come, with the an - gel throng; Then we'll rest from our sor - rows, our toils and cares, In the man-sions of light, when he burns the tares.
5. If we sow to the Spir - it, our life is sure; If we la - bor in faith, to the end en - dure; Tho' with weep - ing we sow, yet with joy we'll come, When we bring in our sheaves, to the har - vest home.
CHORUS.
What we sow in the sunshine, or sow in the rain; What we scat - ter a - broad we shall gath - er a - gain! O, that will the har - vest be,
rit.
a tempo.

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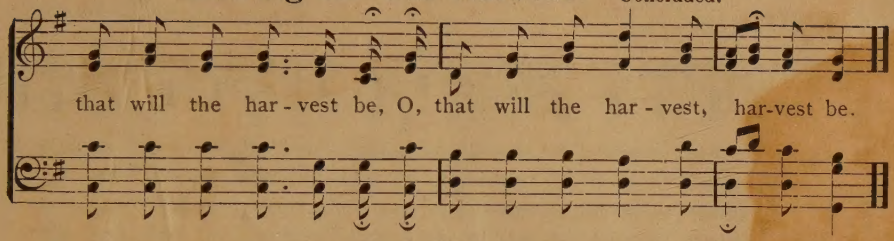
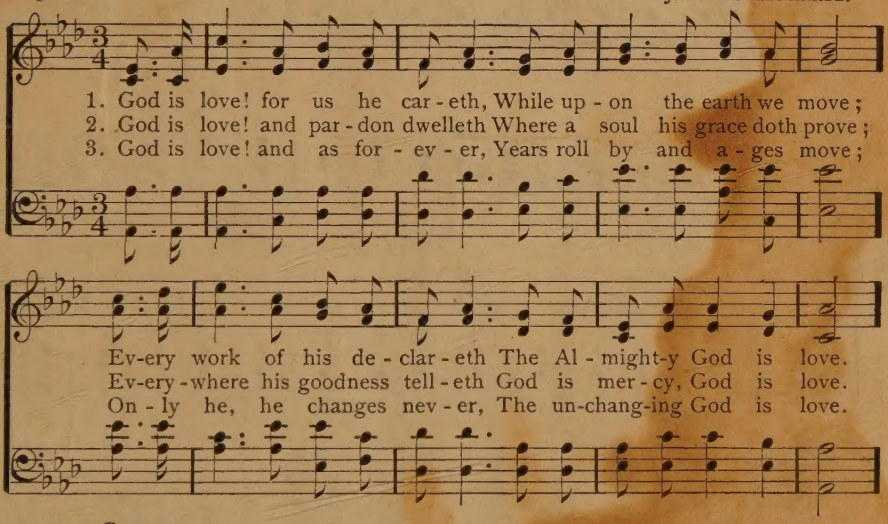
Sowing for the Harvest. Concluded.



3 God is Love.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. God is love! for us he car - eth, While up - on the earth we move;
2. God is love! and par - don dwelleth Where a soul his grace doth prove;
3. God is love! and as for - ev - er, Years roll by and a - ges move;
Ev-ery work of his de - clar - eth The Al - might-y God is love.
Ev-ery-where his goodness tell - eth God is mer - cy, God is love.
On - ly he, he changes nev - er, The un-chang-ing God is love.

CHORUS.

Mighty love, Matchless love, Infinite and unchanging love,
Mighty love, Matchless love, In-fi-nite and unchanging love,
Tender love, Saving love, God is e - ter - - - nal love.
Tender love, Sav-ing love, God is e - ter - nal love.

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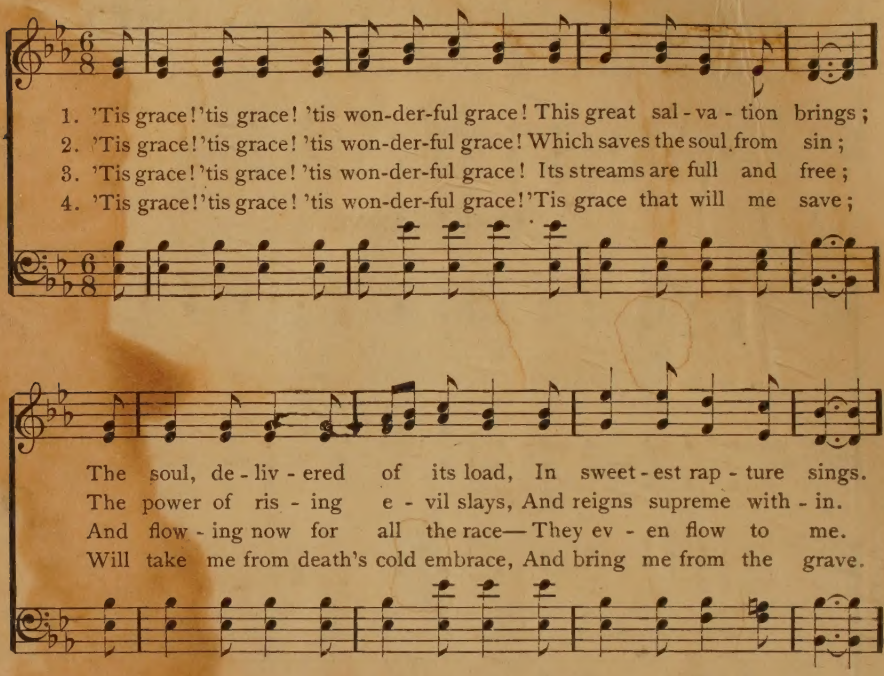
Wonderful Grace.

W. H. BURRELL. I. BALTZELL.


1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! This great sal - va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Its streams are full and free;
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! 'Tis grace that will me save;
The soul, de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet - est rap - ture sings.
The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.
And flow - ing now for all the race— They ev - en flow to me.
Will take me from death's cold embrace, And bring me from the grave.

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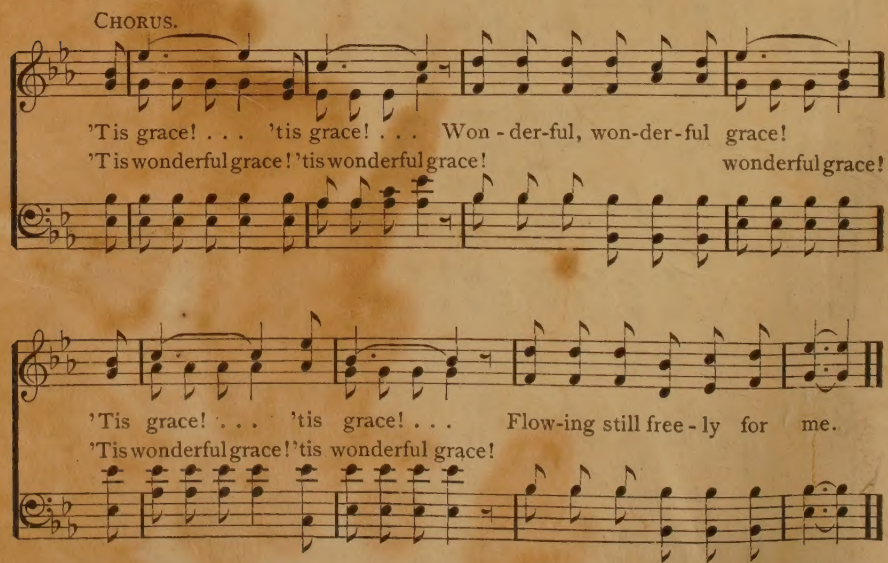
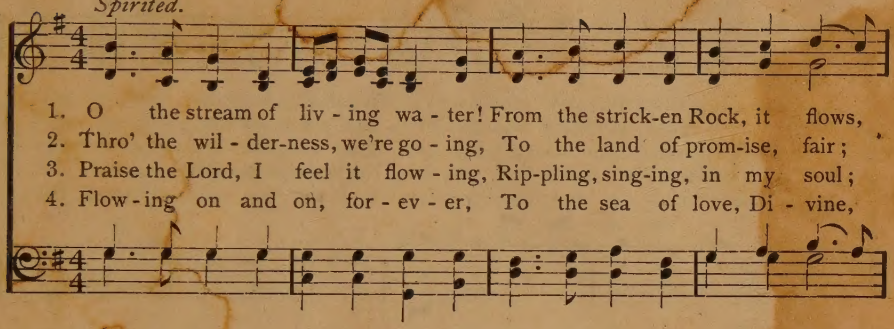

CHORUS.
'Tis grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . . Won - der-ful, won-der-ful grace!
'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace! wonderful grace!
'Tis grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . . Flow-ing still free - ly for me.
'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace!

The Flowing Water.

REV. W. C. MACURDY. J. H. HALL.

Spirited.


1. O the stream of liv - ing wa - ter! From the strick-en Rock, it flows,
2. Thro' the wil - der-ness, we're go - ing, To the land of prom-ise, fair;
3. Praise the Lord, I feel it flow - ing, Rip-pling, sing-ing, in my soul;
4. Flow - ing on and on, for - ev - er, To the sea of love, Di - vine,
Free to ev - 'ry son and daughter—Cure for all our sins and woes!
Where the tree of life is grow - ing, By the riv - er, flow - ing there!
And my Chris-tian strength is grow - ing! Je - sus Christ hath made me whole!
It shall know ces - sa - tion nev - er, In this grate-ful heart of mine!
CHORUS.
O the wa - ter, flow - ing wa - ter, All the thirst - y to re - lieve;
Free to ev - 'ry son and daughter—Come to Je - sus, and re - ceive!

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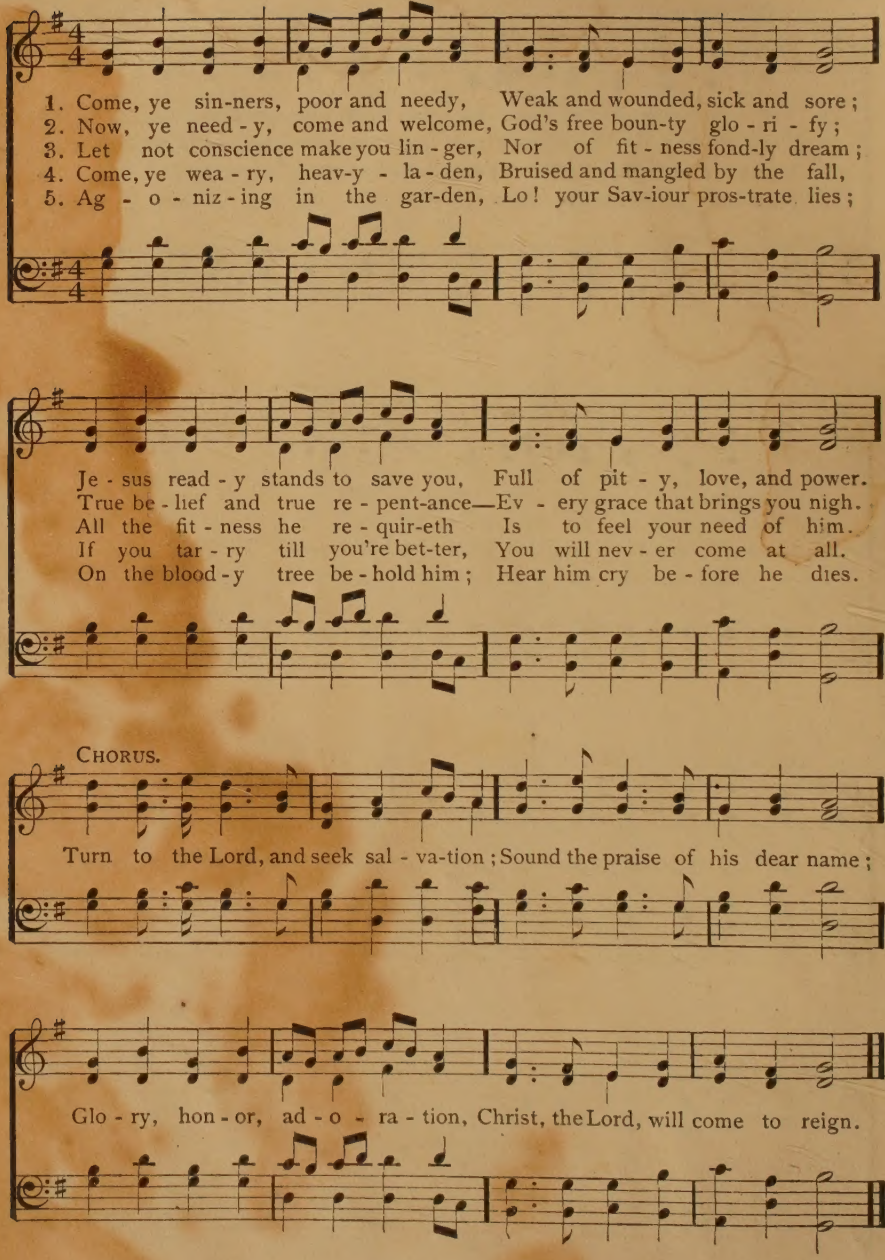
Turn to the Lord.

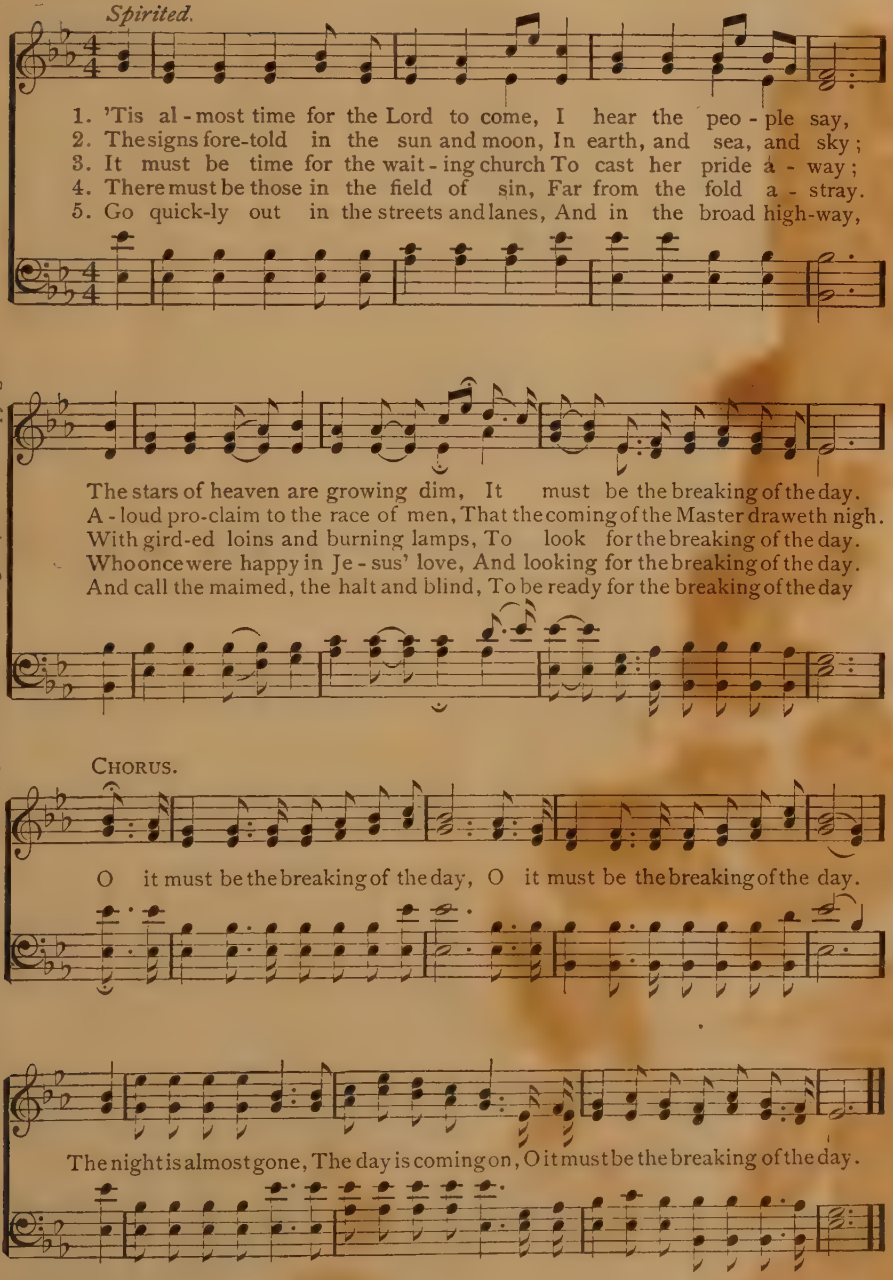
J. HART. J. INGALLS.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,
5. Ag-o-niz-ing in the gar-den, Lo! your Sav-iour pros-trate lies;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and power.
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance—Ev-ery grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit-ness he re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
On the blood-y tree be-hold him; Hear him cry be-fore he dies.
CHORUS.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal-va-tion; Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glo-ry, hon-or, ad-o-ra-tion, Christ, the Lord, will come to reign.

The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

Spirited.


1. 'Tis al - most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say,
2. The signs fore-told in the sun and moon, In earth, and sea, and sky;
3. It must be time for the wait - ing church To cast her pride a - way;
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray.
5. Go quick-ly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad high-way,
The stars of heaven are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
A - loud pro-claim to the race of men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.
With gird-ed loins and burning lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
Who once were happy in Je - sus' love, And looking for the breaking of the day.
And call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day
CHORUS.
O it must be the breaking of the day, O it must be the breaking of the day.
The night is almost gone, The day is coming on, O it must be the breaking of the day.

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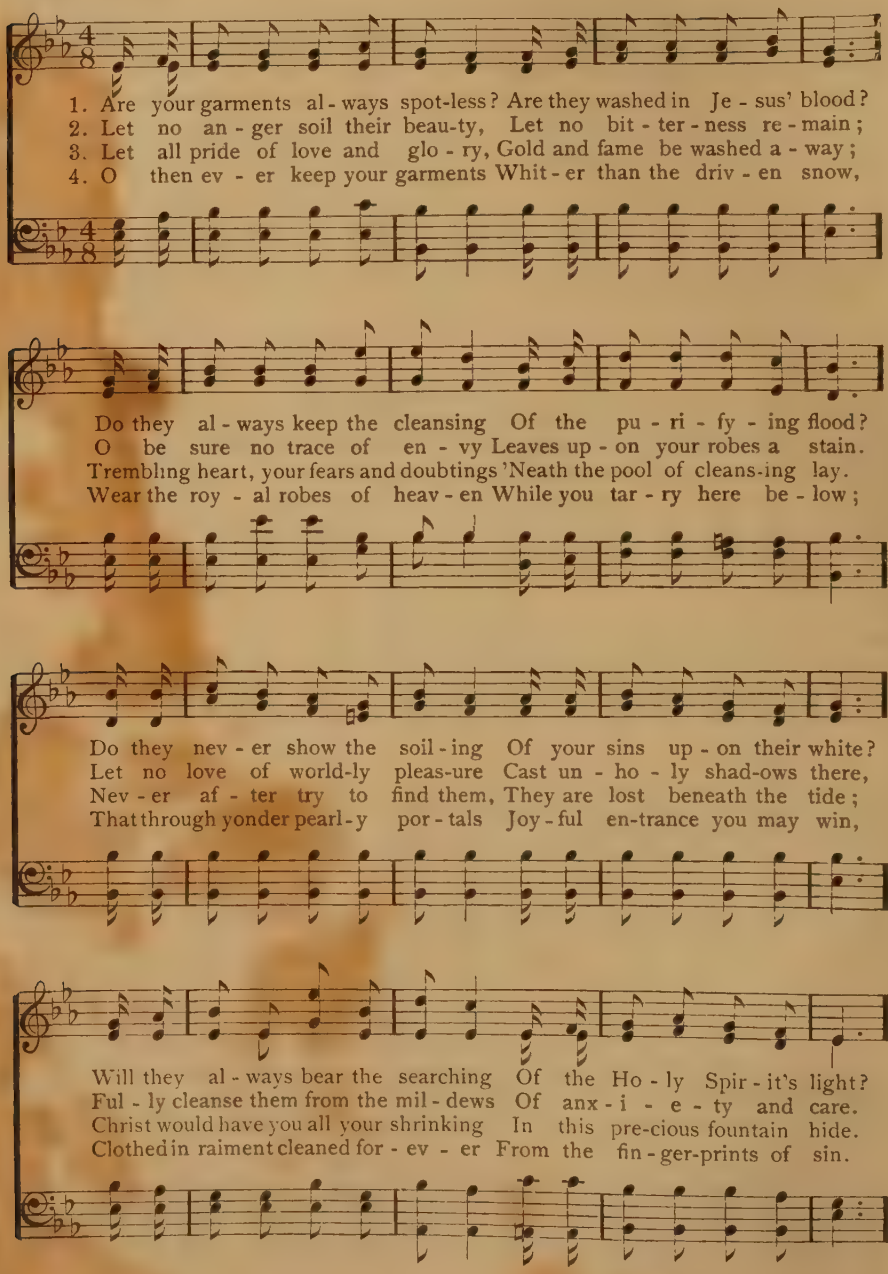
8 Let Your Garments be Always White.

EMMA F. FISK. G. K. A.


1. Are your garments al - ways spot-less? Are they washed in Je - sus' blood?
2. Let no an - ger soil their beau-ty, Let no bit - ter - ness re - main;
3. Let all pride of love and glo - ry, Gold and fame be washed a - way;
4. O then ev - er keep your garments Whit - er than the driv - en snow,
Do they al - ways keep the cleansing Of the pu - ri - fy - ing flood?
O be sure no trace of en - vy Leaves up - on your robes a stain.
Trembling heart, your fears and doubtings 'Neath the pool of cleans-ing lay.
Wear the roy - al robes of heav - en While you tar - ry here be - low;
Do they nev - er show the soil - ing Of your sins up - on their white?
Let no love of world-ly pleas-ure Cast un - ho - ly shad-ows there,
Nev - er af - ter try to find them, They are lost beneath the tide;
That through yonder pearl - y por - tals Joy - ful en-trance you may win,
Will they al - ways bear the searching Of the Ho - ly Spir - it's light?
Ful - ly cleanse them from the mil - dews Of anx - i - e - ty and care.
Christ would have you all your shrinking In this pre-cious fountain hide.
Clothed in raiment cleaned for - ev - er From the fin - ger-prints of sin.

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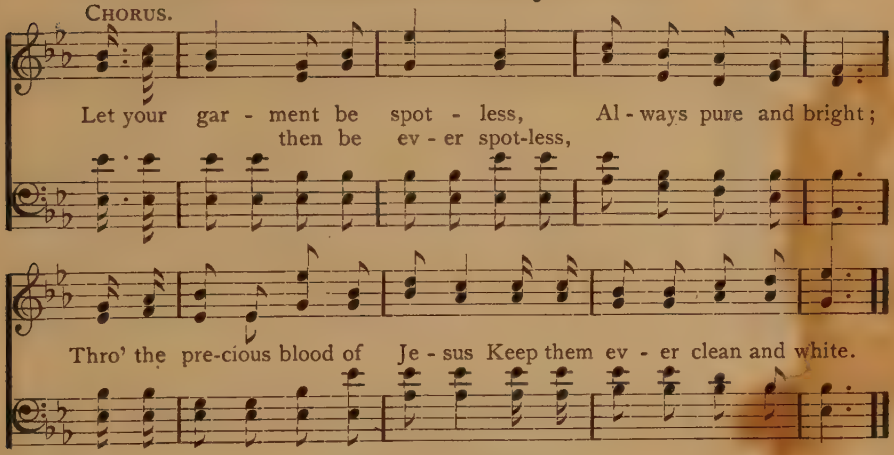
Let Your Garments be Always White. Concluded.

CHORUS.


Let your gar - ment be spot - less, Al - ways pure and bright;
then be ev - er spot-less,
Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus Keep them ev - er clean and white.

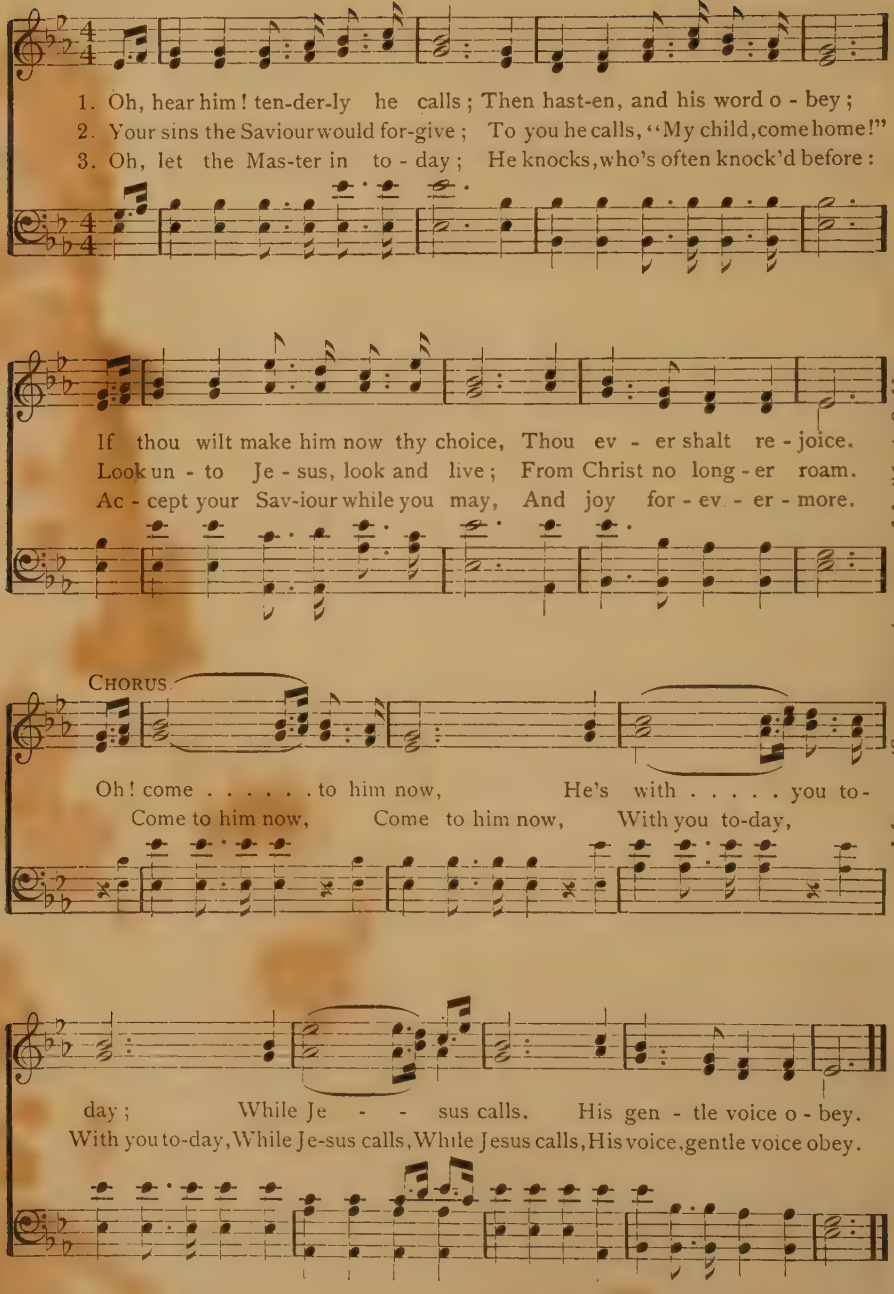
9 Jesus is Mine.

C. J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -
mor - tal tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

Jesus Calls.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. HALL.


1. Oh, hear him! ten-der-ly he calls; Then hast-en, and his word o - bey;
2. Your sins the Saviour would for-give; To you he calls, "My child, come home!"
3. Oh, let the Mas-ter in to - day; He knocks, who's often knock'd before:
If thou wilt make him now thy choice, Thou ev - er shalt re - joice.
Look un - to Je - sus, look and live; From Christ no long - er roam.
Ac - cept your Sav-iour while you may, And joy for - ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Oh! come . . . . . to him now, He's with . . . . . you to-
Come to him now, Come to him now, With you to-day,
day; While Je - - - sus calls. His gen - tle voice o - bey.
With you to-day, While Je-sus calls, While Jesus calls, His voice, gentle voice obey.

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Closer to Thee.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for thine em-
2. Clos - er to thee, my Sav-iour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee
3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir-it draw me, Till I am all with
brace; Clos - er with - in thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest-ing
more; Sigh - ing to feel thine arms a - round me, And all my wand'rings
thee; Quick-en, re - fine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and
CHORUS.
place. Clos - - - - er with the cords of love,
o'er.
free. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,
Draw me to thy - self a - bove; Clos - - - - er
Draw me, draw me to thy - self a - bove; Clos-er with the cords of love,
Draw me to thy - self a - bove.
Draw me to thy-self a - bove, Draw me to thy - self a - bove.

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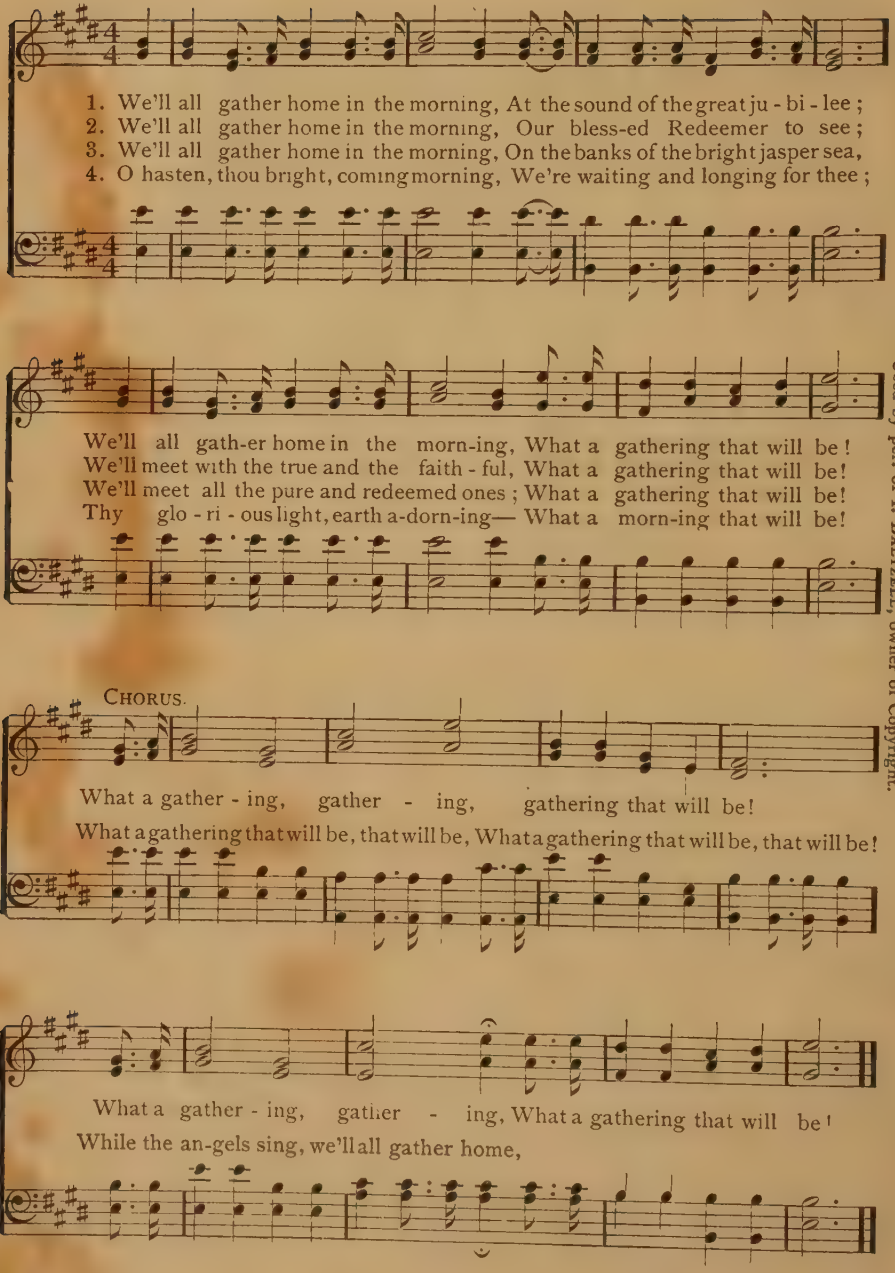
Gathering Home.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.


1. We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju - bi - lee ;
2. We'll all gather home in the morning, Our bless-ed Redeemer to see ;
3. We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper sea,
4. O hasten, thou bright, coming morning, We're waiting and longing for thee ;
We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, What a gathering that will be !
We'll meet with the true and the faith - ful, What a gathering that will be!
We'll meet all the pure and redeemed ones ; What a gathering that will be!
Thy glo - ri - ous light, earth a-dorn-ing— What a morn-ing that will be!
CHORUS.
What a gather - ing, gather - ing, gathering that will be!
What a gathering that will be, that will be, What a gathering that will be, that will be!
What a gather - ing, gather - ing, What a gathering that will be!
While the an-gels sing, we'll all gather home,

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13 Do Something for Jesus.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. You ought to do something for Je - sus, You ought to do something to - day;
2. "The pes-ti-lence walk-eth in darkness, Destruction is wast-ing at noon;"
3. There are "sick and in pris-on" to vis - it, And children to guide un - to God;
4. The gos - pel must go to all nations, There's sowing and reaping to do;
5. You ought to do something for Je - sus, And quickly, ere daylight grows dim;
If you can give help to the need - y, Why should you one moment de - lay?
And souls will be wreck'd in life's tem-pest, Un-less you can res - cue them soon.
Kind words and kind deeds to be scattered, And sor - row-ful paths to be trod.
And fields that are white un-to har-vest, Have need now, my brother, for you.
Your Saviour has died to re-deem you—Oh, won't you do something for him?
CHORUS.
Do something for Je - sus, do something to - day; The Mas - ter is
ff
call - ing, oh, hast - en a - way; Some soul may be per - ish - ing
while you de - lay; Do some-thing for Je - sus to - day.

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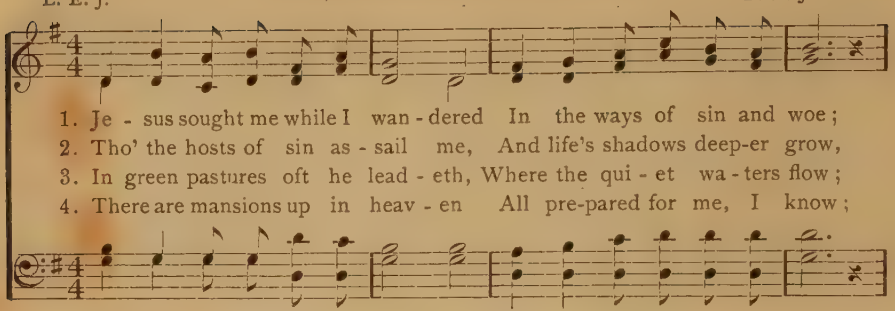
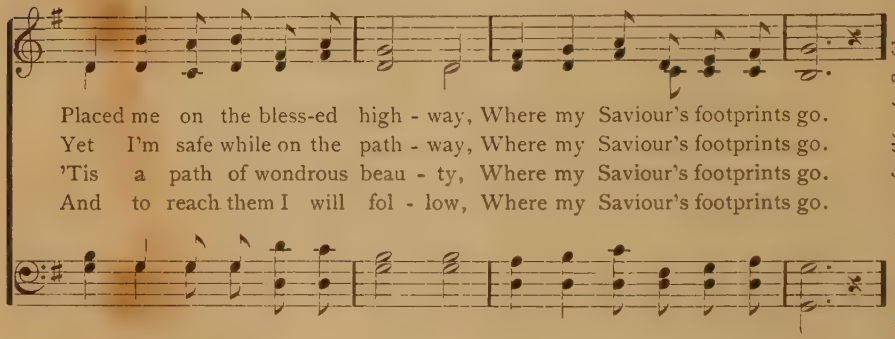
Where His Footprints Go.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.


1. Je - sus sought me while I wan - dered In the ways of sin and woe;
2. Tho' the hosts of sin as - sail me, And life's shadows deep-er grow,
3. In green pastures oft he lead - eth, Where the qui - et wa - ters flow;
4. There are mansions up in heav - en All pre-pared for me, I know;


Placed me on the bless-ed high - way, Where my Saviour's footprints go.
Yet I'm safe while on the path - way, Where my Saviour's footprints go.
'Tis a path of wondrous beau - ty, Where my Saviour's footprints go.
And to reach them I will fol - low, Where my Saviour's footprints go.

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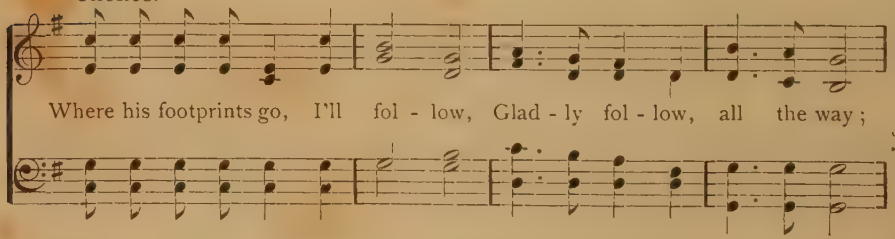
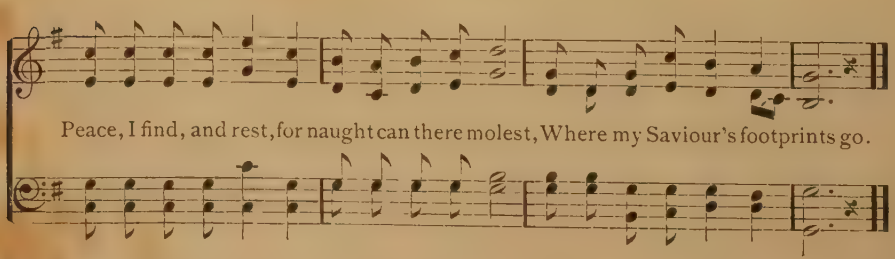
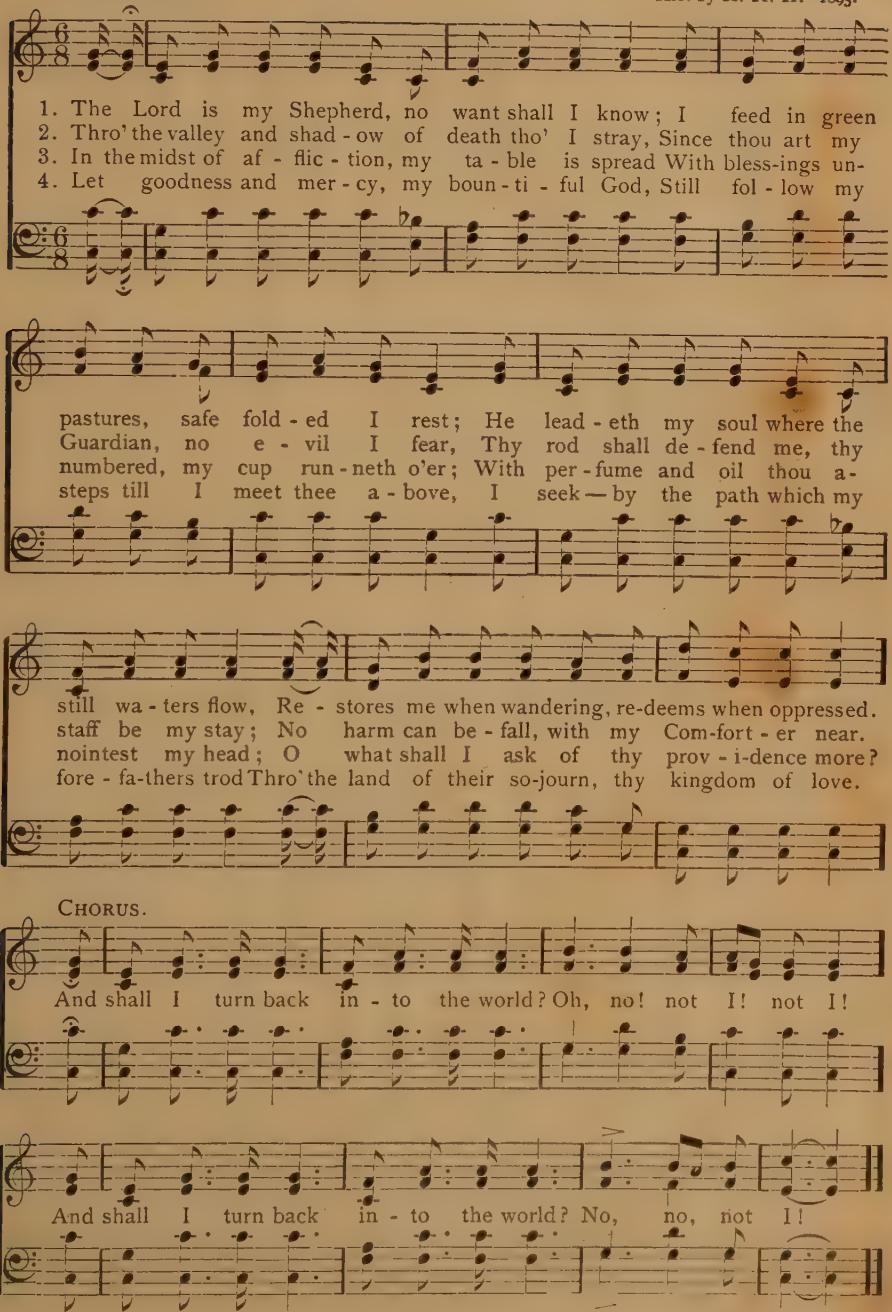
Chorus.





Shall I Turn Back?

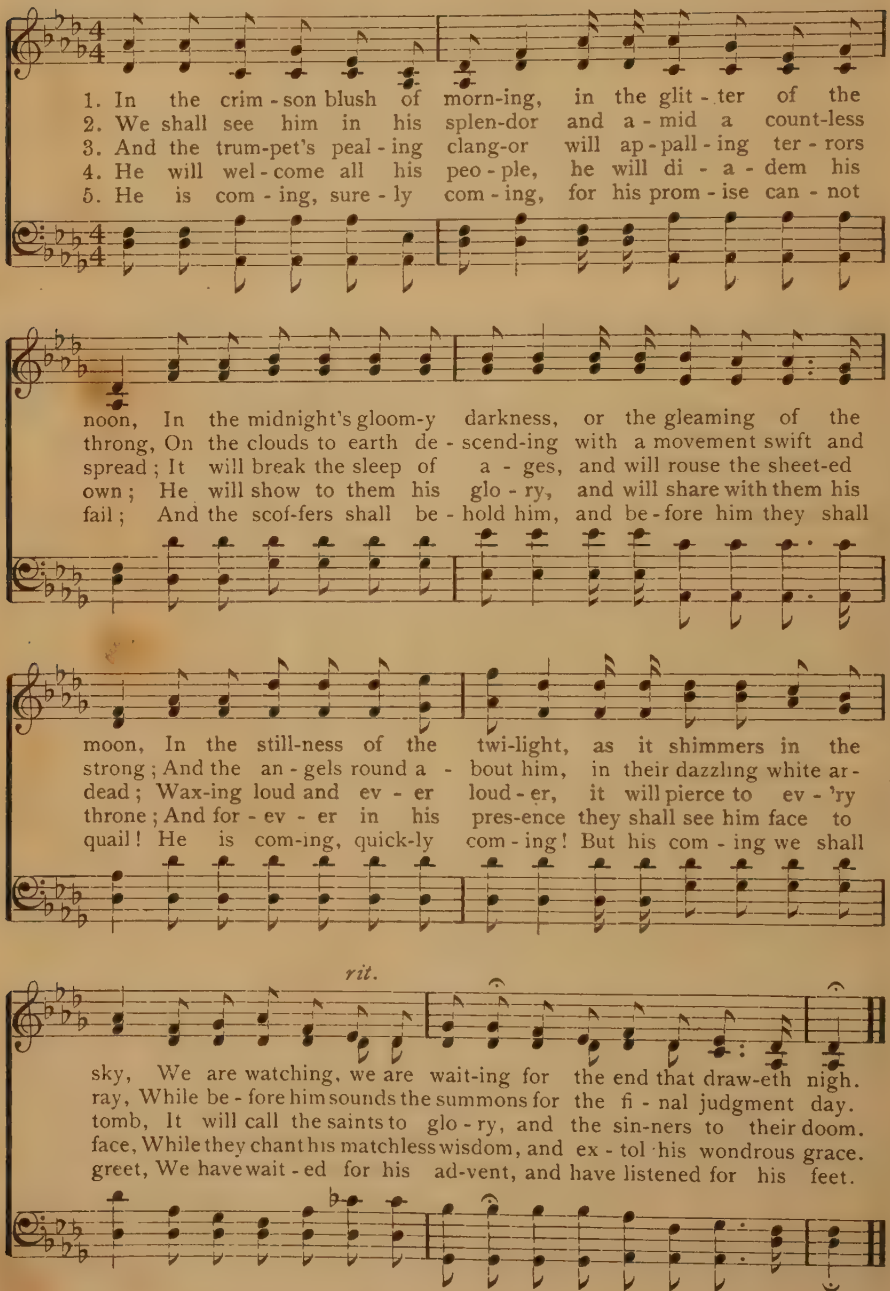
JAMES MONTGOMERY. Arr. by H. H. H. 1895.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the valley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion, my ta - ble is spread With bless-ings un-
4. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my
pastures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guardian, no e - vil I fear, Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy
numbered, my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil thou a-
steps till I meet thee a - bove, I seek — by the path which my
still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wandering, re-deems when oppressed.
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
nointest my head; O what shall I ask of thy prov - i-dence more?
fore - fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy kingdom of love.
CHORUS.
And shall I turn back in - to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!
And shall I turn back in - to the world? No, no, not I!

From "RESCUE SONGS," by per.

Surely I Come Quickly.

Rev. W. S. McKenzie, D. D. Rev. F. M. Lamb.


1. In the crim - son blush of morn-ing, in the glit - ter of the
2. We shall see him in his splen-dor and a - mid a count-less
3. And the trum-pet's peal - ing clang-or will ap - pall - ing ter - rors
4. He will wel - come all his peo - ple, he will di - a - dem his
5. He is com - ing, sure - ly com - ing, for his prom - ise can - not
noon, In the midnight's gloom-y darkness, or the gleaming of the
throng, On the clouds to earth de - scend-ing with a movement swift and
spread; It will break the sleep of a - ges, and will rouse the sheet-ed
own; He will show to them his glo - ry, and will share with them his
fail; And the scof-fers shall be - hold him, and be - fore him they shall
moon, In the still-ness of the twi-light, as it shimmers in the
strong; And the an - gels round a - bout him, in their dazzling white ar-
dead; Wax-ing loud and ev - er loud - er, it will pierce to ev - 'ry
throne; And for - ev - er in his pres-ence they shall see him face to
quail! He is com-ing, quick-ly com - ing! But his com - ing we shall
rit.
sky, We are watching, we are wait-ing for the end that draw-eth nigh.
ray, While be - fore him sounds the summons for the fi - nal judgment day.
tomb, It will call the saints to glo - ry, and the sin-ners to their doom.
face, While they chant his matchless wisdom, and ex - tol his wondrous grace.
greet, We have wait - ed for his ad-vent, and have listened for his feet.

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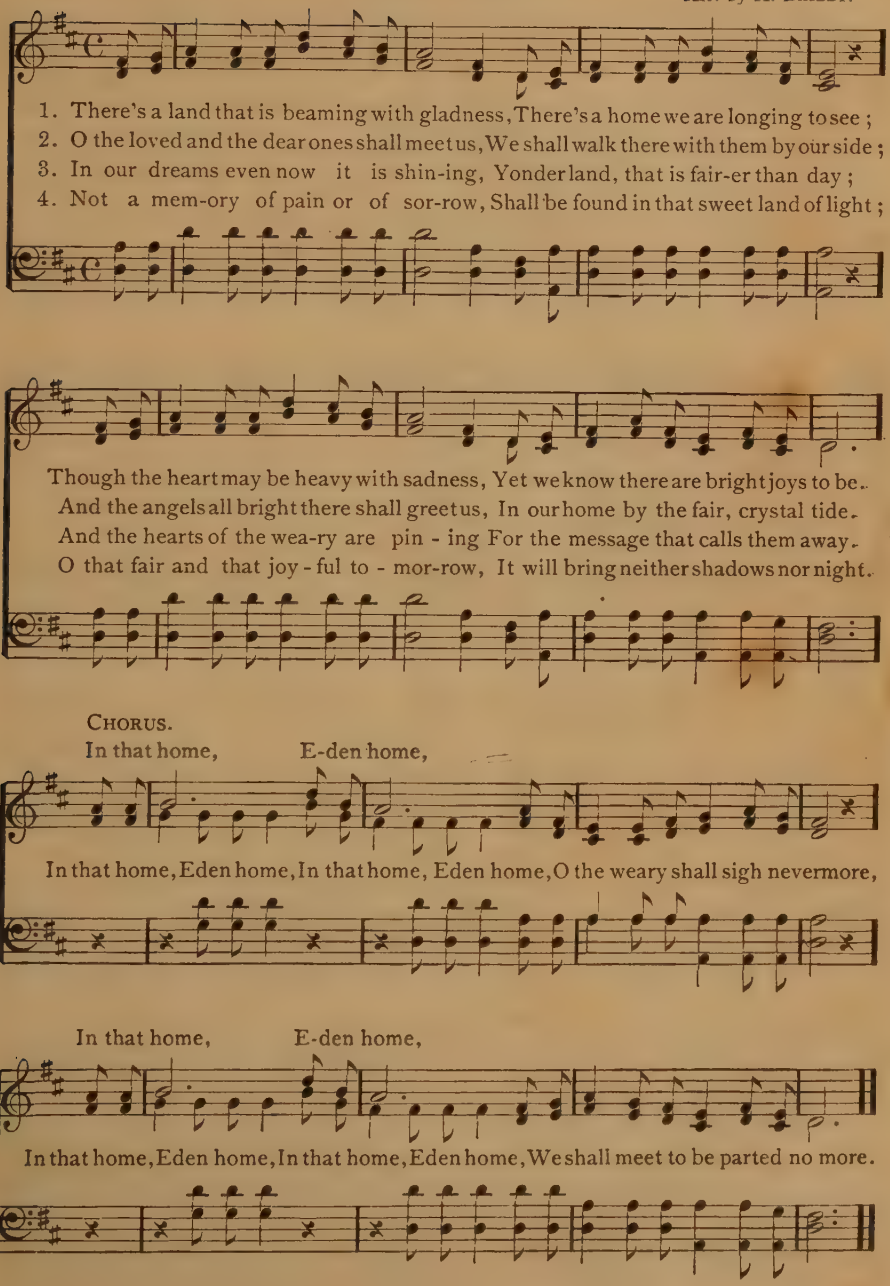
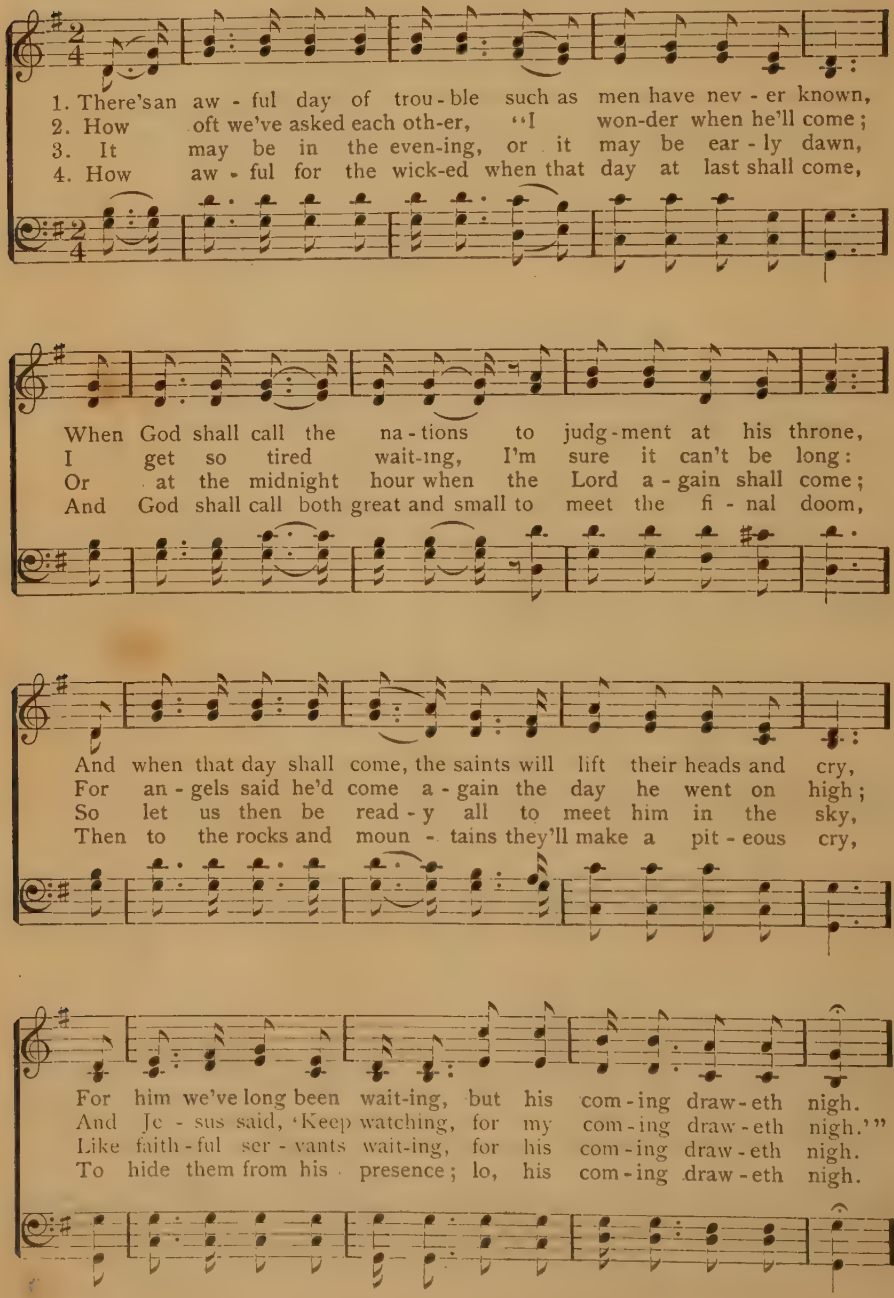
Eden Home.

Arr. by A. Bailey.


1. There's a land that is beaming with gladness, There's a home we are longing to see ;
2. O the loved and the dear ones shall meet us, We shall walk there with them by our side ;
3. In our dreams even now it is shin-ing, Yonder land, that is fair-er than day ;
4. Not a mem-ory of pain or of sor-row, Shall be found in that sweet land of light ;
Though the heart may be heavy with sadness, Yet we know there are bright joys to be.
And the angels all bright there shall greet us, In our home by the fair, crystal tide.
And the hearts of the wea-ry are pin - ing For the message that calls them away.
O that fair and that joy - ful to - mor-row, It will bring neither shadows nor night.
Chorus.
In that home, E-den home,
In that home, Eden home, In that home, Eden home, O the weary shall sigh nevermore,
In that home, E-den home,
In that home, Eden home, In that home, Eden home, We shall meet to be parted no more.

"The Coming of the Lord."

Arr. by E. MANVILLE. Harm. by PROF. J. A. WALLACE.


1. There's an aw - ful day of trou - ble such as men have nev - er known,
2. How oft we've asked each oth-er, "I won-der when he'll come;
3. It may be in the even-ing, or it may be ear - ly dawn,
4. How aw - ful for the wick-ed when that day at last shall come,
When God shall call the na - tions to judg - ment at his throne,
I get so tired wait-ing, I'm sure it can't be long:
Or at the midnight hour when the Lord a - gain shall come;
And God shall call both great and small to meet the fi - nal doom,
And when that day shall come, the saints will lift their heads and cry,
For an - gels said he'd come a - gain the day he went on high;
So let us then be read - y all to meet him in the sky,
Then to the rocks and moun - tains they'll make a pit - eous cry,
For him we've long been wait-ing, but his com - ing draw - eth nigh.
And Je - sus said, 'Keep watching, for my com - ing draw - eth nigh.'"
Like faith - ful ser - vants wait-ing, for his com - ing draw - eth nigh.
To hide them from his presence; lo, his com - ing draw - eth nigh.

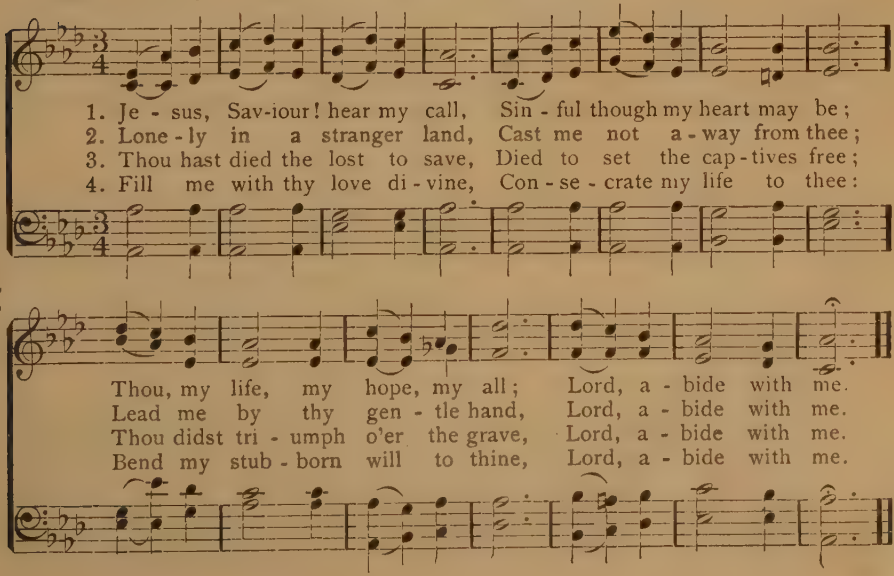
"The Coming of the Lord." Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, the com-ing of the Lord, oh, the com-ing of the Lord, Oh, the
com-ing of the Lord draw-eth nigh, When this world shall be on fire,
And the dead shall rise a - gain, Oh, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

19 Lord, Abide With Me.

Words selected by C. BEEBE. F. S. STANTON.

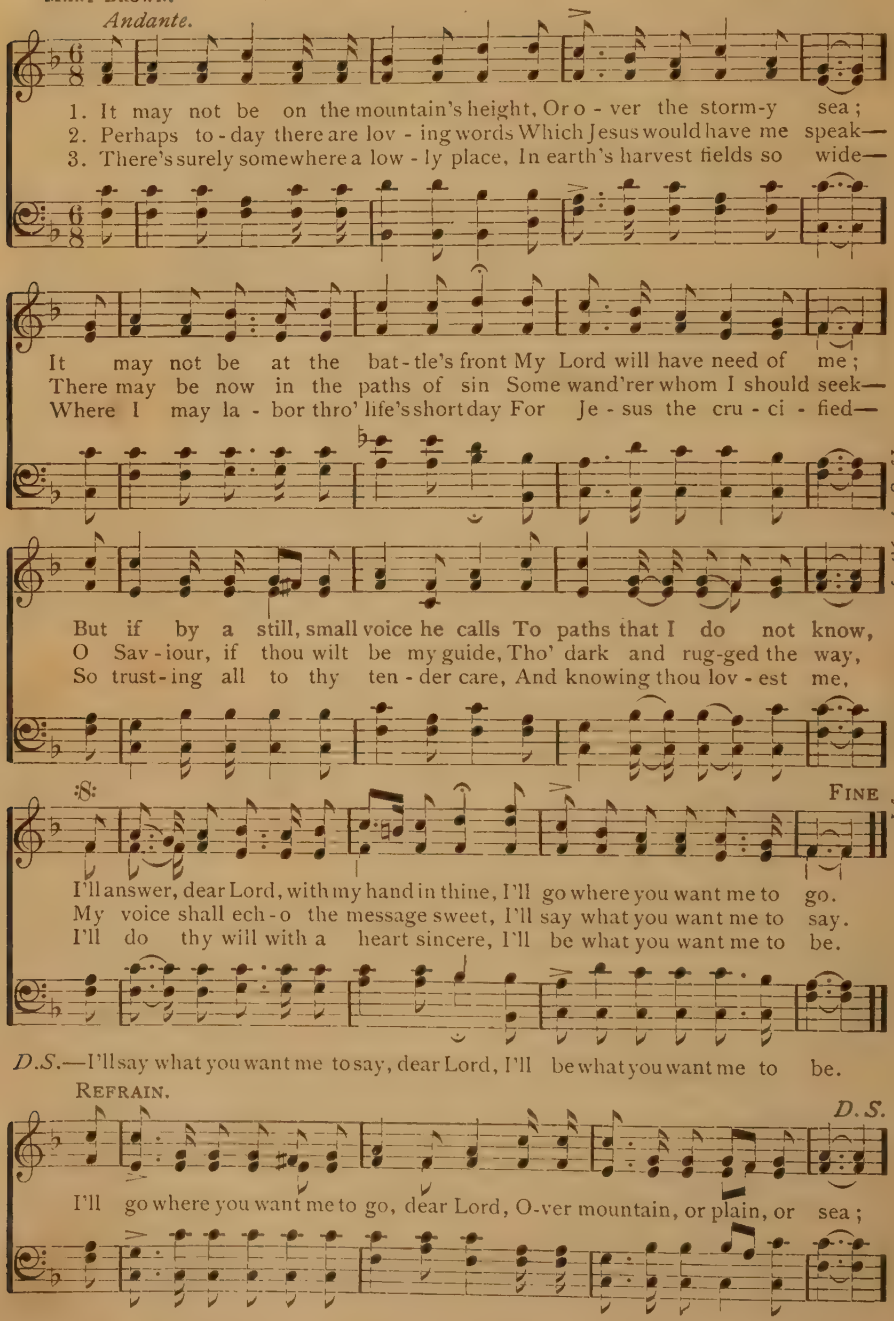

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour! hear my call, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
2. Lone - ly in a stranger land, Cast me not a - way from thee;
3. Thou hast died the lost to save, Died to set the cap - tives free;
4. Fill me with thy love di - vine, Con - se - crate my life to thee:
Thou, my life, my hope, my all; Lord, a - bide with me.
Lead me by thy gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.
Thou didst tri - umph o'er the grave, Lord, a - bide with me.
Bend my stub - born will to thine, Lord, a - bide with me.

By permission.

20 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—
But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust - ing all to thy ten - der care, And knowing thou lov - est me,
:S:
FINE
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

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21 Only a Little While.

Harmonized by F. A. B. Words and Music by G. W. Sederquist.

Earnestly.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while, to walk with wea-ry feet, On - ly a
2. On - ly a lit - tle while, to spread the truth a - broad, On - ly a
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, then let us do our best, On - ly a
4. On - ly a lit - tle while, then death shall be withdrawn, On - ly a
5 On - ly a lit - tle while; Lord, let thy kingdom come, On - ly a

lit - tle while, the storms of life to meet; On - ly a lit - tle while, to
lit - tle while, to tes - ti - fy for God; On - ly a lit - tle while, the
lit - tle while, then comes the promised rest; On - ly a lit - tle while, O
lit - tle while, then pain and tears all gone; On - ly a lit - tle while, then
lit - tle while, thy peo - ple sigh for home; On - ly a lit - tle while, the

rit.

tread the thorn-y way, On - ly a lit - tle while, then comes the perfect day.
time is fleet-ing fast, On - ly a lit - tle while, earth's sorrows all are past.
what a word is this, On - ly a lit - tle while, then comes the perfect bliss.
by the crys - tal sea, On - ly a lit - tle while, then im-mor-tal - i - ty.
cit - y bring to sight, On - ly a lit - tle while, come end earth's dreary night.

CHORUS.

Then we'll wait the lit - tle while, Yes, we'll wait the lit - tle

rit. *2nd time.*

while; We will wait the lit - tle while, Till the Sav-iour calls, Come home.

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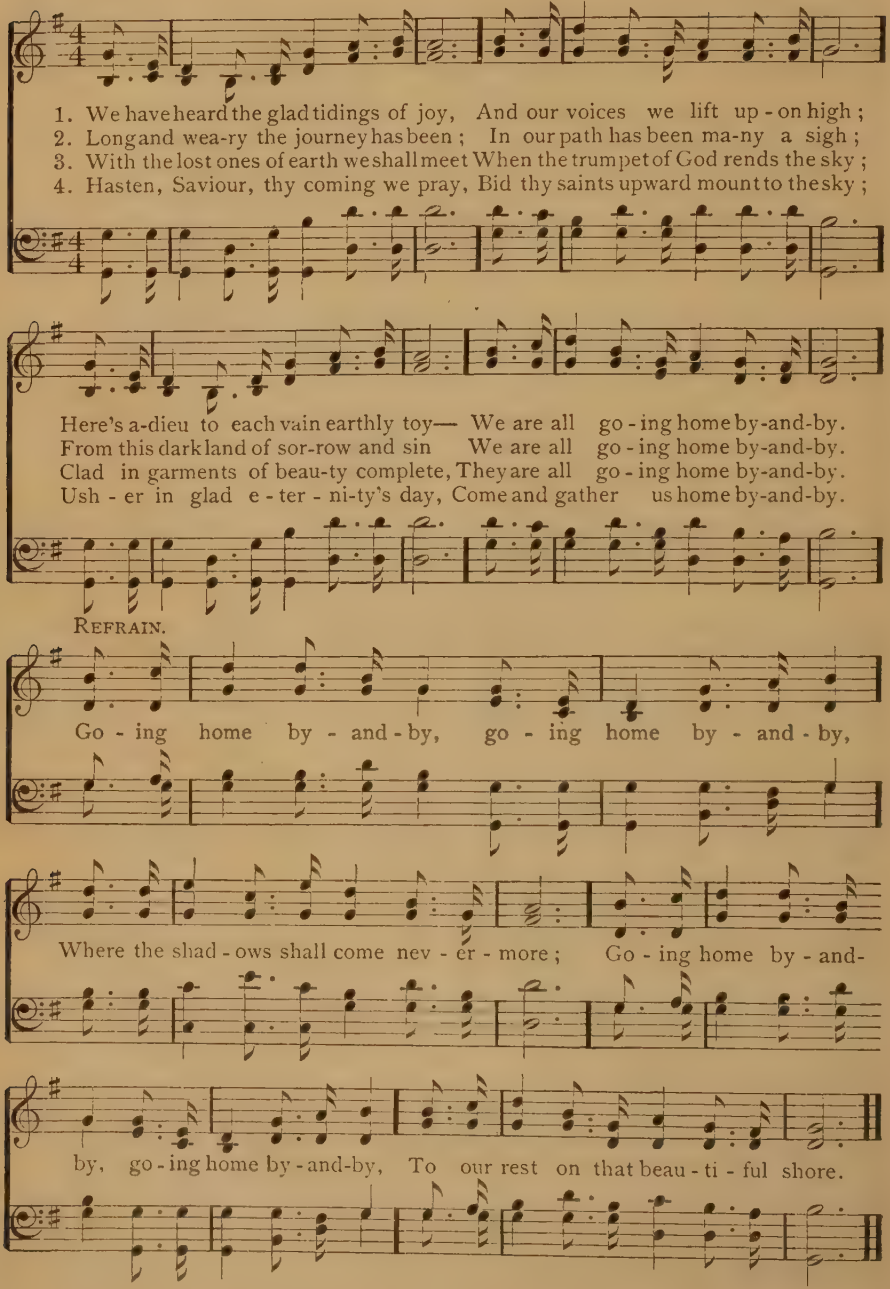
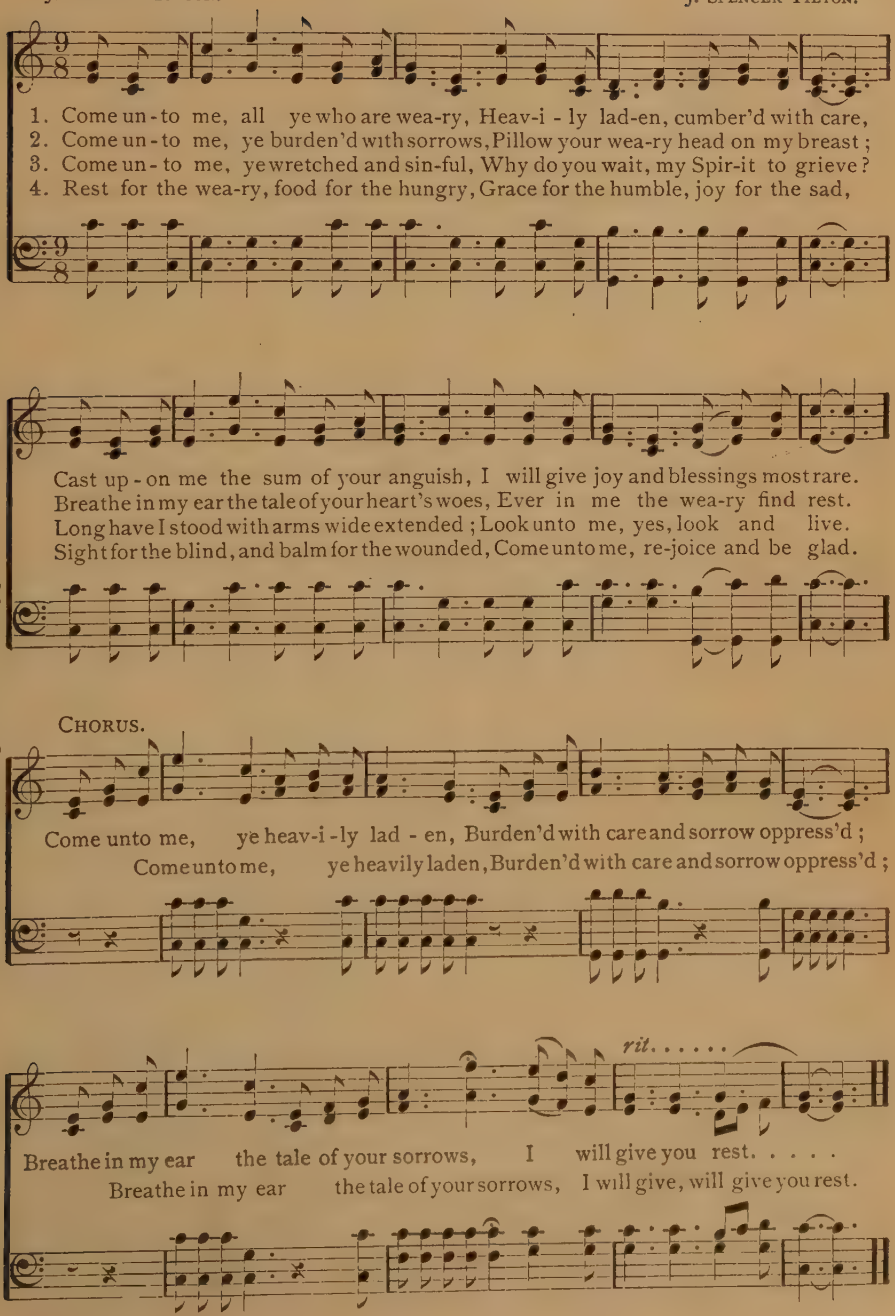
Going Home By-and-by.

A. T. G. A. T. Gorham.


1. We have heard the glad tidings of joy, And our voices we lift up - on high;
2. Long and wea-ry the journey has been; In our path has been ma-ny a sigh;
3. With the lost ones of earth we shall meet When the trumpet of God rends the sky;
4. Hasten, Saviour, thy coming we pray, Bid thy saints upward mount to the sky;
Here's a-dieu to each vain earthly toy— We are all go - ing home by-and-by.
From this dark land of sor-row and sin We are all go - ing home by-and-by.
Clad in garments of beau-ty complete, They are all go - ing home by-and-by.
Ush - er in glad e - ter - ni-ty's day, Come and gather us home by-and-by.
Refrain.
Go - ing home by - and - by, go - ing home by - and - by,
Where the shad - ows shall come nev - er - more; Go - ing home by - and-
by, go - ing home by - and-by, To our rest on that beau - ti - ful shore.

23 I Will Give You Rest.

J. Spencer Tilton. J. Spencer Tilton.


1. Come un-to me, all ye who are wea-ry, Heav-i-ly lad-en, cumber'd with care,
2. Come un-to me, ye burden'd with sorrows, Pillow your wea-ry head on my breast;
3. Come un-to me, ye wretched and sin-ful, Why do you wait, my Spir-it to grieve?
4. Rest for the wea-ry, food for the hungry, Grace for the humble, joy for the sad,
Cast up-on me the sum of your anguish, I will give joy and blessings most rare.
Breathe in my ear the tale of your heart's woes, Ever in me the wea-ry find rest.
Long have I stood with arms wide extended; Look unto me, yes, look and live.
Sight for the blind, and balm for the wounded, Come unto me, re-joice and be glad.
Chorus.
Come unto me, ye heav-i-ly lad-en, Burden'd with care and sorrow oppress'd;
Come unto me, ye heavily laden, Burden'd with care and sorrow oppress'd;
rit.
Breathe in my ear the tale of your sorrows, I will give you rest.
Breathe in my ear the tale of your sorrows, I will give, will give you rest.

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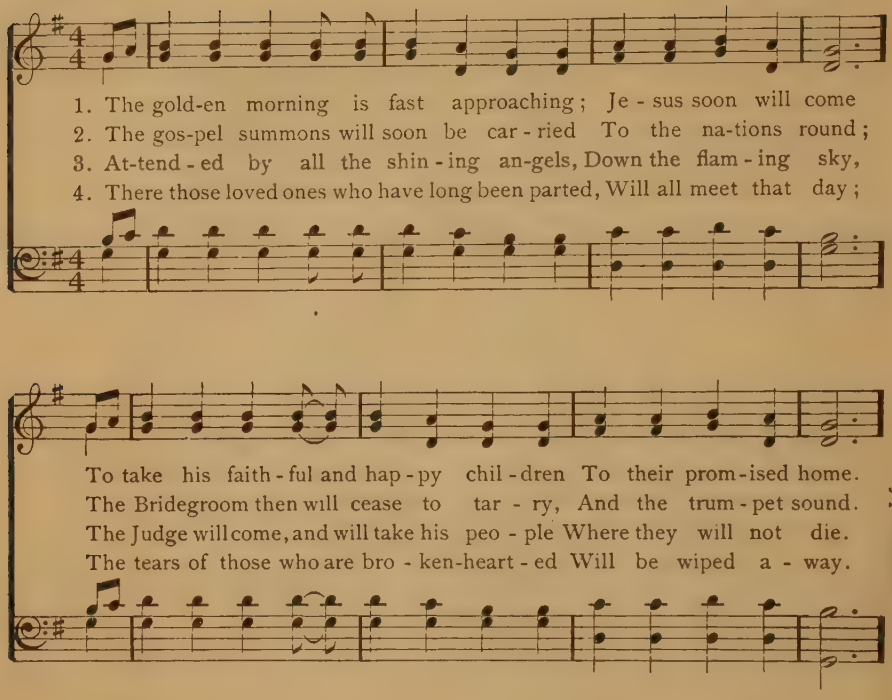
The Golden Morning.

S. J. G. S. J. Graham.


1. The gold-en morning is fast approaching; Je - sus soon will come
2. The gos-pel summons will soon be car - ried To the na-tions round;
3. At-tend - ed by all the shin - ing an-gels, Down the flam - ing sky,
4. There those loved ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day;
To take his faith - ful and hap - py chil - dren To their prom-ised home.
The Bridegroom then will cease to tar - ry, And the trum - pet sound.
The Judge will come, and will take his peo - ple Where they will not die.
The tears of those who are bro - ken-heart - ed Will be wiped a - way.

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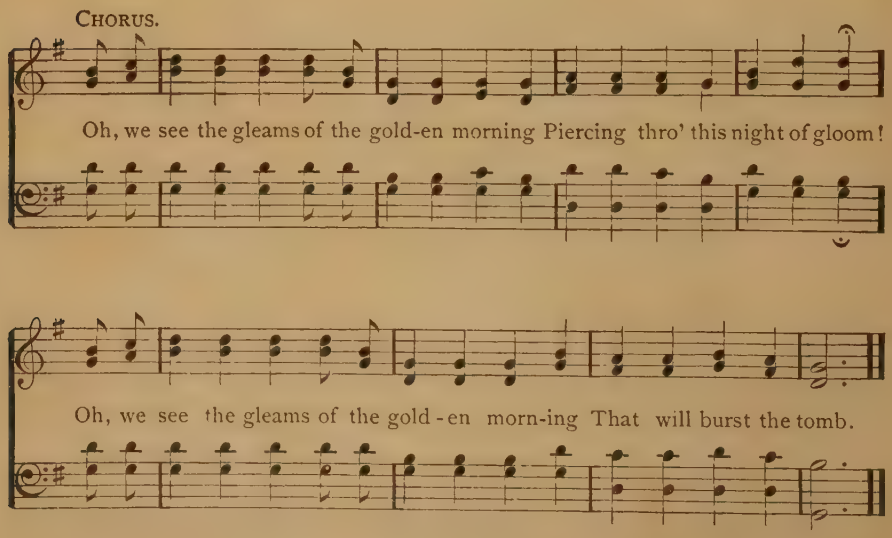
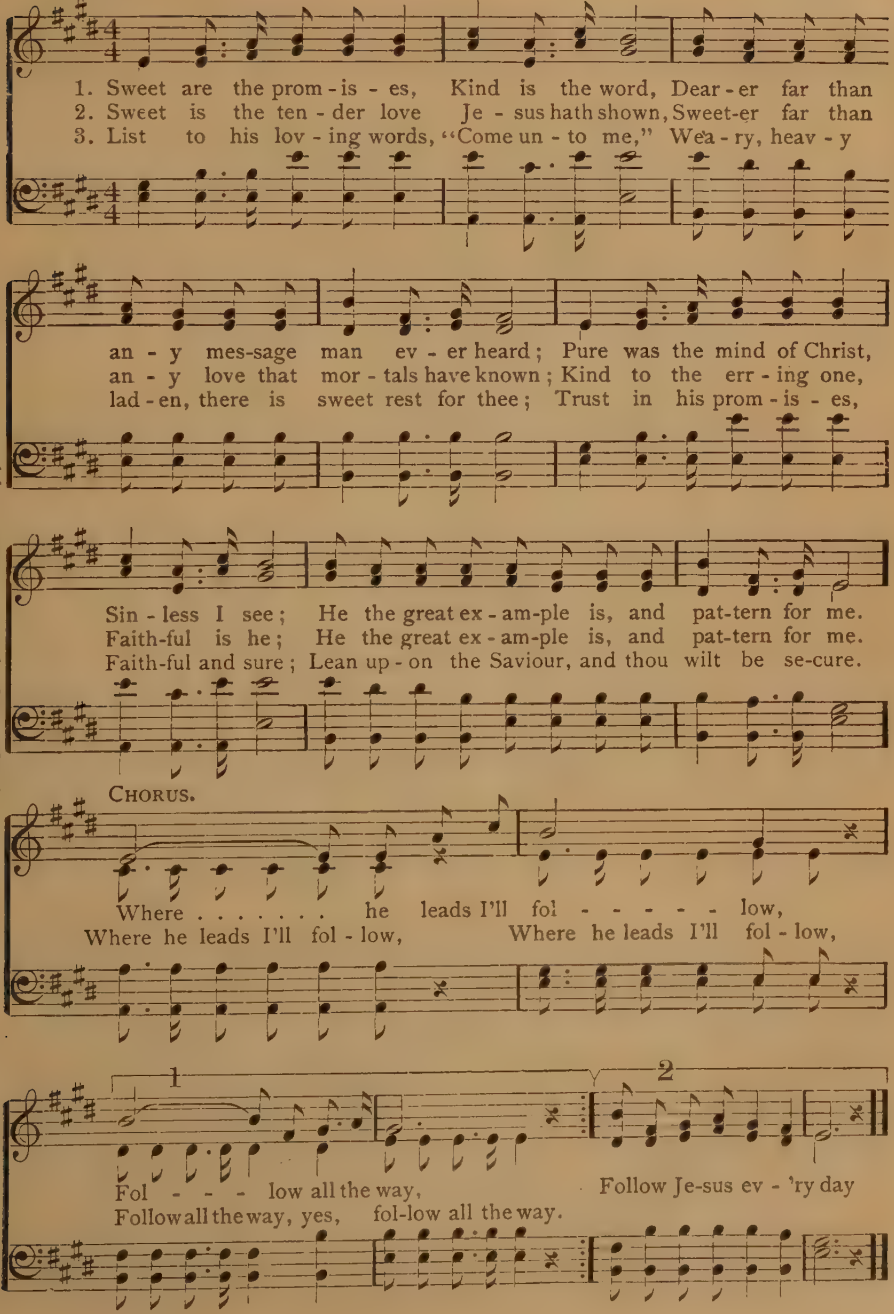

Chorus.
Oh, we see the gleams of the gold-en morning Piercing thro' this night of gloom!
Oh, we see the gleams of the gold - en morn-ing That will burst the tomb.

25 Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word, Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to his lov - ing words, "Come un - to me," Wea - ry, heav - y
an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom - is - es,
Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful is he; He the great ex - am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Saviour, and thou wilt be se-cure.
Chorus.
Where . . . . . he leads I'll fol - - - - - low,
Where he leads I'll fol - low, Where he leads I'll fol - low,
1
Fol - - - - low all the way,
Follow all the way, yes,
2
Follow Je-sus ev - 'ry day
fol-low all the way.

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The Gospel Railway.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. I'm on the gospel rail-way, *en route* to Canaan's land, I've left the world be-
hind me, to join the pilgrim band, The way is safe, the rails are strong, the
train is going thro', And all who wear Christ's uniform will meet in grand review.
2. The gos-pel train was started six thousand years ago, At times it ran like
lightning, at other times quite slow; But He who now controls the train, and
keeps it on the track, Will run it thro' to par-a-dise, but will not bring it back.
3. No oth-er train will follow the Calv'ry mountain line, The Bi-ble is the
headlight, which makes the engine shine, The sig-nal is the ring-ing bell, in-
vit - ing all to come And take a trip to Beulah land, the saints' e-ter-nal home.
4. The train is at the sta-tion, and waiting now for thee, King Je-sus is Con-
duc - tor, He of - fers passage free; O sin-ner, get your passport now, while
o-pen is the gate, When Gabriel blows, the gate will close, and then 'twill be too late.
5. She soon will reach the station, the last one on the line, In yon-der golden
cit - y, where tow'rs of crystal shine; When all the res - ur-rect-ed host, from
eith - er land or sea, Will join the cor - o - na-tion song, the fi - nal ju - bi-lee.
CHORUS.
Then get on board the gos - pel train, Oh get on board to-day,
For if you miss your chance on this, You'll find no oth - er way.

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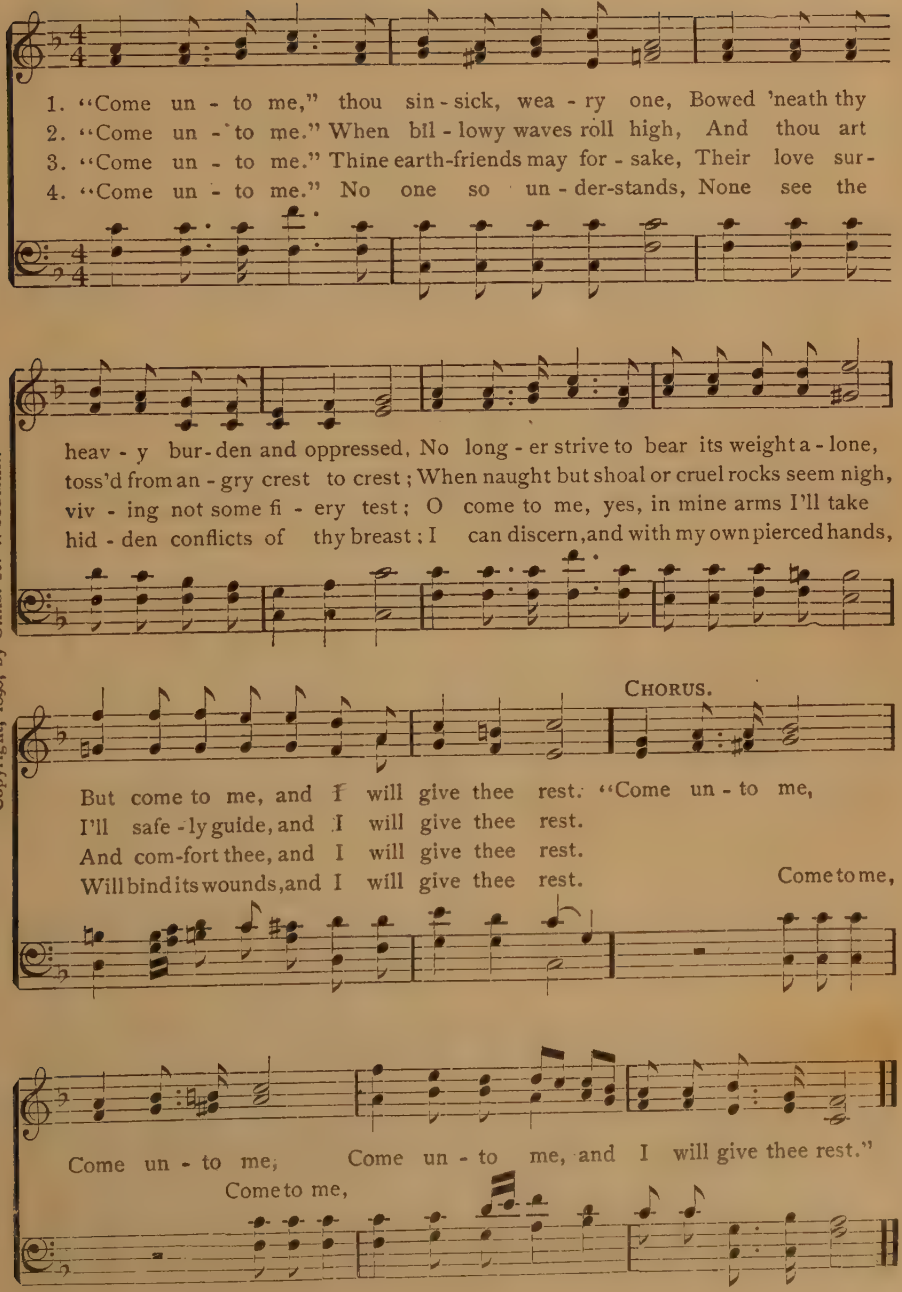
The Invitation.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. "Come un - to me," thou sin - sick, wea - ry one, Bowed 'neath thy
2. "Come un - to me." When bil - lowy waves roll high, And thou art
3. "Come un - to me." Thine earth-friends may for - sake, Their love sur -
4. "Come un - to me." No one so un - der-stands, None see the
heav - y bur - den and oppressed, No long - er strive to bear its weight a - lone,
toss'd from an - gry crest to crest; When naught but shoal or cruel rocks seem nigh,
viv - ing not some fi - ery test; O come to me, yes, in mine arms I'll take
hid - den conflicts of thy breast; I can discern, and with my own pierced hands,
CHORUS.
But come to me, and I will give thee rest. "Come un - to me,
I'll safe - ly guide, and I will give thee rest.
And com-fort thee, and I will give thee rest.
Will bind its wounds, and I will give thee rest.
Come to me,
Come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give thee rest."
Come to me,

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I Believe.

F. A. B.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. I do be-lieve the Bi-ble, the bless-ed word of God, For life un-to
2. It was my par-ent's counsel, to them its truths were grand, And mem'ry oft
3. I once was lost and dy-ing in darkness and despair, And o'er my lost
4. Bold in-fi-dels may cav-il, and scorn the bless-ed Book, And with a false
its prom-is-es I cleave; It points me to the path-way the
a pict-ure sweet doth weave, Of that "old-fashioned Bi-ble that
con-di-tion long time griev'd, Un-til I search'd the Bi-ble and
hope, too, them-selves de-ceive; And yet the while the Bi-ble gives
saints and mar-tyrs trod, My Fa-ther is its au-thor, and I be-lieve.
lay up-on the stand," In life, in death it sav'd them, and I be-lieve.
read of Je-sus there, Who sweetly blest and sav'd me, when I be-lieved.
life to those who look With faith up-on its pag-es, and I be-lieve.
Chorus.
Yes, I be-lieve the bless-ed word of God, It marks the path his
peo-ple all have trod; The sto-ry from cre-a-tion, Way thro' to "Rev-

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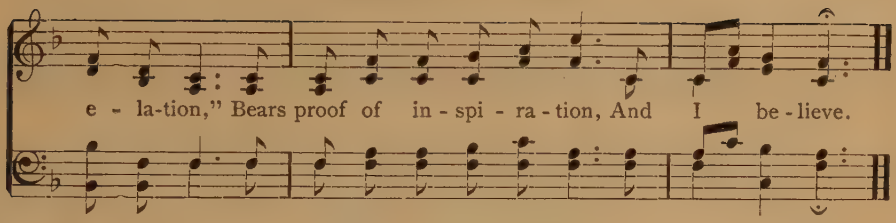
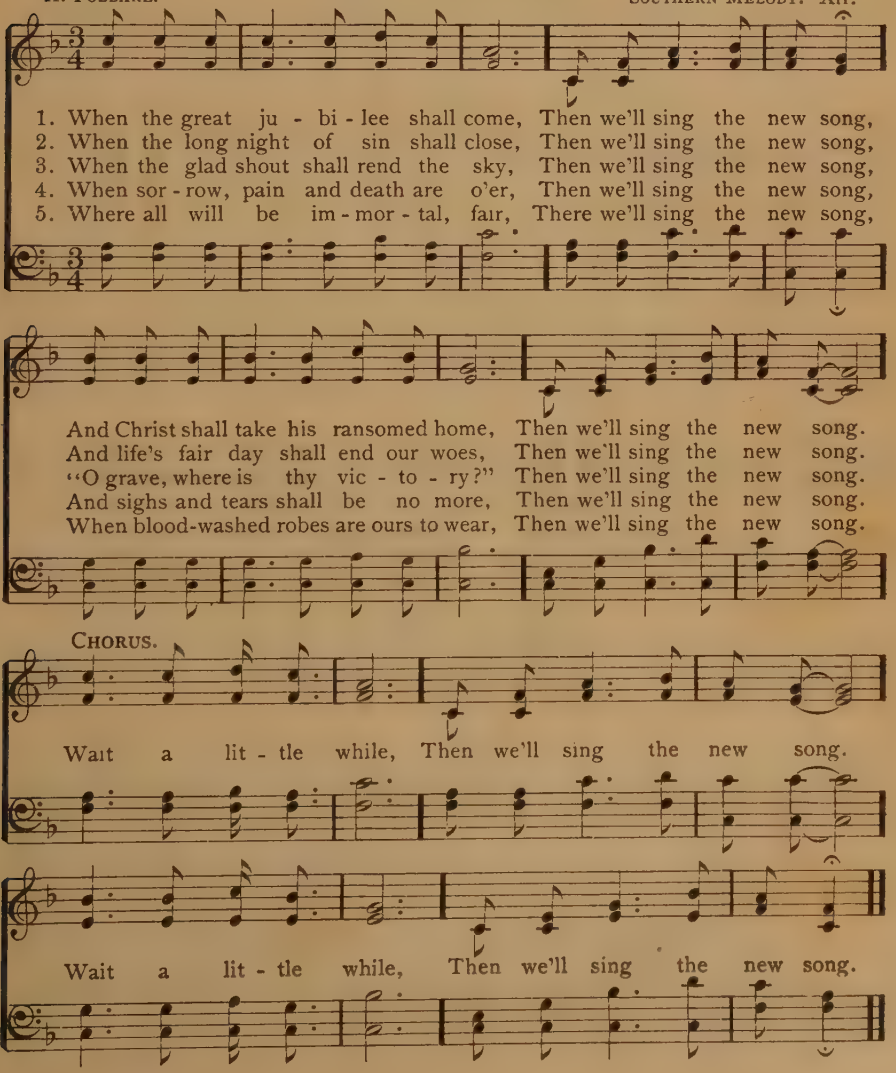
I Believe. Concluded.



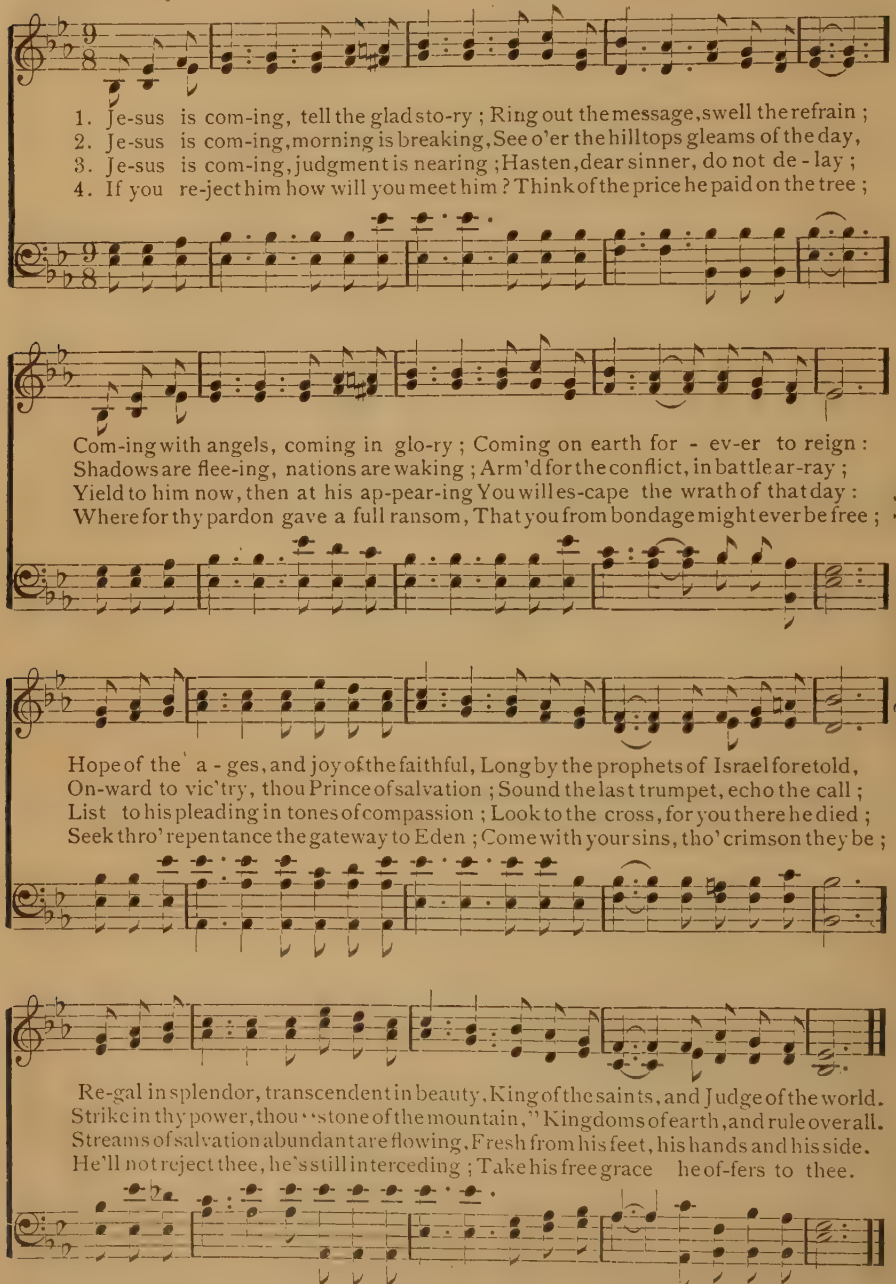
29 The New Song.

H. POLLARE. SOUTHERN MELODY. Arr.


1. When the great ju - bi - lee shall come, Then we'll sing the new song,
2. When the long night of sin shall close, Then we'll sing the new song,
3. When the glad shout shall rend the sky, Then we'll sing the new song,
4. When sor - row, pain and death are o'er, Then we'll sing the new song,
5. Where all will be im - mor - tal, fair, There we'll sing the new song,
And Christ shall take his ransomed home, Then we'll sing the new song.
And life's fair day shall end our woes, Then we'll sing the new song.
"O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry?" Then we'll sing the new song.
And sighs and tears shall be no more, Then we'll sing the new song.
When blood-washed robes are ours to wear, Then we'll sing the new song.
CHORUS.
Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the new song.
Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the new song.

Jesus is Coming.

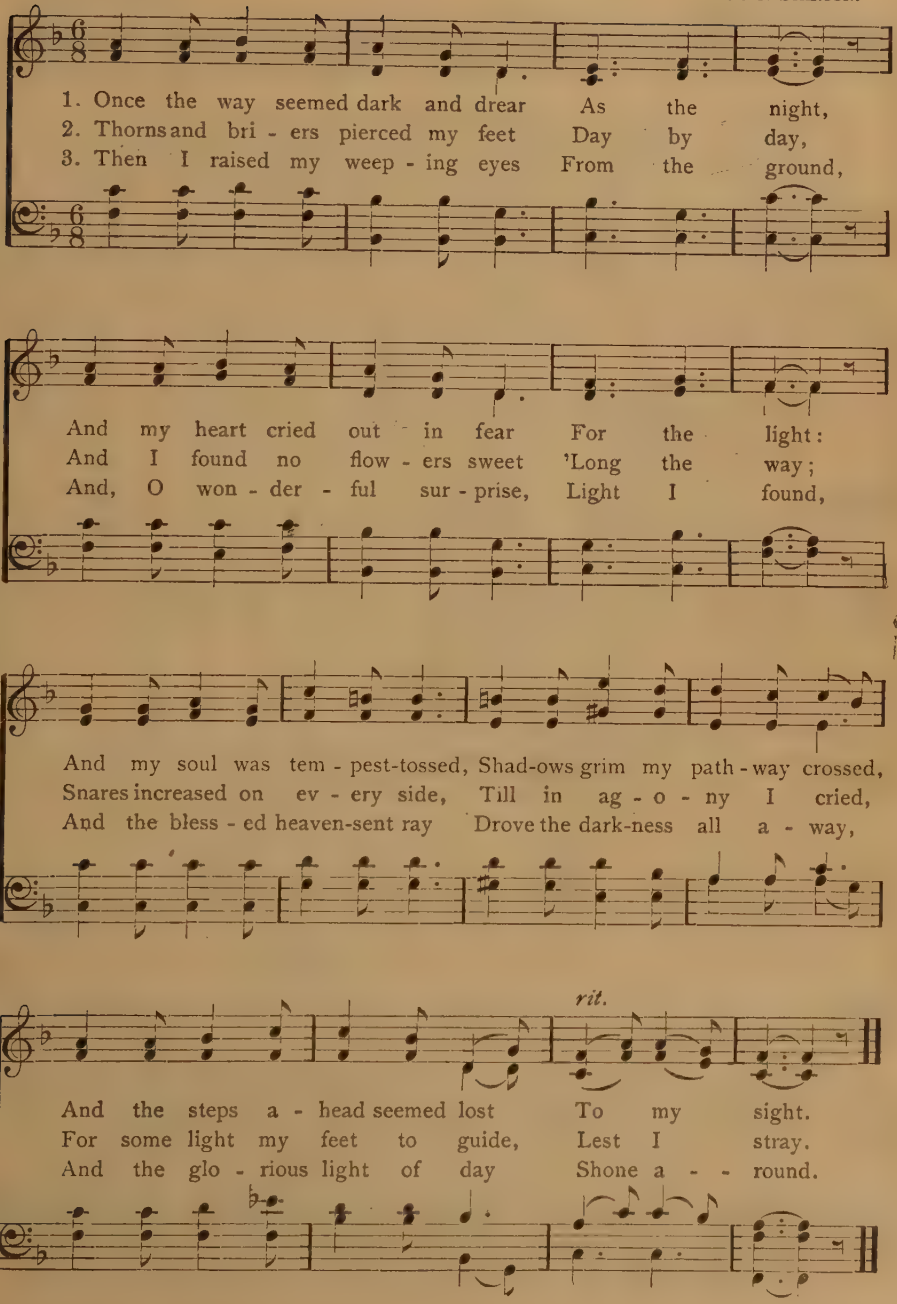
Harmonized by F. S. STANTON. Words and Music by G. W. SEDERQUIST.


1. Je-sus is com-ing, tell the glad sto-ry ; Ring out the message, swell the refrain ;
2. Je-sus is com-ing, morning is breaking, See o'er the hilltops gleams of the day,
3. Je-sus is com-ing, judgment is nearing ; Hasten, dear sinner, do not de - lay ;
4. If you re-ject him how will you meet him ? Think of the price he paid on the tree ;
Com-ing with angels, coming in glo-ry ; Coming on earth for - ev-er to reign :
Shadows are flee-ing, nations are waking ; Arm'd for the conflict, in battle ar-ray ;
Yield to him now, then at his ap-pear-ing You will es-cape the wrath of that day :
Where for thy pardon gave a full ransom, That you from bondage might ever be free ;
Hope of the a - ges, and joy of the faithful, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold,
On-ward to vic'try, thou Prince of salvation ; Sound the last trumpet, echo the call ;
List to his pleading in tones of compassion ; Look to the cross, for you there he died ;
Seek thro' repentance the gateway to Eden ; Come with your sins, tho' crimson they be ;
Re-gal in splendor, transcendent in beauty, King of the saints, and Judge of the world.
Strike in thy power, thou "stone of the mountain," Kingdoms of earth, and rule over all.
Streams of salvation abundant are flowing, Fresh from his feet, his hands and his side.
He'll not reject thee, he's still interceding ; Take his free grace he of-fers to thee.

By per. of G. W. SEDERQUIST.

The Way.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. Once the way seemed dark and drear As the night,
2. Thorns and bri - ers pierced my feet Day by day,
3. Then I raised my weep - ing eyes From the ground,
And my heart cried out in fear For the light:
And I found no flow - ers sweet 'Long the way;
And, O won - der - ful sur - prise, Light I found,
And my soul was tem - pest-tossed, Shad-ows grim my path - way crossed,
Snares increased on ev - ery side, Till in ag - o - ny I cried,
And the bless - ed heaven-sent ray Drove the dark-ness all a - way,
rit.
And the steps a - head seemed lost To my sight.
For some light my feet to guide, Lest I stray.
And the glo - rious light of day Shone a - - round.

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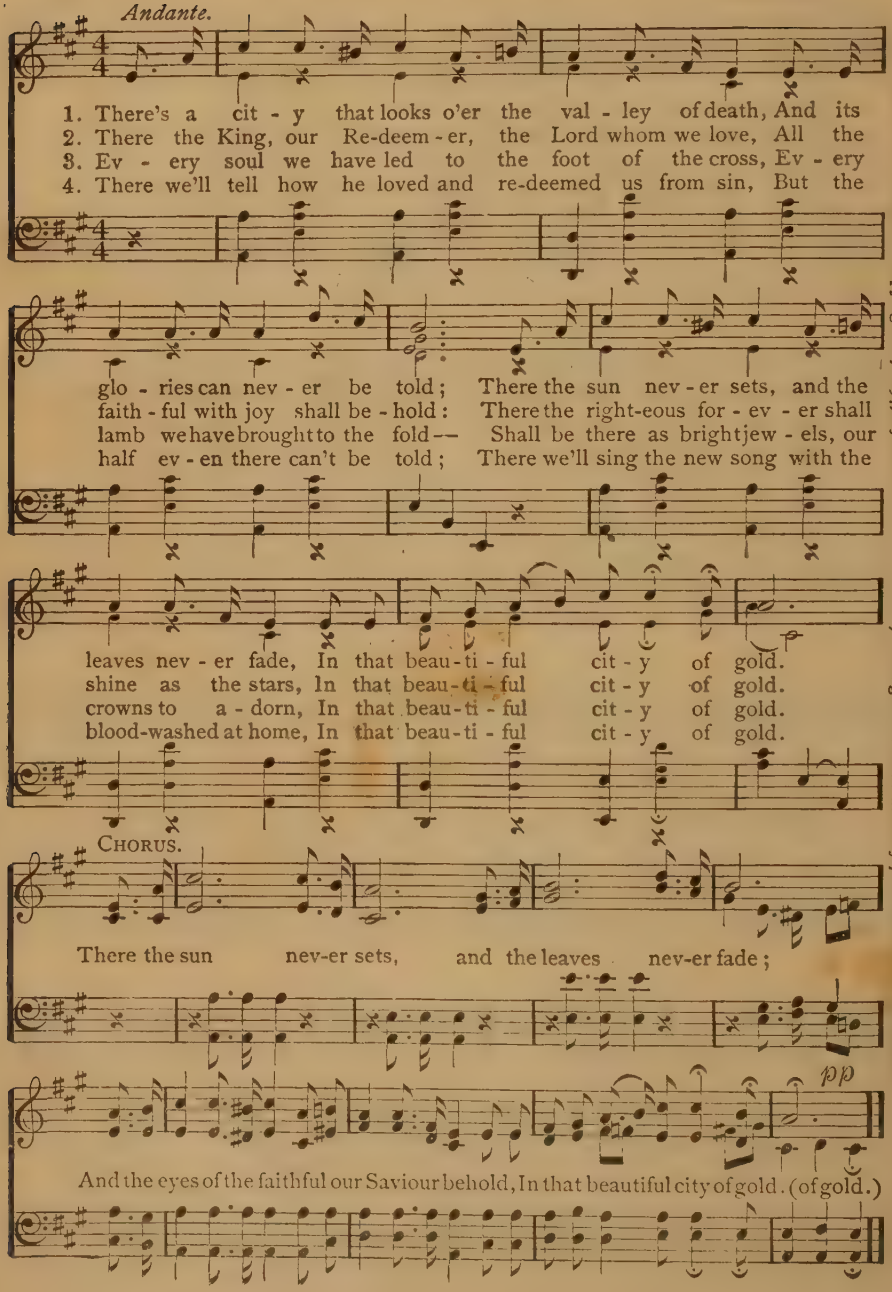
The Beautiful City of Gold.

Arranged.


Andante.
1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery
4. There we'll tell how he loved and re-deemed us from sin, But the
glo - ries can nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
faith - ful with joy shall be - hold: There the right-eous for - ev - er shall
lamb we have brought to the fold— Shall be there as bright jew - els, our
half ev - en there can't be told; There we'll sing the new song with the
leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
crowns to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
blood-washed at home, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
Chorus.
There the sun nev-er sets, and the leaves nev-er fade;
pp
And the eyes of the faithful our Saviour behold, In that beautiful city of gold. (of gold.)

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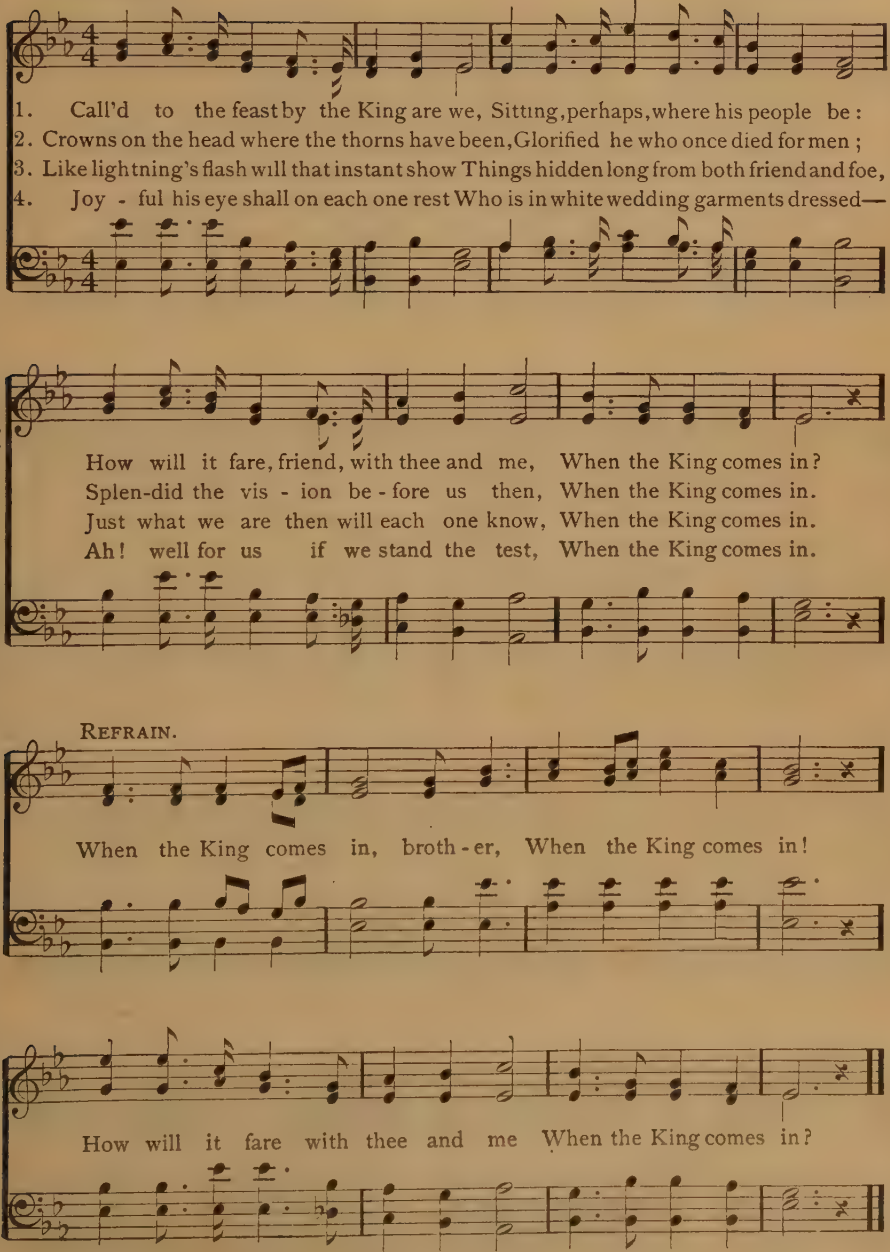
33 When the King Comes In.

J. E. Landor. E. S. Lorenz.

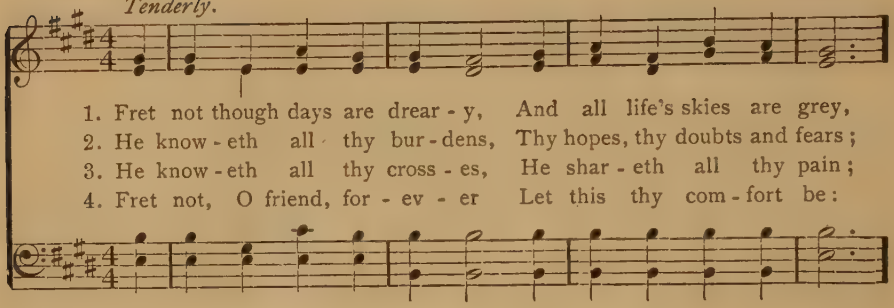

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where his people be:
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glorified he who once died for men;
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friend and foe,
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dressed—
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
Just what we are then will each one know, When the King comes in.
Ah! well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
Refrain.
When the King comes in, broth - er, When the King comes in!
How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

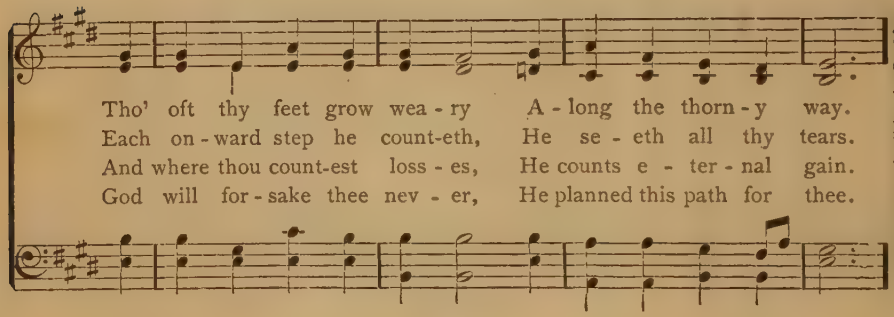
From "Songs of Grace," by per.

He Planned This Path for Thee.

IDA L. REED. I. H. MEREDITH.

Tenderly.


1. Fret not though days are drear - y, And all life's skies are grey,
2. He know - eth all thy bur - dens, Thy hopes, thy doubts and fears;
3. He know - eth all thy cross - es, He shar - eth all thy pain;
4. Fret not, O friend, for - ev - er Let this thy com - fort be:


Tho' oft thy feet grow wea - ry A - long the thorn - y way.
Each on - ward step he count-eth, He se - eth all thy tears.
And where thou count-est loss - es, He counts e - ter - nal gain.
God will for - sake thee nev - er, He planned this path for thee.

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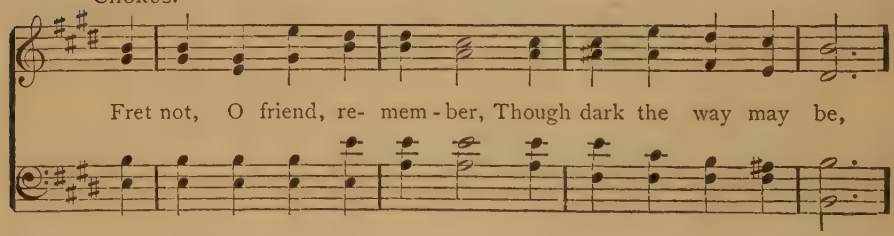
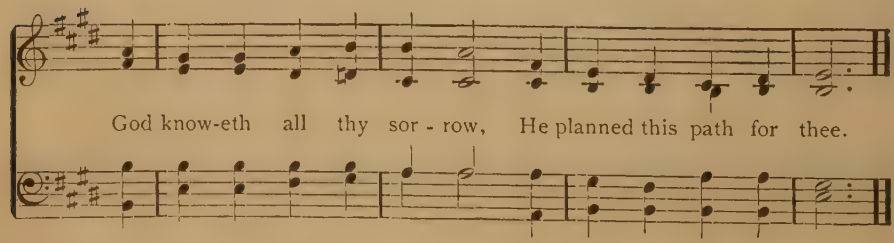
CHORUS.



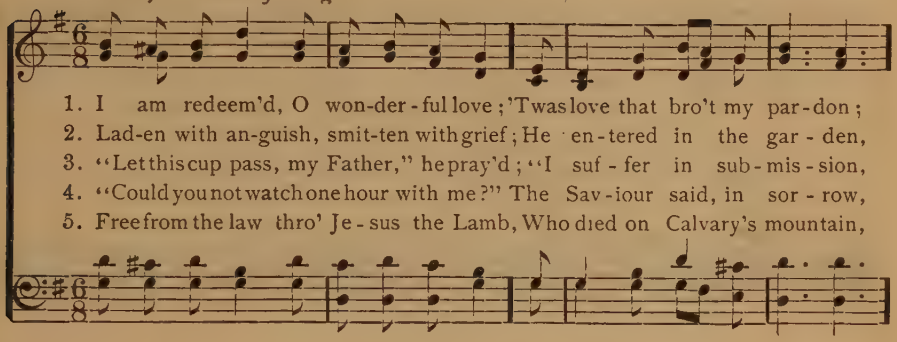


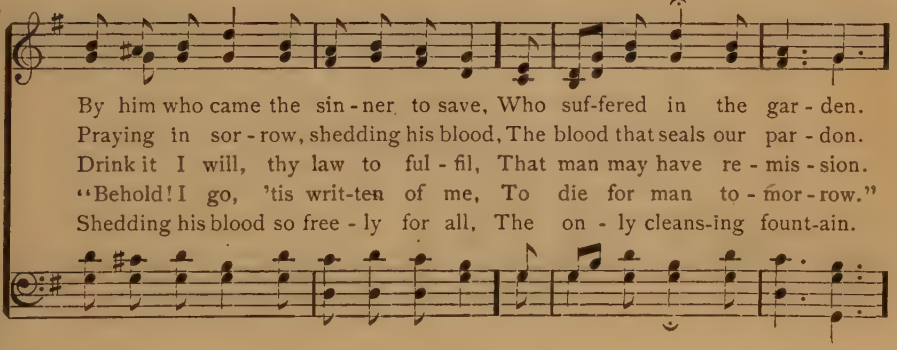
Jesus in the Garden.

G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.

Slowly and with feeling.


1. I am redeem'd, O won-der-ful love; 'Twas love that bro't my par-don;
2. Lad-en with an-guish, smit-ten with grief; He en-tered in the gar-den,
3. "Let this cup pass, my Father," he pray'd; "I suf-fer in sub-mis-sion,
4. "Could you not watch one hour with me?" The Sav-iour said, in sor-row,
5. Free from the law thro' Je-sus the Lamb, Who died on Calvary's mountain,


By him who came the sin-ner to save, Who suf-fered in the gar-den.
Praying in sor-row, shedding his blood, The blood that seals our par-don.
Drink it I will, thy law to ful-fil, That man may have re-mis-sion.
"Behold! I go, 'tis writ-ten of me, To die for man to-mor-row."
Shedding his blood so free-ly for all, The on-ly cleans-ing fount-ain.

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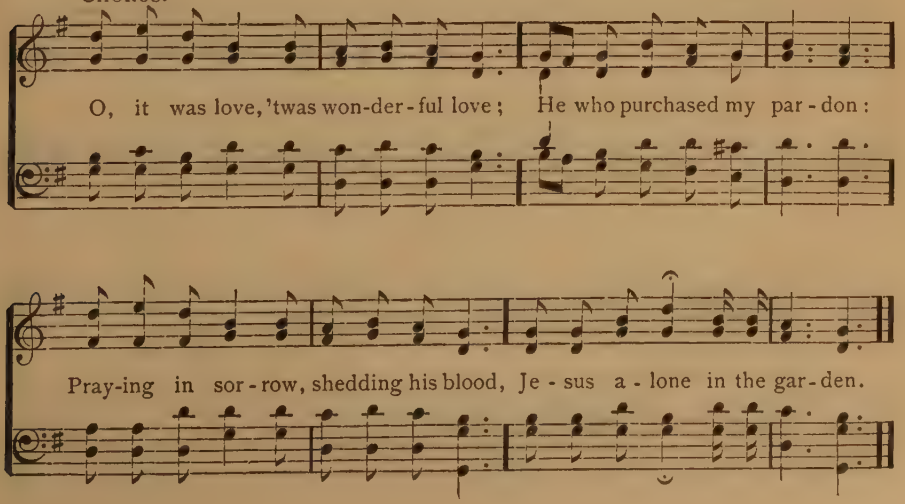
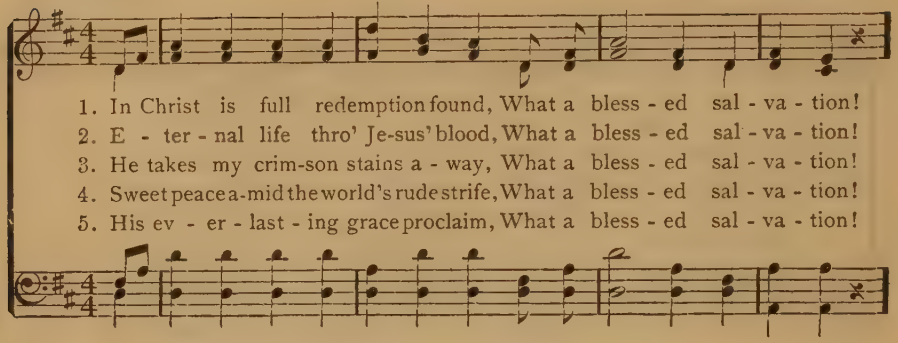
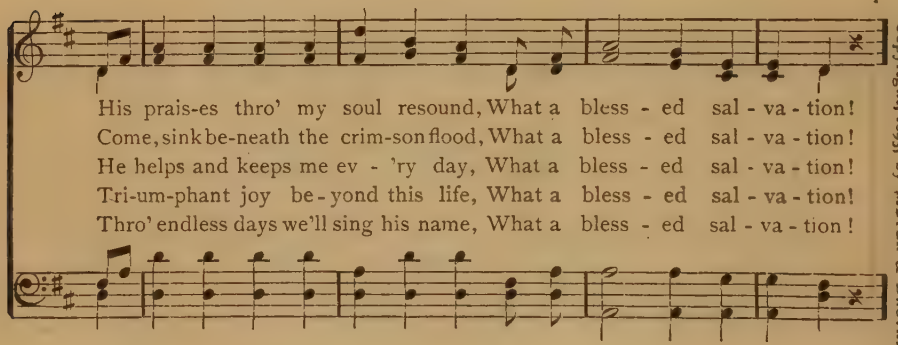
CHORUS.


O, it was love, 'twas won-der-ful love; He who purchased my par-don:
Pray-ing in sor-row, shedding his blood, Je-sus a-lone in the gar-den.

What a Blessed Salvation!

E. E. Hewitt. E. E. Meyer.


1. In Christ is full redemption found, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
2. E - ter - nal life thro' Je-sus' blood, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
3. He takes my crim-son stains a - way, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
4. Sweet peace a-mid the world's rude strife, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
5. His ev - er - last - ing grace proclaim, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!


His prais-es thro' my soul resound, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
Come, sink be-neath the crim-son flood, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
He helps and keeps me ev - 'ry day, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
Tri-um-phant joy be - yond this life, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
Thro' endless days we'll sing his name, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!

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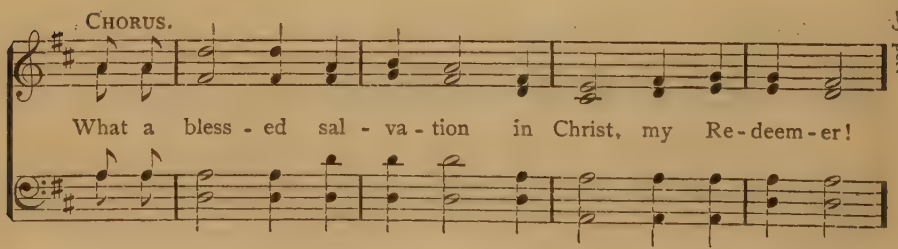
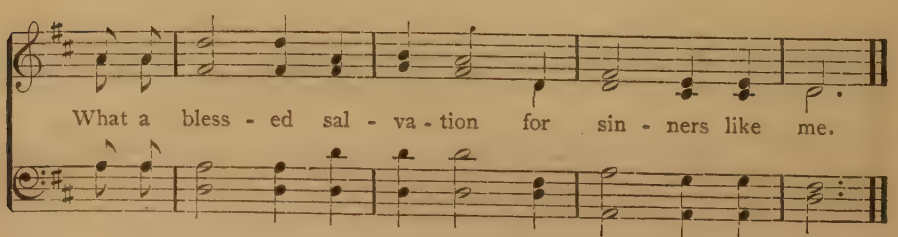
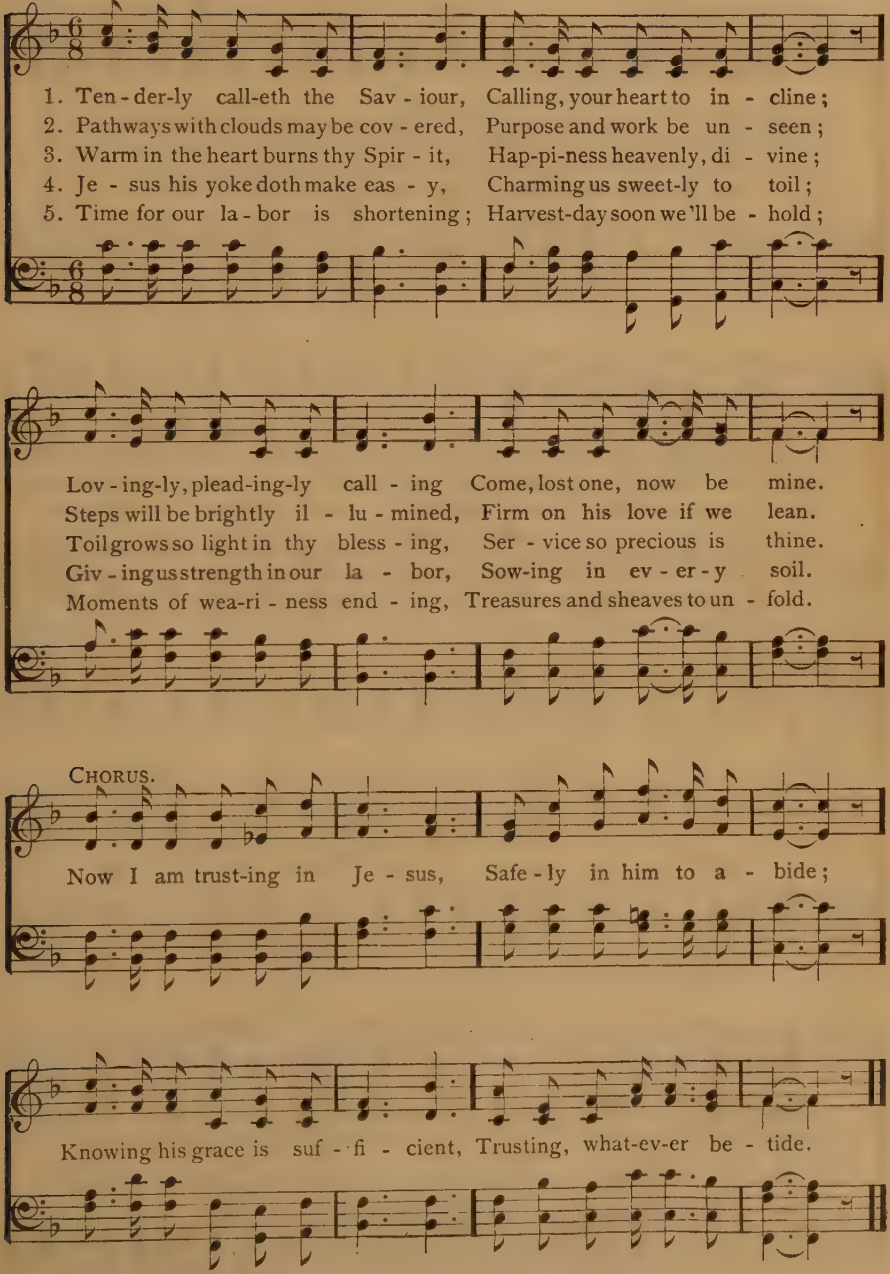




Trusting.

F. S. S. F. S. STANTON.


1. Ten - der-ly call-eth the Sav - iour, Calling, your heart to in - cline;
2. Pathways with clouds may be cov - ered, Purpose and work be un - seen;
3. Warm in the heart burns thy Spir - it, Hap-pi-ness heavenly, di - vine;
4. Je - sus his yoke doth make eas - y, Charming us sweet-ly to toil;
5. Time for our la - bor is shortening; Harvest-day soon we'll be - hold;
Lov - ing-ly, plead-ing-ly call - ing Come, lost one, now be mine.
Steps will be brightly il - lu - mined, Firm on his love if we lean.
Toil grows so light in thy bless - ing, Ser - vice so precious is thine.
Giv - ing us strength in our la - bor, Sow-ing in ev - er - y soil.
Moments of wea-ri - ness end - ing, Treasures and sheaves to un - fold.
CHORUS.
Now I am trust-ing in Je - sus, Safe - ly in him to a - bide;
Knowing his grace is suf - fi - cient, Trusting, what-ev-er be - tide.

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The Dying Thief.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST, 1890.

With expression.

1. Oh hear the cry of the dy-ing thief, As he raised his voice in prayer;
2. 'Twas faith that mov'd him and thus he pray'd, As he hung up-on the tree:
3. Then Je-sus answered the dy-ing thief, As he look'd with lov-ing eyes:
4. O, sin-ner, look to the bleeding Lamb, He who died on Cal-va-ry;
And plead the love of his dy-ing Lord, In hope his free grace to share.
When thou shalt come in thy kingdom, then, Lord Je-sus, re-mem-ber me.
To-day I say thou shalt sure-ly be With me in par-a-dise.
That when he calls for the dy-ing thief, He then will re-mem-ber thee.
REFRAIN.
In hope his free grace to share; In hope his free
Lord Je-sus, re-mem-ber me; Lord Je-sus, re-
With me in par-a-dise; With me in
He then will re-mem-ber thee; He then will re-
ritard.
grace to share; In hope his free grace to share.
mem-ber me; Lord Je-sus, re-mem-ber me.
par-a-dise; With me in par-a-dise.
mem-ber thee; He then will re-mem-ber thee.

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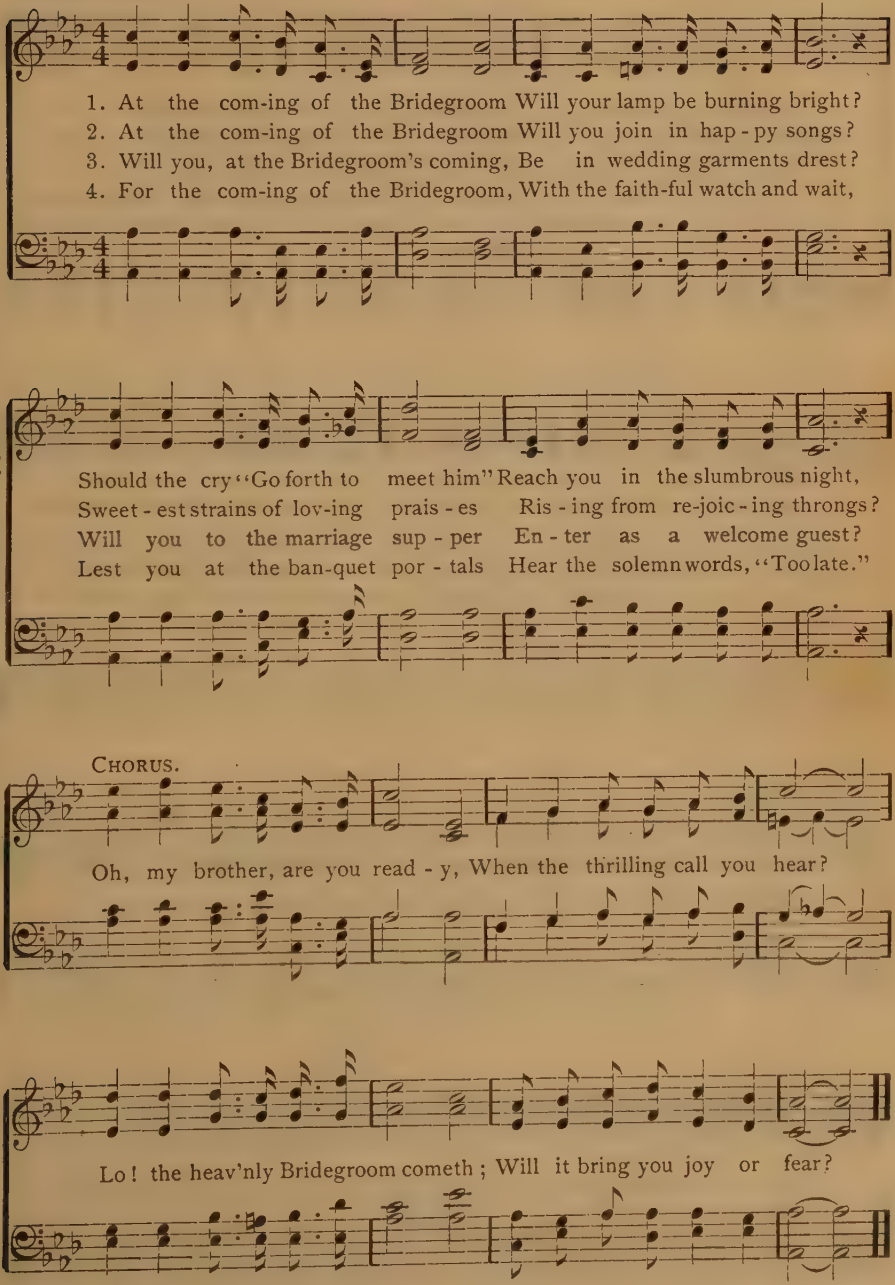
39 At the Coming of the Bridegroom.

JENNIE WILSON. I. H. MEREDITH.


1. At the com-ing of the Bridegroom Will your lamp be burning bright?
2. At the com-ing of the Bridegroom Will you join in hap-py songs?
3. Will you, at the Bridegroom's coming, Be in wedding garments drest?
4. For the com-ing of the Bridegroom, With the faith-ful watch and wait,
Should the cry "Go forth to meet him" Reach you in the slumbrous night,
Sweet-est strains of lov-ing prais-es Ris-ing from re-joic-ing throngs?
Will you to the marriage sup-per En-ter as a welcome guest?
Lest you at the ban-quet por-tals Hear the solemn words, "Too late."
CHORUS.
Oh, my brother, are you read-y, When the thrilling call you hear?
Lo! the heav'nly Bridegroom cometh; Will it bring you joy or fear?

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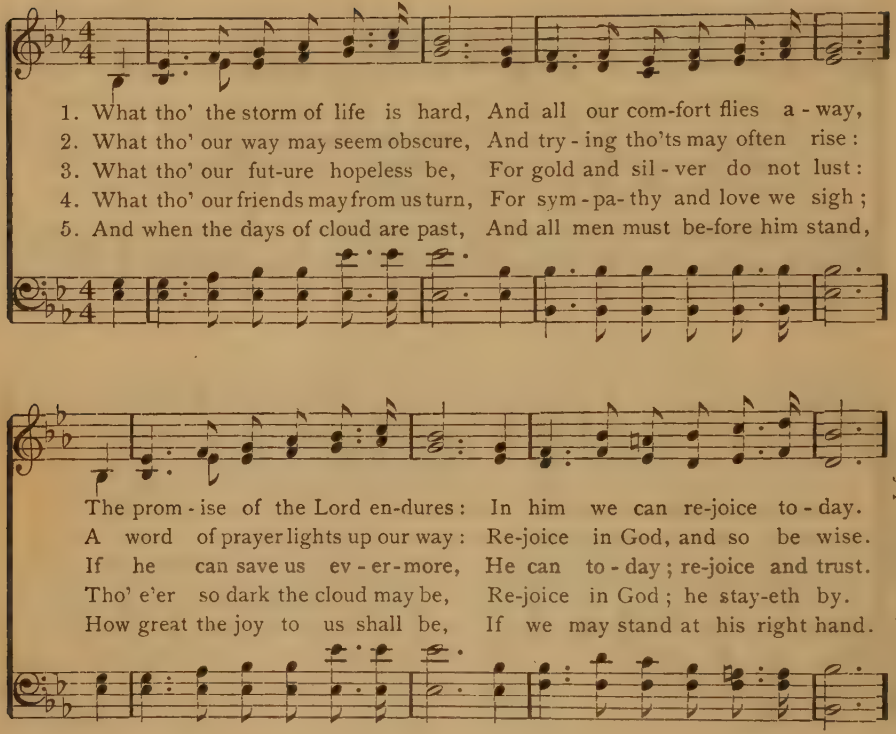
Rejoice Alway.

F. S. S. F. S. STANTON.


1. What tho' the storm of life is hard, And all our com-fort flies a - way,
2. What tho' our way may seem obscure, And try - ing tho'ts may often rise:
3. What tho' our fut-ure hopeless be, For gold and sil - ver do not lust:
4. What tho' our friends may from us turn, For sym - pa- thy and love we sigh;
5. And when the days of cloud are past, And all men must be-fore him stand,
The prom - ise of the Lord en-dures: In him we can re-joice to - day.
A word of prayer lights up our way: Re-joice in God, and so be wise.
If he can save us ev - er - more, He can to - day; re-joice and trust.
Tho' e'er so dark the cloud may be, Re-joice in God; he stay-eth by.
How great the joy to us shall be, If we may stand at his right hand.
CHORUS.
Re-joice to-day, his love al - way Shall bring sweet comfort o'er and o'er;
He soon will say, "Ye bless-ed, come, En-ter my joy, for - ev - er more."

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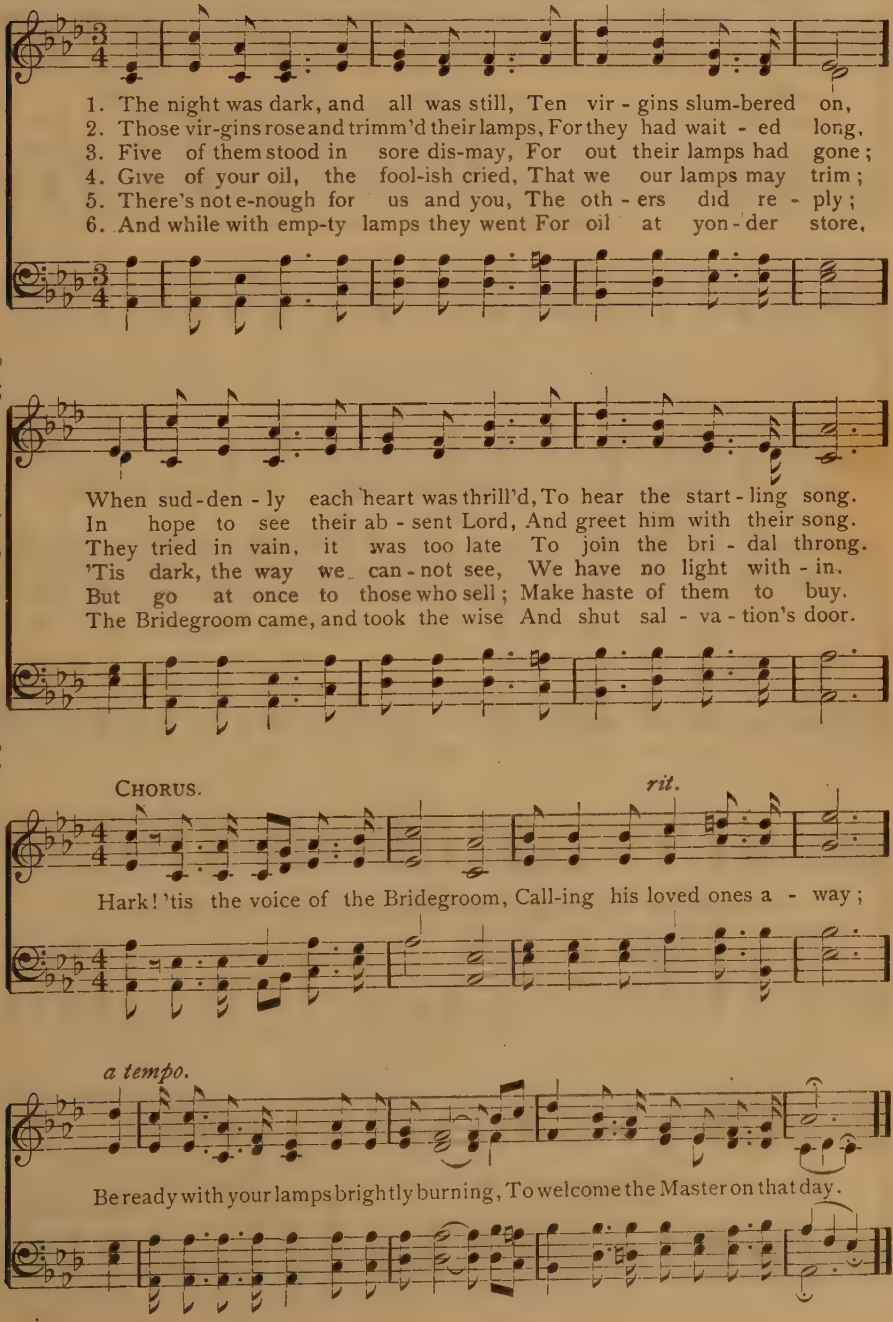
41 The Voice of the Bridegroom.

H. V. Skipper. Harmonized by F. S. Stanton. G. W. Sederquist.


1. The night was dark, and all was still, Ten vir - gins slum-bered on,
2. Those vir-gins rose and trimm'd their lamps, For they had wait - ed long,
3. Five of them stood in sore dis-may, For out their lamps had gone;
4. Give of your oil, the fool-ish cried, That we our lamps may trim;
5. There's not e-nough for us and you, The oth - ers did re - ply;
6. And while with emp-ty lamps they went For oil at yon - der store,
When sud-den - ly each heart was thrill'd, To hear the start - ling song.
In hope to see their ab - sent Lord, And greet him with their song.
They tried in vain, it was too late To join the bri - dal throng.
'Tis dark, the way we can - not see, We have no light with - in.
But go at once to those who sell; Make haste of them to buy.
The Bridegroom came, and took the wise And shut sal - va - tion's door.
Chorus.
rit.
Hark! 'tis the voice of the Bridegroom, Call-ing his loved ones a - way;
a tempo.
Be ready with your lamps brightly burning, To welcome the Master on that day.

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Keep Moving on the Way.

E. S. U.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

Lively.

1. There is on - ly one con - di - tion ev - 'ry sol - dier keeps in view,
2. Oh, this se - cret of pro - gress-ing, is a con - so - la - tion deep,
3. In the gal - ler - ies of heav-en, an - gel hosts are look - ing down,
As he jour-neys with the saints to end - less day, If he'd
For this earth - ly life will nev - er, nev - er pay, If we
And they watch us as we strug - gle day by day; To the
keep his soul from fall - ing and the nar - row way pur-sue, Is to
lay a - side our du - ties and re - sign our eyes to sleep, And for-
vic - tor in the bat - tle God will give a star - ry crown, If we
CHORUS.
ev - er keep mov-ing on the way. Keep moving on the way,
get to keep moving on the way.
ev - er keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way,
Let us ev - er keep mov-ing on the way, Keep moving . . . .
on the way, Keep moving

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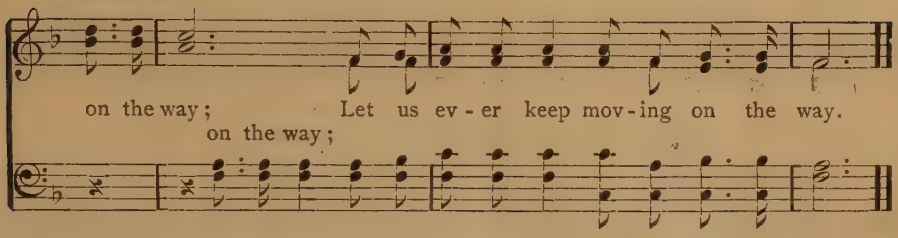
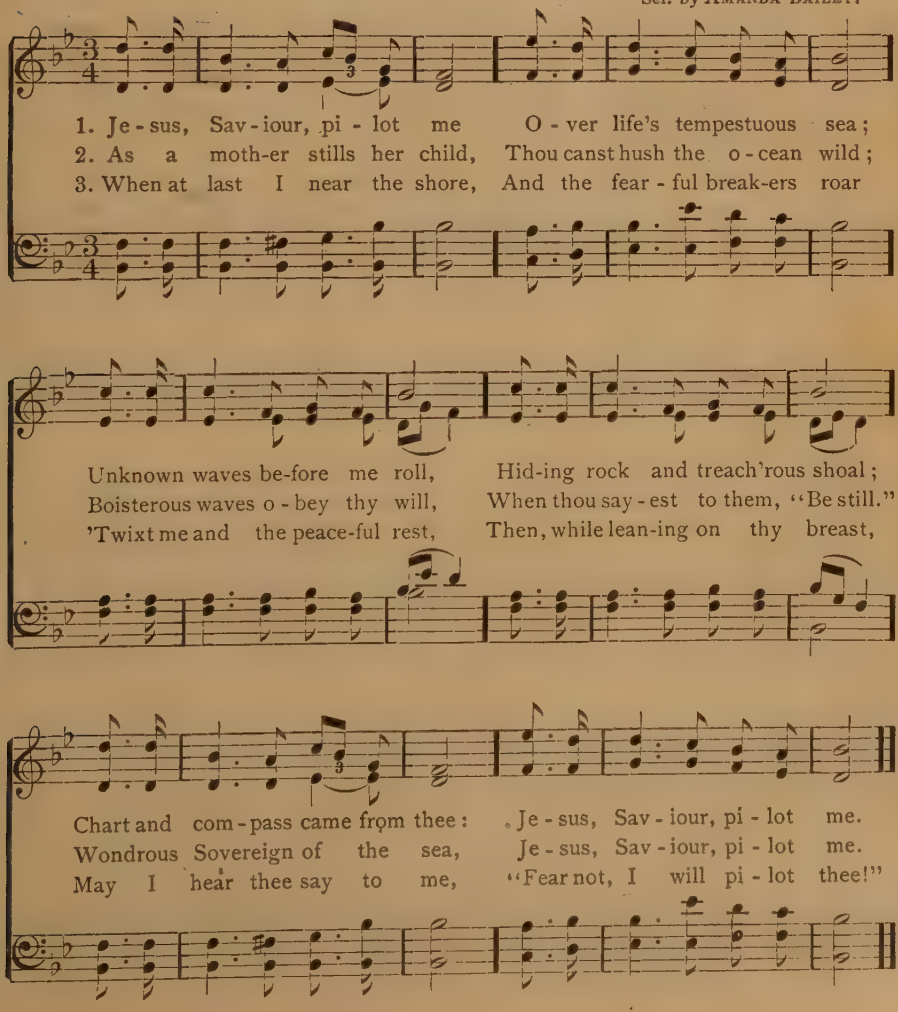
Keep Moving on the Way. Concluded.



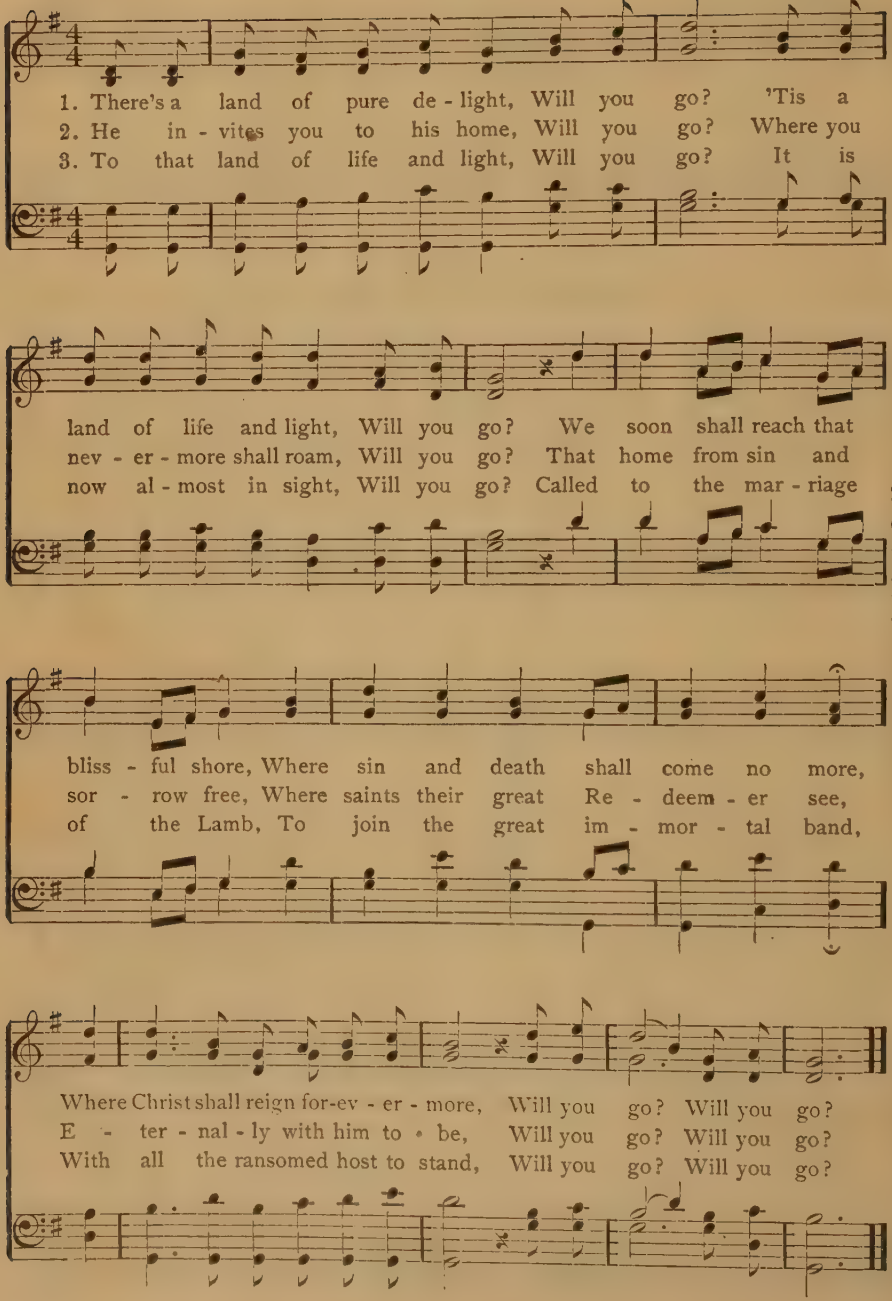
43 Saviour, Pilot Me.

Sel. by AMANDA BAILEY.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say - est to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Will You Go?

F. D. B. F. D. Barnes.


1. There's a land of pure de - light, Will you go? 'Tis a
2. He in - vites you to his home, Will you go? Where you
3. To that land of life and light, Will you go? It is
land of life and light, Will you go? We soon shall reach that
nev - er - more shall roam, Will you go? That home from sin and
now al - most in sight, Will you go? Called to the mar - riage
bliss - ful shore, Where sin and death shall come no more,
sor - row free, Where saints their great Re - deem - er see,
of the Lamb, To join the great im - mor - tal band,
Where Christ shall reign for-ev - er - more, Will you go? Will you go?
E - ter - nal - ly with him to be, Will you go? Will you go?
With all the ransomed host to stand, Will you go? Will you go?

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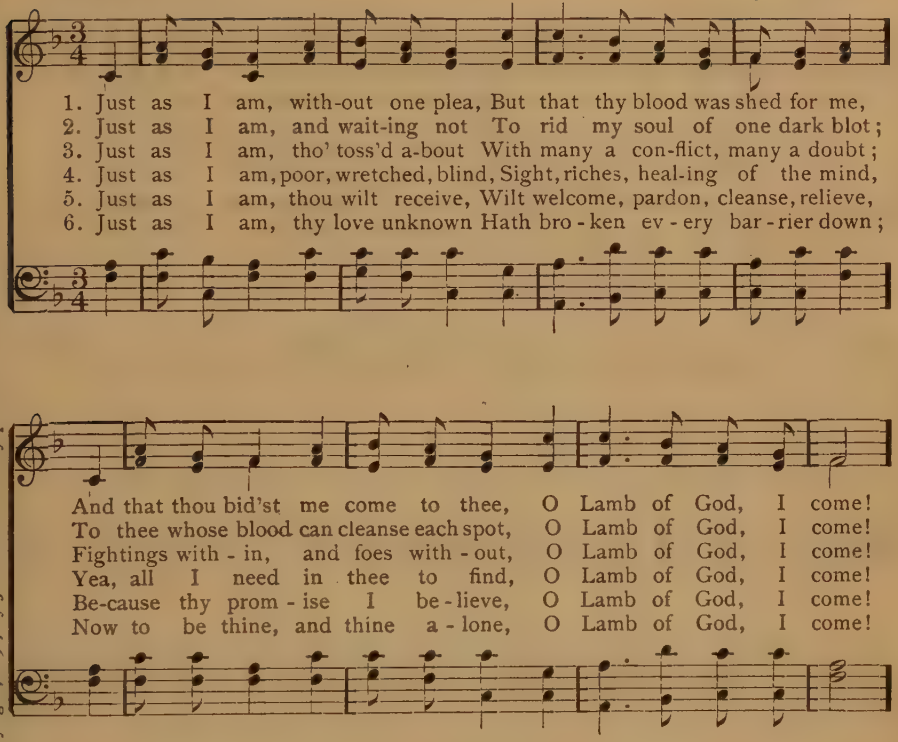
45 He Takes My Sin Away.

C. ELLIOTT. F. E. H.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
6. Just as I am, thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev-ery bar-rier down;
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
Fightings with-in, and foes with-out, O Lamb of God, I come!
Yea, all I need in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!
Now to be thine, and thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

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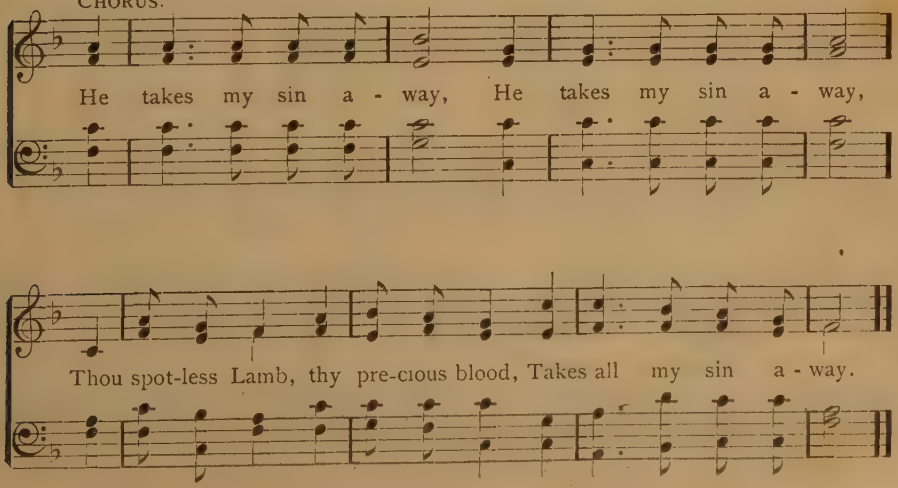
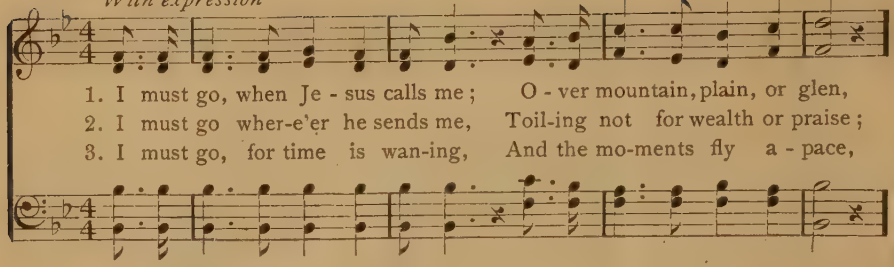
CHORUS.

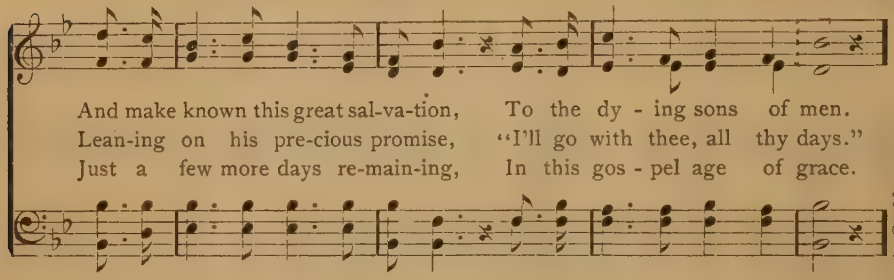


I Must Go.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

With expression


1. I must go, when Je - sus calls me; O - ver mountain, plain, or glen,
2. I must go wher-e'er he sends me, Toil-ing not for wealth or praise;
3. I must go, for time is wan-ing, And the mo-ments fly a - pace,


And make known this great sal-va-tion, To the dy - ing sons of men.
Lean-ing on his pre-cious promise, "I'll go with thee, all thy days."
Just a few more days re-main-ing, In this gos - pel age of grace.

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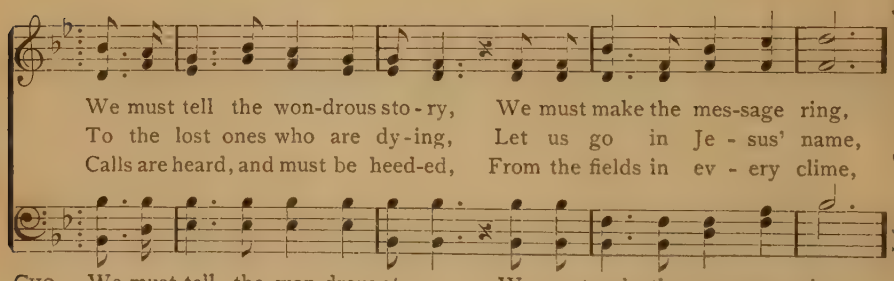
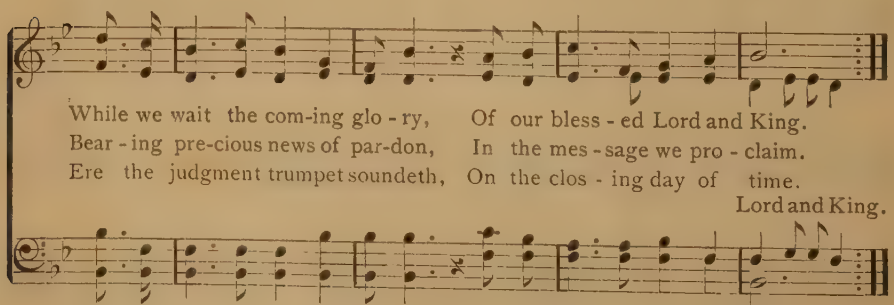
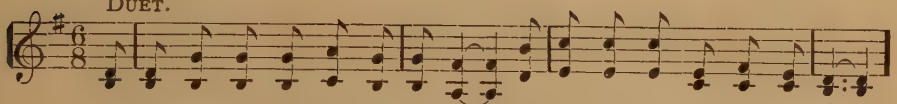

We must tell the won-drous sto - ry, We must make the mes-sage ring,
To the lost ones who are dy-ing, Let us go in Je - sus' name,
Calls are heard, and must be heed-ed, From the fields in ev - ery clime,
CHO.—We must tell the won-drous sto - ry, We must make the mes-sage ring,


While we wait the com-ing glo - ry, Of our bless - ed Lord and King.
Bear - ing pre-cious news of par-don, In the mes - sage we pro - claim.
Ere the judgment trumpet soundeth, On the clos - ing day of time.
Lord and King.
While we wait the com-ing glo - ry, Of our bless - ed Lord and King.

Safe on that Promise.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. F. A. BLACKMER.

DUET.



1. The bil-lows of Jor-dan are swell-ing, And in the dark wa-ters I stand,
2. I fear not the val-ley of shad-ows, For Je-sus my Com-fort-er is,
3. O, I will go home on the promise, The prom-ise so sure and so strong;

But Je-sus has promised to keep me, And Je-sus is hold-ing my hand.
And I shall go home on the promise, For there is no prom-ise like his.
I know it will car-ry me o-ver To gladness and glo-ry and song.

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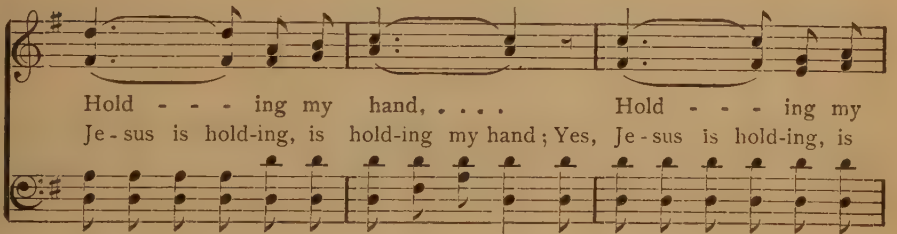
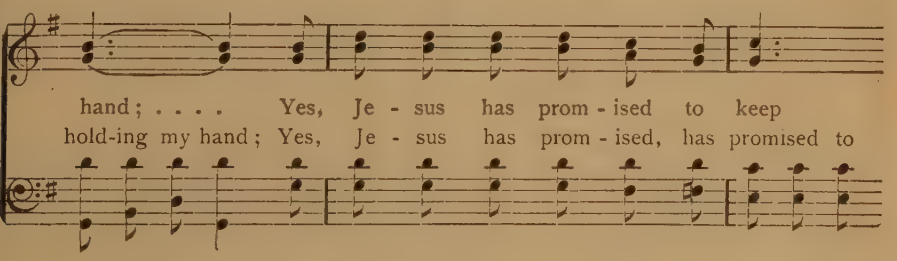
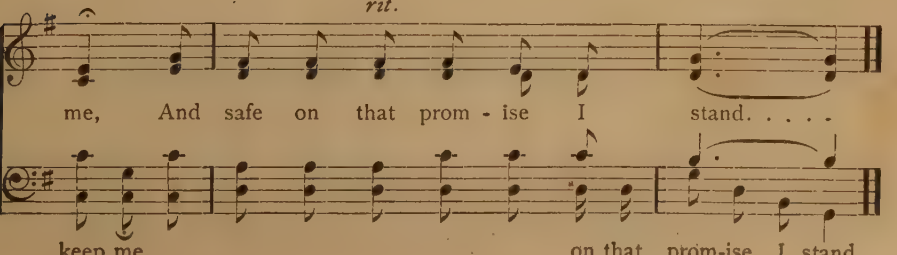
REFRAIN.



Hold - - - ing my hand, ... Hold - - - ing my
Je-sus is hold-ing, is hold-ing my hand; Yes, Je-sus is hold-ing, is



hand; . . . . Yes, Je-sus has prom-ised to keep
hold-ing my hand; Yes, Je-sus has prom-ised, has promised to

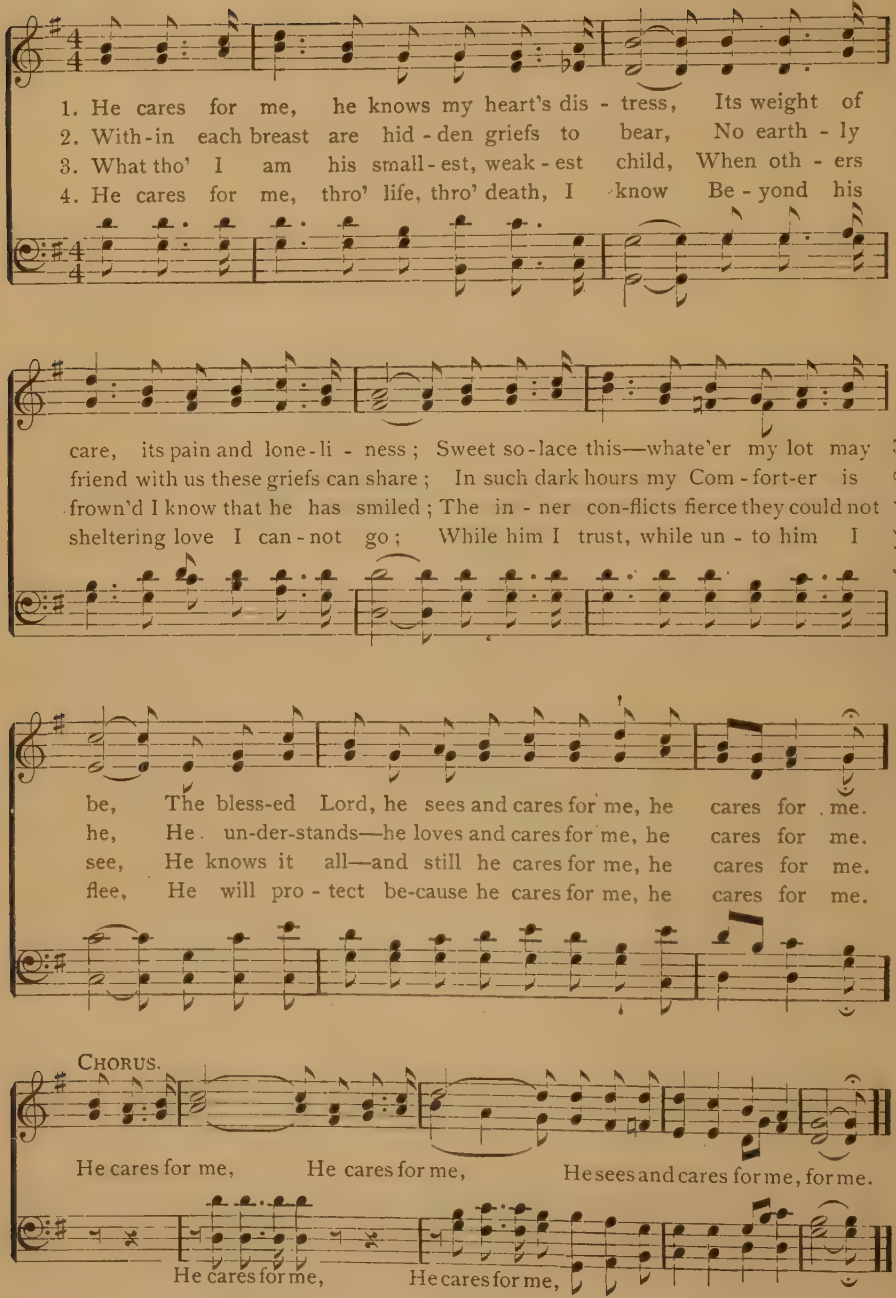


rit.

me, And safe on that prom-ise I stand. . . . .
keep me, on that prom-ise I stand.

He Cares for Me.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. He cares for me, he knows my heart's dis - tress, Its weight of
2. With-in each breast are hid - den griefs to bear, No earth - ly
3. What tho' I am his small - est, weak - est child, When oth - ers
4. He cares for me, thro' life, thro' death, I know Be - yond his
care, its pain and lone - li - ness; Sweet so - lace this—whate'er my lot may
friend with us these griefs can share; In such dark hours my Com - fort-er is
frown'd I know that he has smiled; The in - ner con-flicts fierce they could not
sheltering love I can - not go; While him I trust, while un - to him I
be, The bless-ed Lord, he sees and cares for me, he cares for me.
he, He un-der-stands—he loves and cares for me, he cares for me.
see, He knows it all—and still he cares for me, he cares for me.
flee, He will pro - tect be-cause he cares for me, he cares for me.
CHORUS.
He cares for me, He cares for me, He sees and cares for me, for me.
He cares for me, He cares for me,

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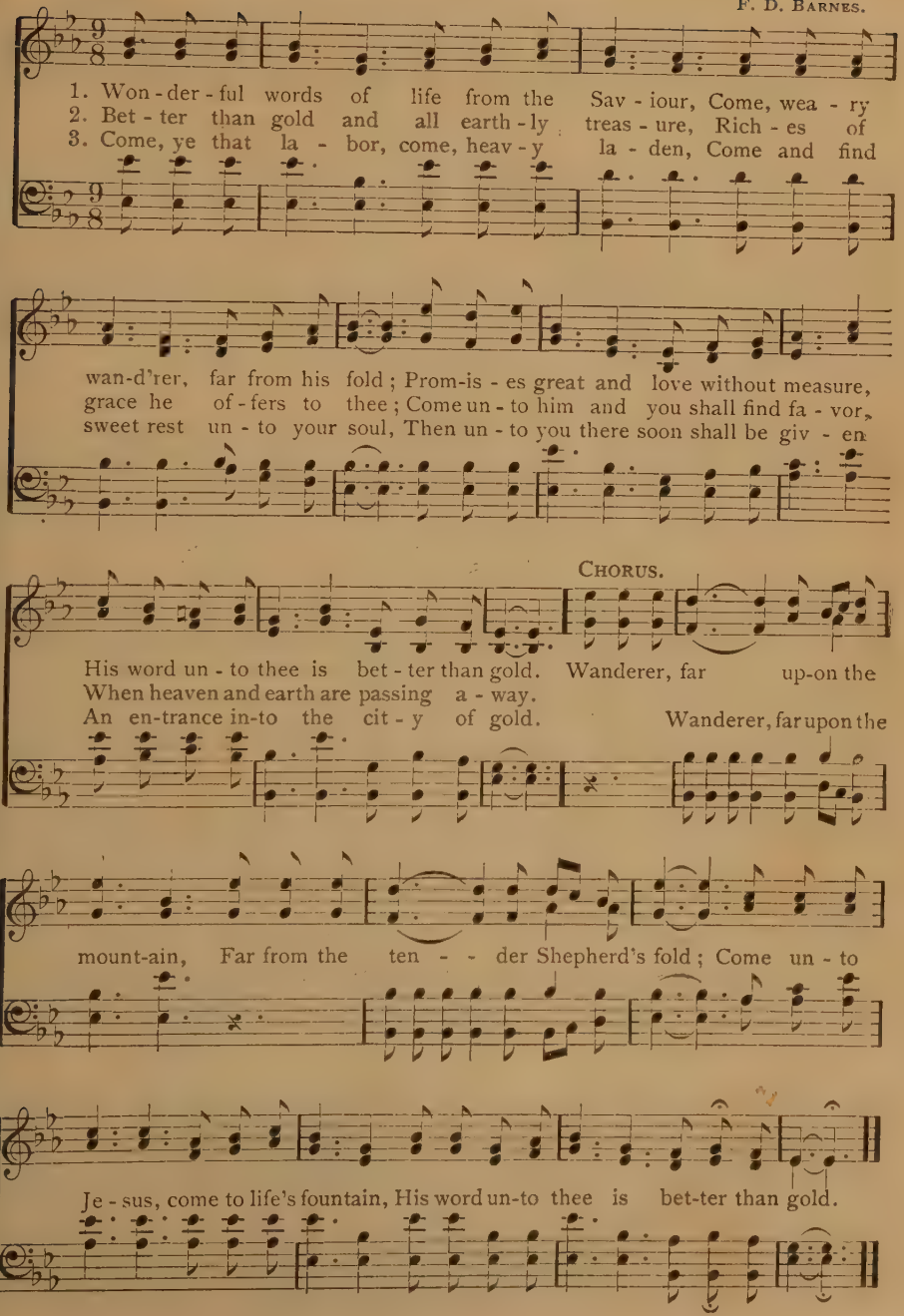
49

F. D. B.

Better Than Gold.

F. D. Barnes.


1. Won - der - ful words of life from the Sav - iour, Come, wea - ry
2. Bet - ter than gold and all earth - ly treas - ure, Rich - es of
3. Come, ye that la - bor, come, heav - y la - den, Come and find
wan-d'rer, far from his fold; Prom-is - es great and love without measure,
grace he of - fers to thee; Come un - to him and you shall find fa - vor,
sweet rest un - to your soul, Then un - to you there soon shall be giv - en
Chorus.
His word un - to thee is bet - ter than gold. Wanderer, far up-on the
When heaven and earth are passing a - way.
An en-trance in-to the cit - y of gold. Wanderer, far upon the
mount-ain, Far from the ten - - der Shepherd's fold; Come un - to
Je - sus, come to life's fountain, His word un-to thee is bet-ter than gold.

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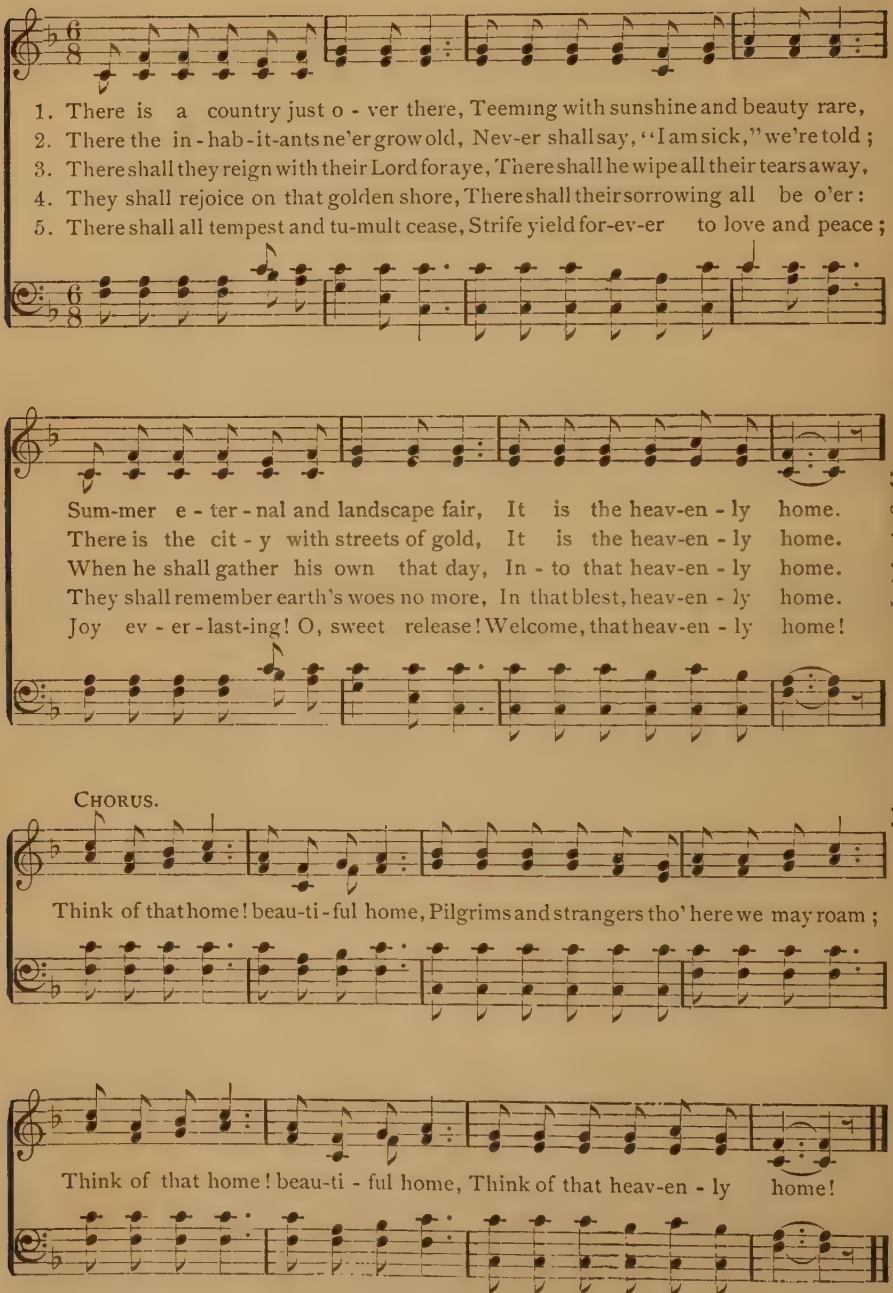
50 Think of that Home!

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.


1. There is a country just o - ver there, Teeming with sunshine and beauty rare,
2. There the in - hab - it-ants ne'er grow old, Nev-er shall say, "I am sick," we're told;
3. There shall they reign with their Lord for aye, There shall he wipe all their tears away,
4. They shall rejoice on that golden shore, There shall their sorrowing all be o'er:
5. There shall all tempest and tu-mult cease, Strife yield for-ev-er to love and peace;
Sum-mer e - ter - nal and landscape fair, It is the heav-en - ly home.
There is the cit - y with streets of gold, It is the heav-en - ly home.
When he shall gather his own that day, In - to that heav-en - ly home.
They shall remember earth's woes no more, In that blest, heav-en - ly home.
Joy ev - er - last-ing! O, sweet release! Welcome, that heav-en - ly home!
Chorus.
Think of that home! beau-ti - ful home, Pilgrims and strangers tho' here we may roam;
Think of that home! beau-ti - ful home, Think of that heav-en - ly home!

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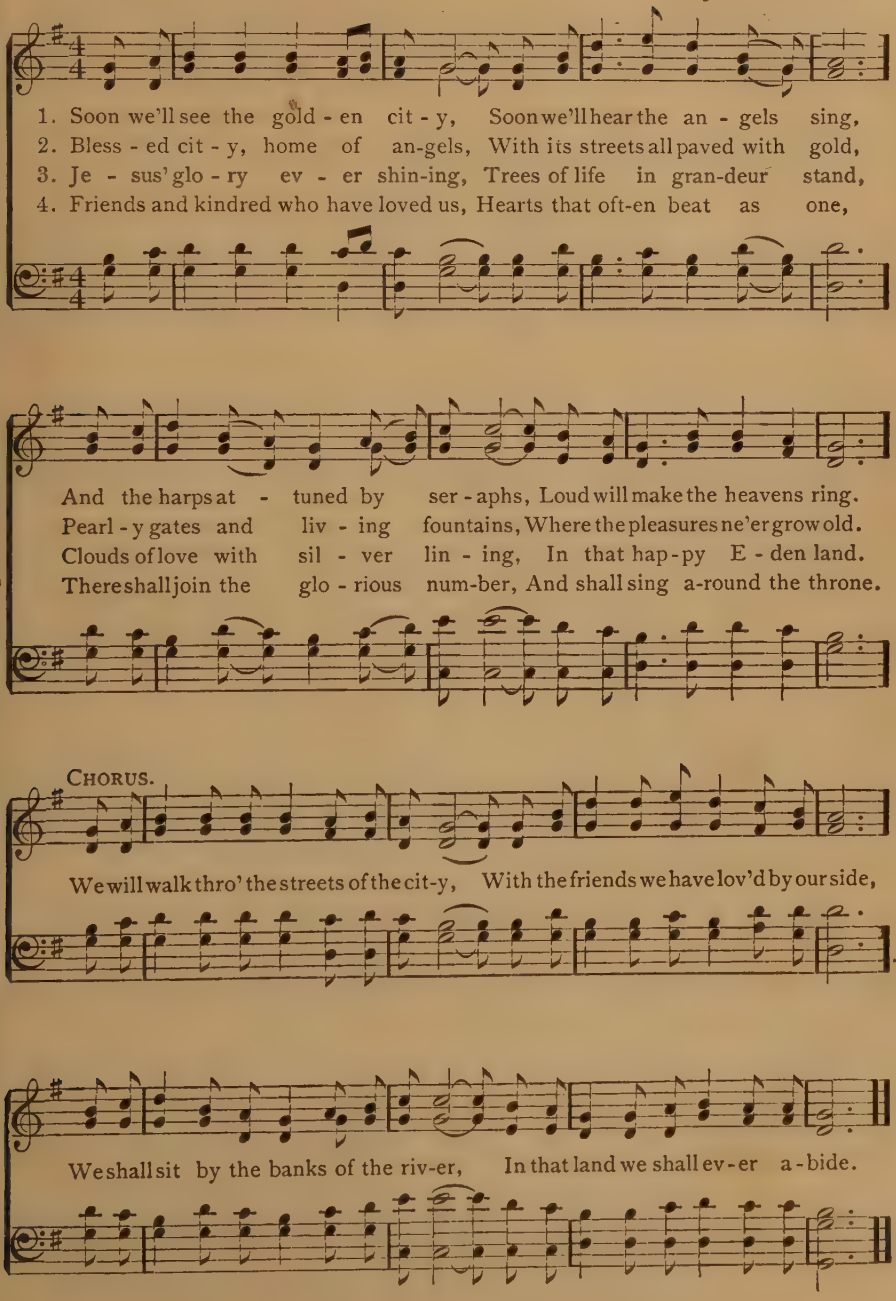
The Golden City.

Words arr. by GEO. J. FRENCH. GEO. J. FRENCH, Arr.


1. Soon we'll see the gold - en cit - y, Soon we'll hear the an - gels sing,
2. Bless - ed cit - y, home of an-gels, With its streets all paved with gold,
3. Je - sus' glo - ry ev - er shin-ing, Trees of life in gran-deur stand,
4. Friends and kindred who have loved us, Hearts that oft-en beat as one,
And the harps at - tuned by ser - aphs, Loud will make the heavens ring.
Pearl - y gates and liv - ing fountains, Where the pleasures ne'er grow old.
Clouds of love with sil - ver lin - ing, In that hap - py E - den land.
There shall join the glo - rious num-ber, And shall sing a-round the throne.
CHORUS.
We will walk thro' the streets of the cit-y, With the friends we have lov'd by our side,
We shall sit by the banks of the riv-er, In that land we shall ev - er a - bide.

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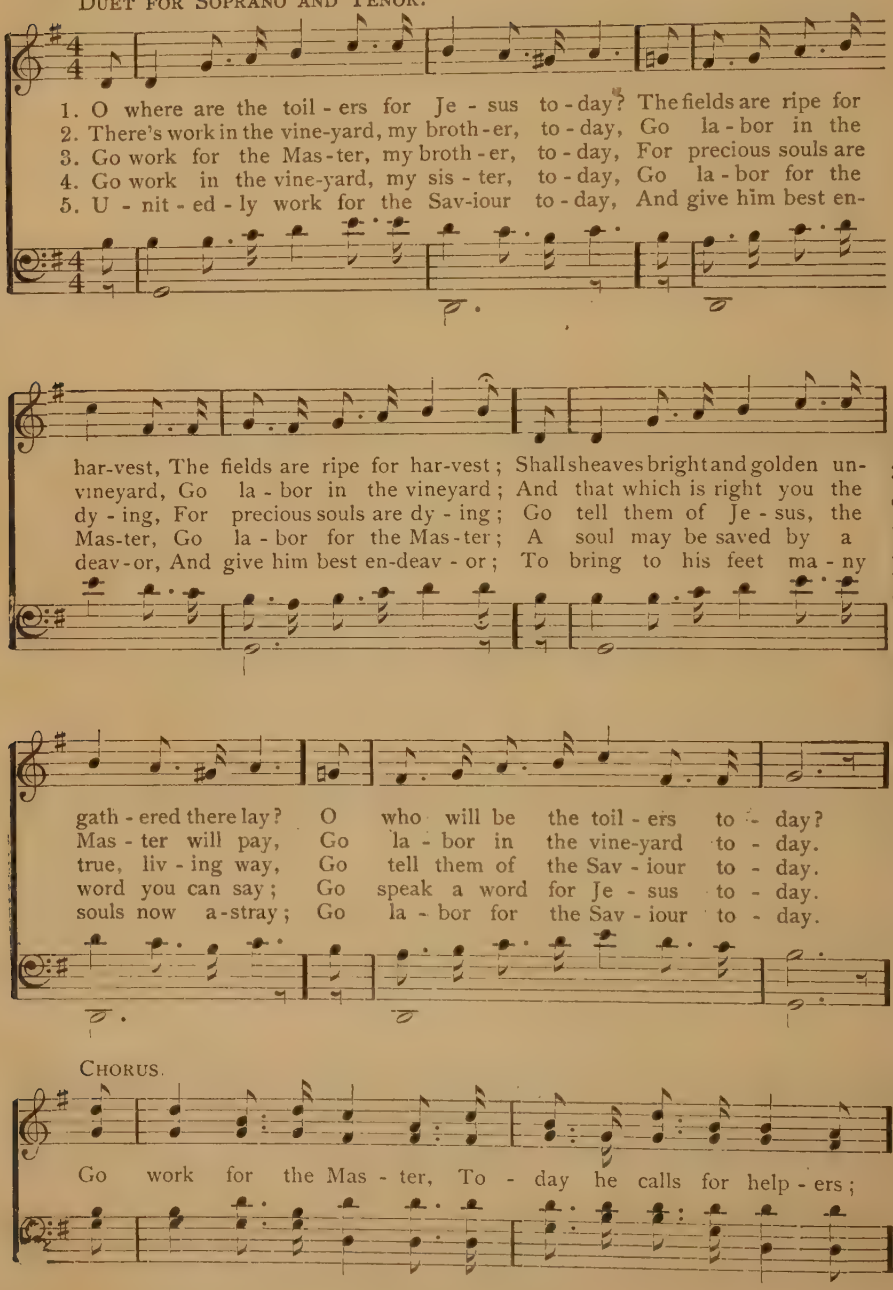
52 Where Are the Toilers To-day?

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

Duet for Soprano and Tenor.


1. O where are the toil - ers for Je - sus to - day? The fields are ripe for
2. There's work in the vine-yard, my broth - er, to - day, Go la - bor in the
3. Go work for the Mas - ter, my broth - er, to - day, For precious souls are
4. Go work in the vine-yard, my sis - ter, to - day, Go la - bor for the
5. U - nit - ed - ly work for the Sav-iour to - day, And give him best en-
har-vest, The fields are ripe for har-vest; Shall sheaves bright and golden un-
vineyard, Go la - bor in the vineyard; And that which is right you the
dy - ing, For precious souls are dy - ing; Go tell them of Je - sus, the
Mas-ter, Go la - bor for the Mas - ter; A soul may be saved by a
deav - or, And give him best en-deav - or; To bring to his feet ma - ny
gath - ered there lay? O who will be the toil - ers to - day?
Mas - ter will pay, Go la - bor in the vine-yard to - day.
true, liv - ing way, Go tell them of the Sav - iour to - day.
word you can say; Go speak a word for Je - sus to - day.
souls now a-stray; Go la - bor for the Sav - iour to - day.

Chorus.

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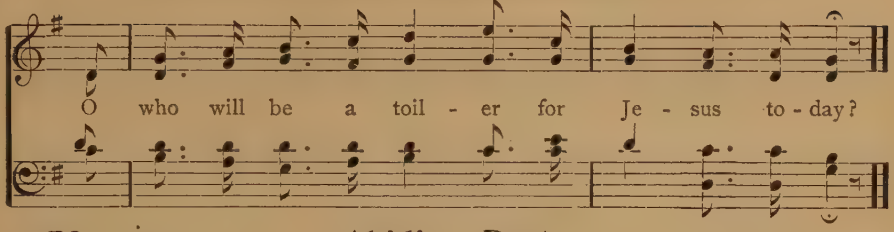
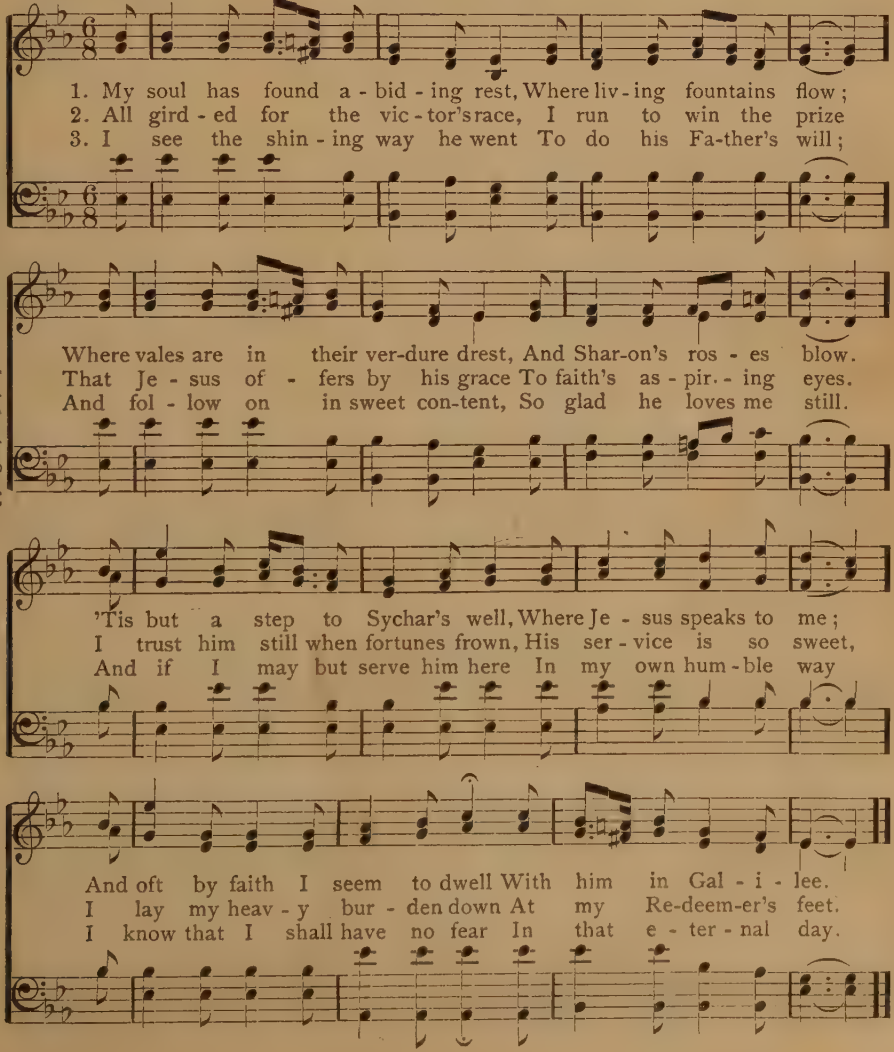
Where Are the Toilers To-day? Concluded.



53 Abiding Rest.

F. F. MAXFIELD. F. D. BARNES.


1. My soul has found a - bid - ing rest, Where liv - ing fountains flow;
2. All gird - ed for the vic - tor's race, I run to win the prize
3. I see the shin - ing way he went To do his Fa-ther's will;
Where vales are in their ver-dure drest, And Shar-on's ros - es blow.
That Je - sus of - fers by his grace To faith's as - pir. - ing eyes.
And fol - low on in sweet con-tent, So glad he loves me still.
'Tis but a step to Sychar's well, Where Je - sus speaks to me;
I trust him still when fortunes frown, His ser - vice is so sweet,
And if I may but serve him here In my own hum - ble way
And oft by faith I seem to dwell With him in Gal - i - lee.
I lay my heav - y bur - den down At my Re-deem-er's feet.
I know that I shall have no fear In that e - ter - nal day.

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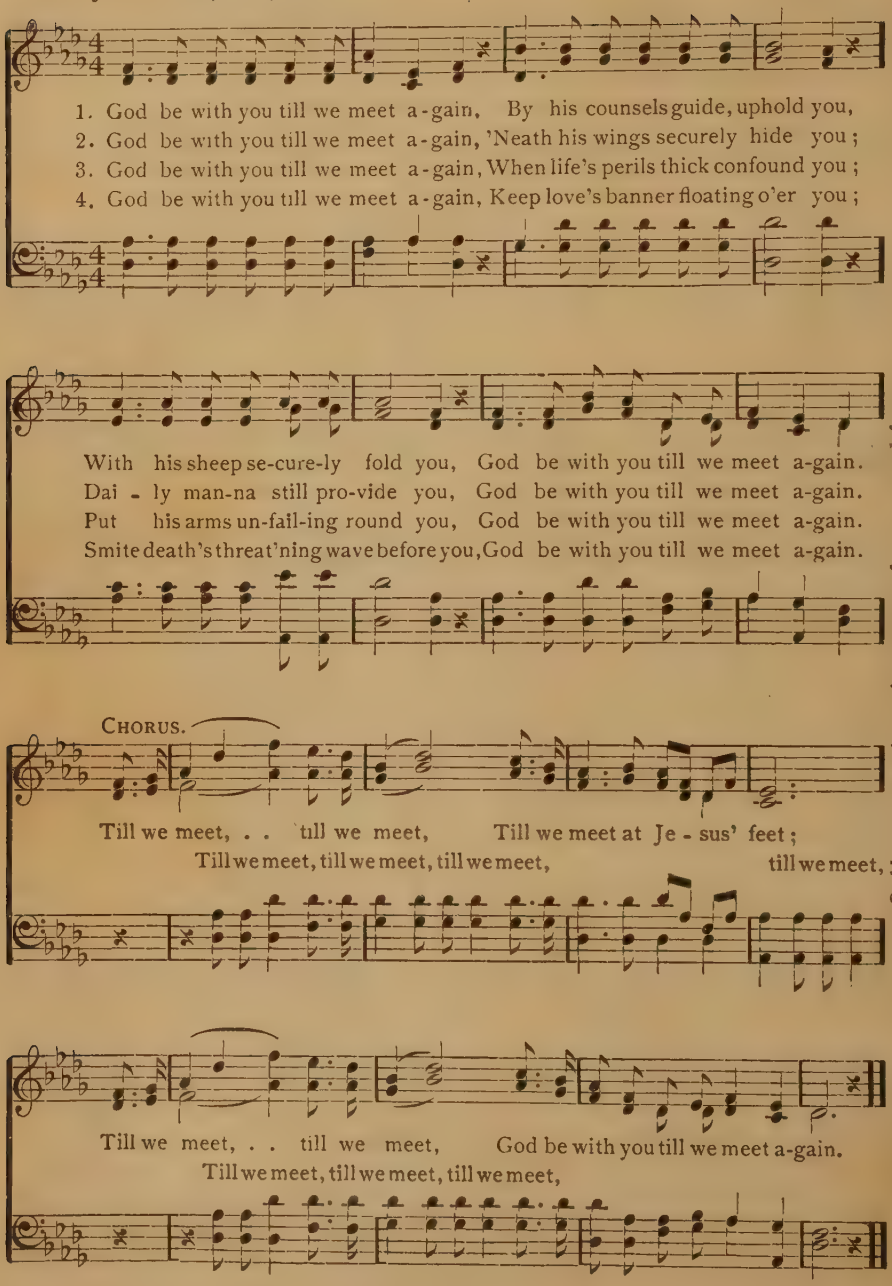
God Be With You.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D. W. G. Tomer


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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55 Tell it to Jesus Alone.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz. By per.

1. Are you wea - ry? are you heav - y heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part-ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com-ing king-dom are you sigh-ing?
Chorus.
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je - sus,
He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er
such a friend or broth-er? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

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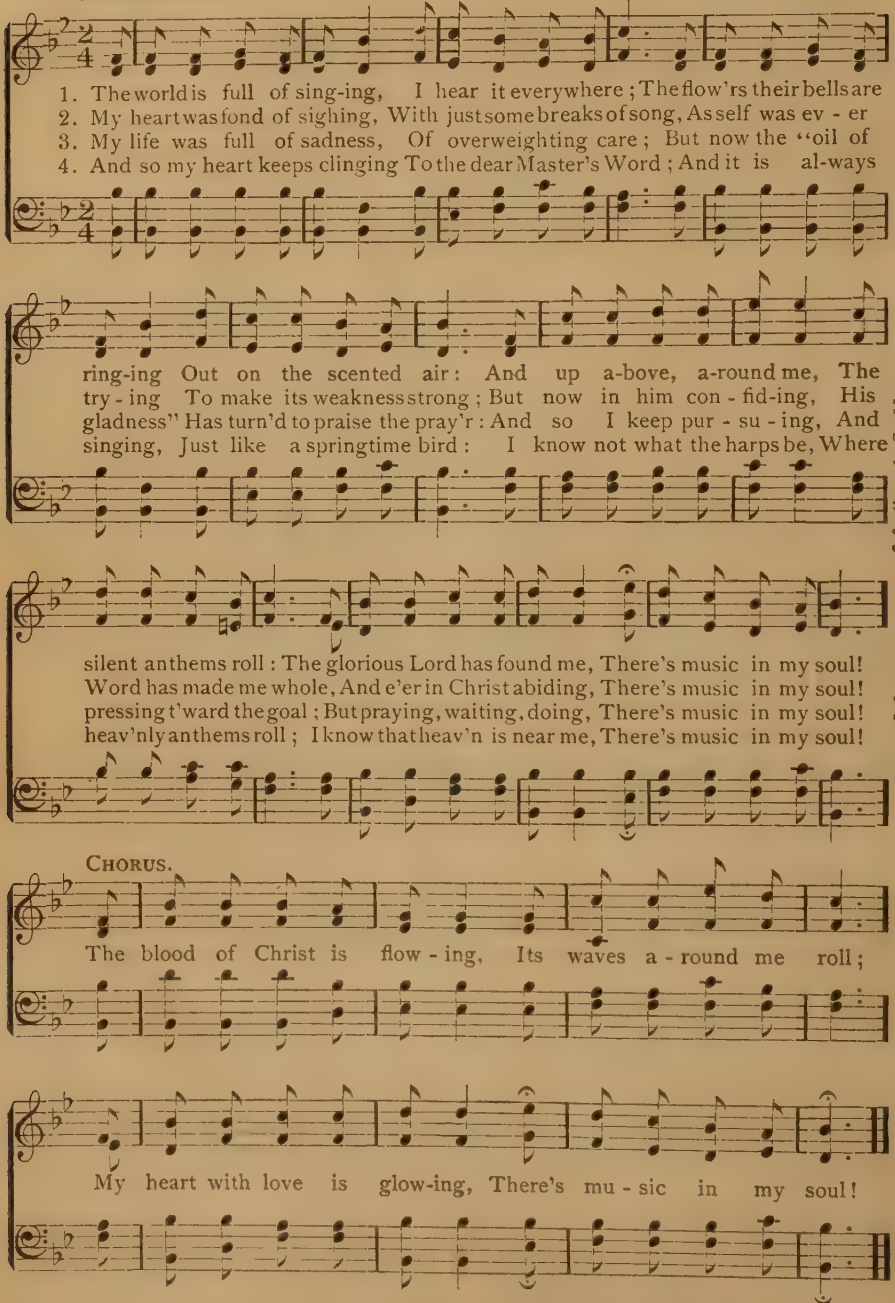
There's Music in My Soul!

REV. HENRY BURTON. JOSHUA GILL.


1. The world is full of sing-ing, I hear it everywhere; The flow'rs their bells are
2. My heart was fond of sighing, With just some breaks of song, As self was ev - er
3. My life was full of sadness, Of overweighting care; But now the "oil of
4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Master's Word; And it is al-ways
ring-ing Out on the scented air: And up a-bove, a-round me, The
try - ing To make its weakness strong; But now in him con - fid-ing, His
gladness" Has turn'd to praise the pray'r: And so I keep pur - su - ing, And
singing, Just like a springtime bird: I know not what the harps be, Where
silent anthems roll: The glorious Lord has found me, There's music in my soul!
Word has made me whole, And e'er in Christ abiding, There's music in my soul!
pressing t'ward the goal; But praying, waiting, doing, There's music in my soul!
heav'nly anthems roll; I know that heav'n is near me, There's music in my soul!
CHORUS.
The blood of Christ is flow - ing, Its waves a - round me roll;
My heart with love is glow-ing, There's mu - sic in my soul!

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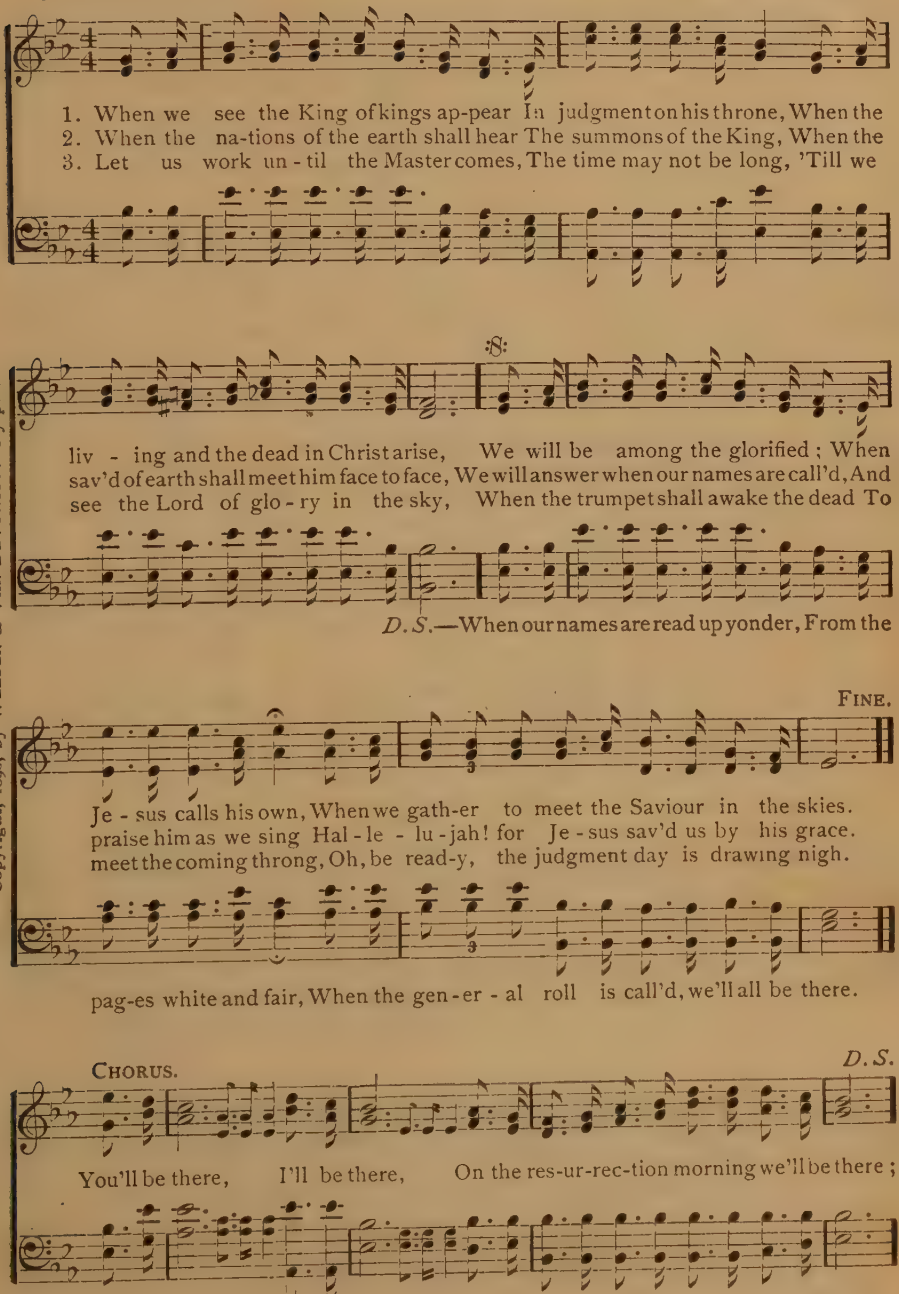
The General Roll Call.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.


1. When we see the King of kings ap-pear In judgment on his throne, When the
2. When the na-tions of the earth shall hear The summons of the King, When the
3. Let us work un-til the Master comes, The time may not be long, 'Till we
liv - ing and the dead in Christ arise, We will be among the glorified; When
sav'd of earth shall meet him face to face, We will answer when our names are call'd, And
see the Lord of glo-ry in the sky, When the trumpet shall awake the dead To
D. S.—When our names are read up yonder, From the
FINE.
Je - sus calls his own, When we gath-er to meet the Saviour in the skies.
praise him as we sing Hal-le - lu-jah! for Je-sus sav'd us by his grace.
meet the coming throng, Oh, be read-y, the judgment day is drawing nigh.
pag-es white and fair, When the gen-er-al roll is call'd, we'll all be there.
CHORUS.
D. S.
You'll be there, I'll be there, On the res-ur-rec-tion morning we'll be there;

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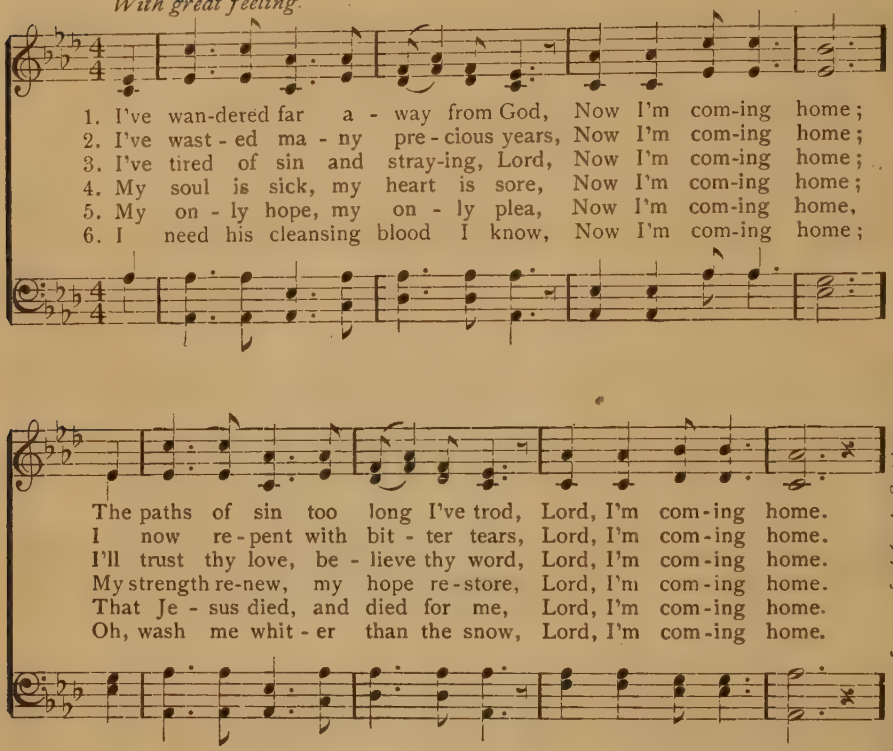
Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home,
6. I need his cleansing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

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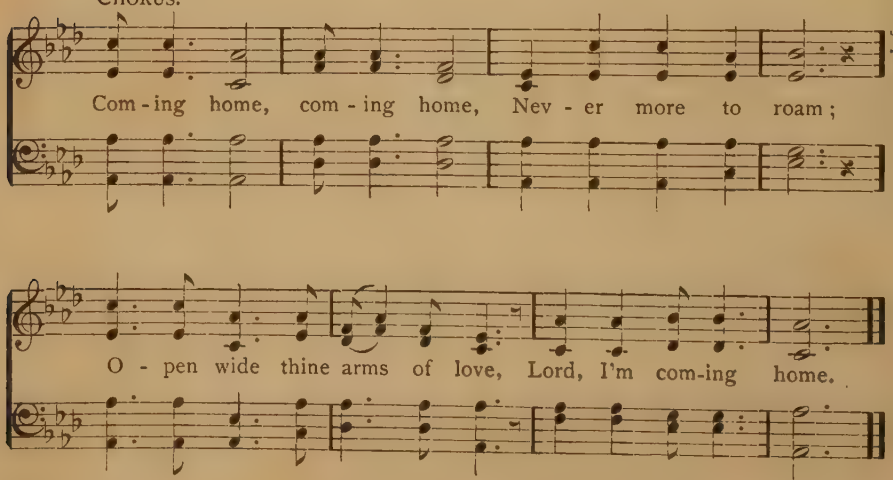
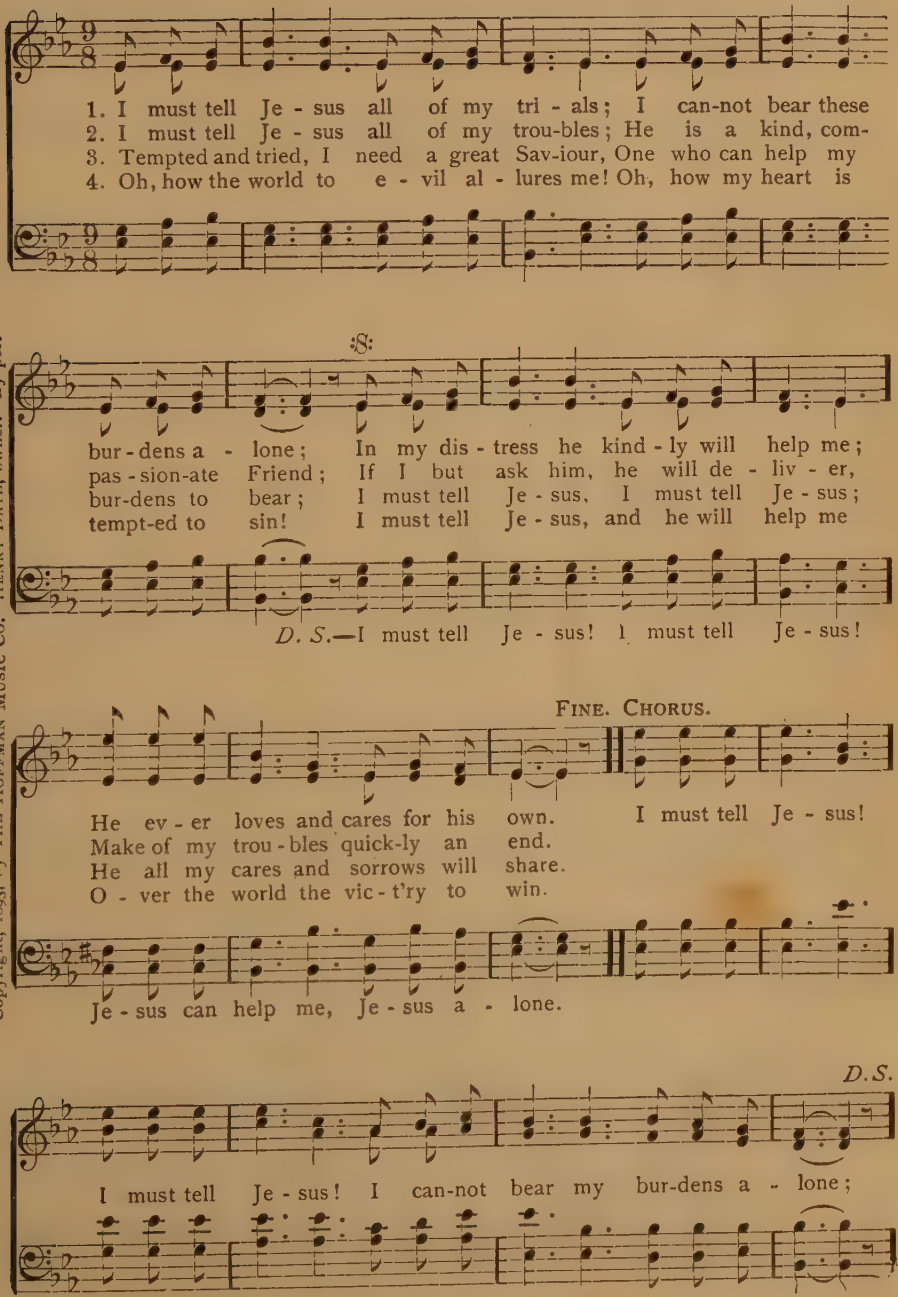
Chorus.



I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al - lures me! Oh, how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress he kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me
D. S.—I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!
Fine. Chorus.
He ev - er loves and cares for his own.
Make of my trou - bles quick-ly an end.
He all my cares and sorrows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus!
Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.
D.S.
I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone;

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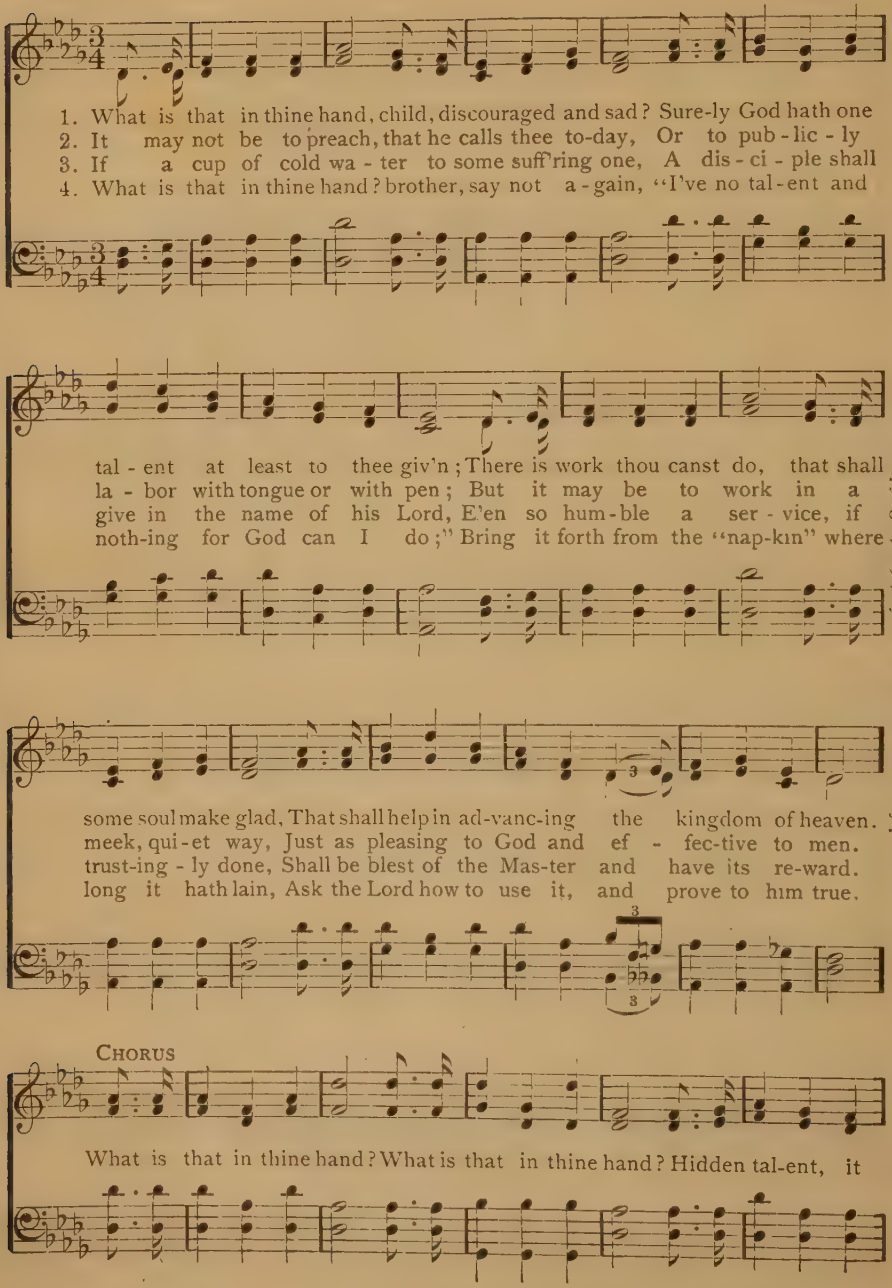
What is That in Thine Hand?

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.


1. What is that in thine hand, child, discouraged and sad? Sure-ly God hath one
2. It may not be to preach, that he calls thee to-day, Or to pub-lic-ly
3. If a cup of cold wa-ter to some suff'ring one, A dis-ci-ple shall
4. What is that in thine hand? brother, say not a-gain, "I've no tal-ent and
tal-ent at least to thee giv'n; There is work thou canst do, that shall
la-bor with tongue or with pen; But it may be to work in a
give in the name of his Lord, E'en so hum-ble a ser-vice, if
noth-ing for God can I do;" Bring it forth from the "nap-kin" where
some soul make glad, That shall help in ad-vanc-ing the kingdom of heaven.
meek, qui-et way, Just as pleasing to God and ef-fec-tive to men.
trust-ing-ly done, Shall be blest of the Mas-ter and have its re-ward.
long it hath lain, Ask the Lord how to use it, and prove to him true.
Chorus
What is that in thine hand? What is that in thine hand? Hidden tal-ent, it

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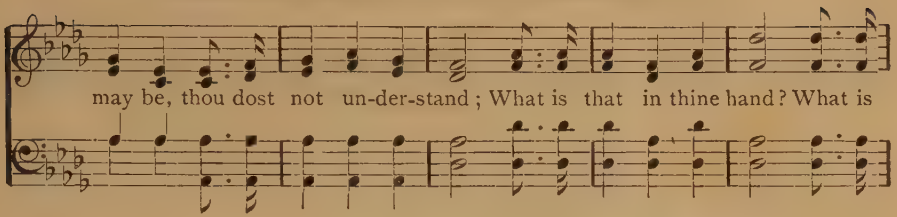
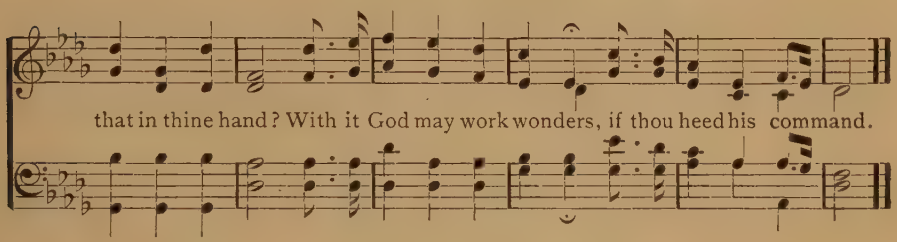
What is That in Thine Hand? Concluded.





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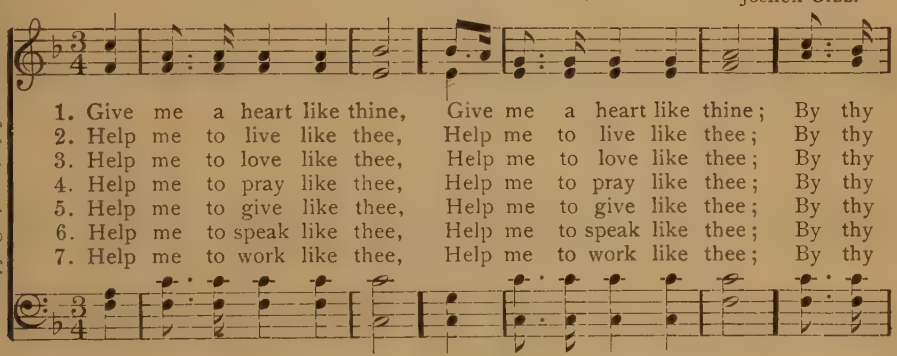
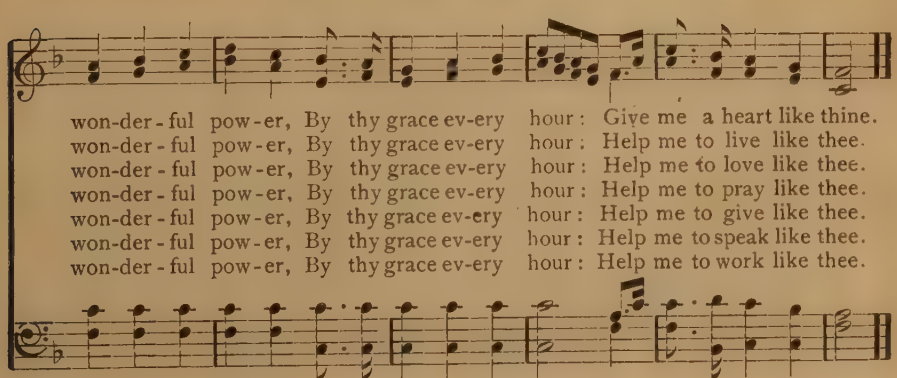
61 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

Joshua Gill.


1. Give me a heart like thine, Give me a heart like thine; By thy
2. Help me to live like thee, Help me to live like thee; By thy
3. Help me to love like thee, Help me to love like thee; By thy
4. Help me to pray like thee, Help me to pray like thee; By thy
5. Help me to give like thee, Help me to give like thee; By thy
6. Help me to speak like thee, Help me to speak like thee; By thy
7. Help me to work like thee, Help me to work like thee; By thy


won-der-ful pow-er, By thy grace ev-ery hour: Give me a heart like thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By thy grace ev-ery hour: Help me to live like thee.
won-der-ful pow-er, By thy grace ev-ery hour: Help me to love like thee.
won-der-ful pow-er, By thy grace ev-ery hour: Help me to pray like thee.
won-der-ful pow-er, By thy grace ev-ery hour: Help me to give like thee.
won-der-ful pow-er, By thy grace ev-ery hour: Help me to speak like thee.
won-der-ful pow-er, By thy grace ev-ery hour: Help me to work like thee.

62 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
Refrain.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,
lean - - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last - ing arms.
Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

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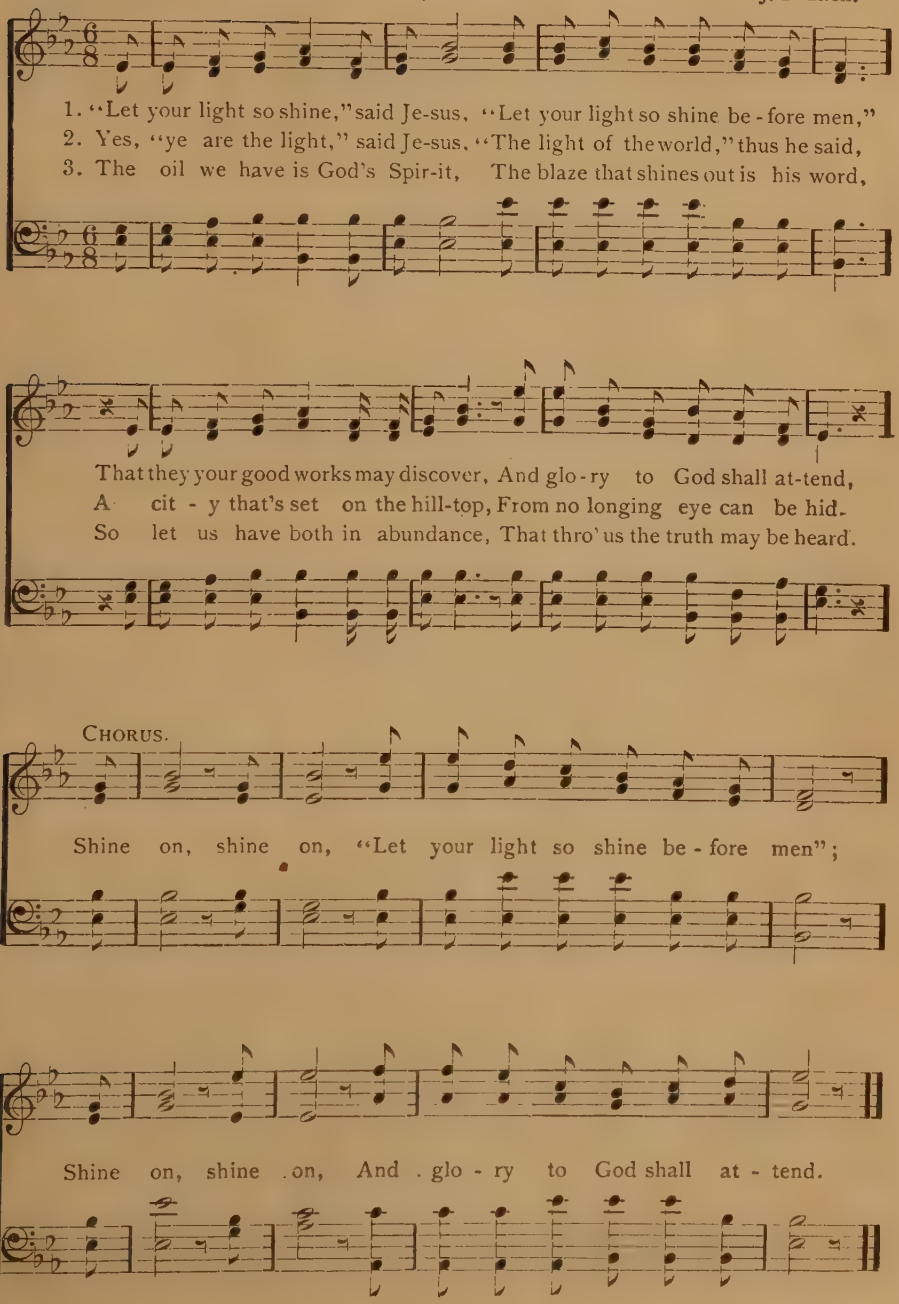
63 "Let Your Light So Shine."

GEO. J. FRENCH. GEO. J. FRENCH.


1. "Let your light so shine," said Je-sus, "Let your light so shine be-fore men,"
2. Yes, "ye are the light," said Je-sus, "The light of the world," thus he said,
3. The oil we have is God's Spir-it, The blaze that shines out is his word,
That they your good works may discover, And glo-ry to God shall at-tend,
A cit-y that's set on the hill-top, From no longing eye can be hid.
So let us have both in abundance, That thro' us the truth may be heard.
CHORUS.
Shine on, shine on, "Let your light so shine be-fore men";
Shine on, shine on, And glo-ry to God shall at-tend.

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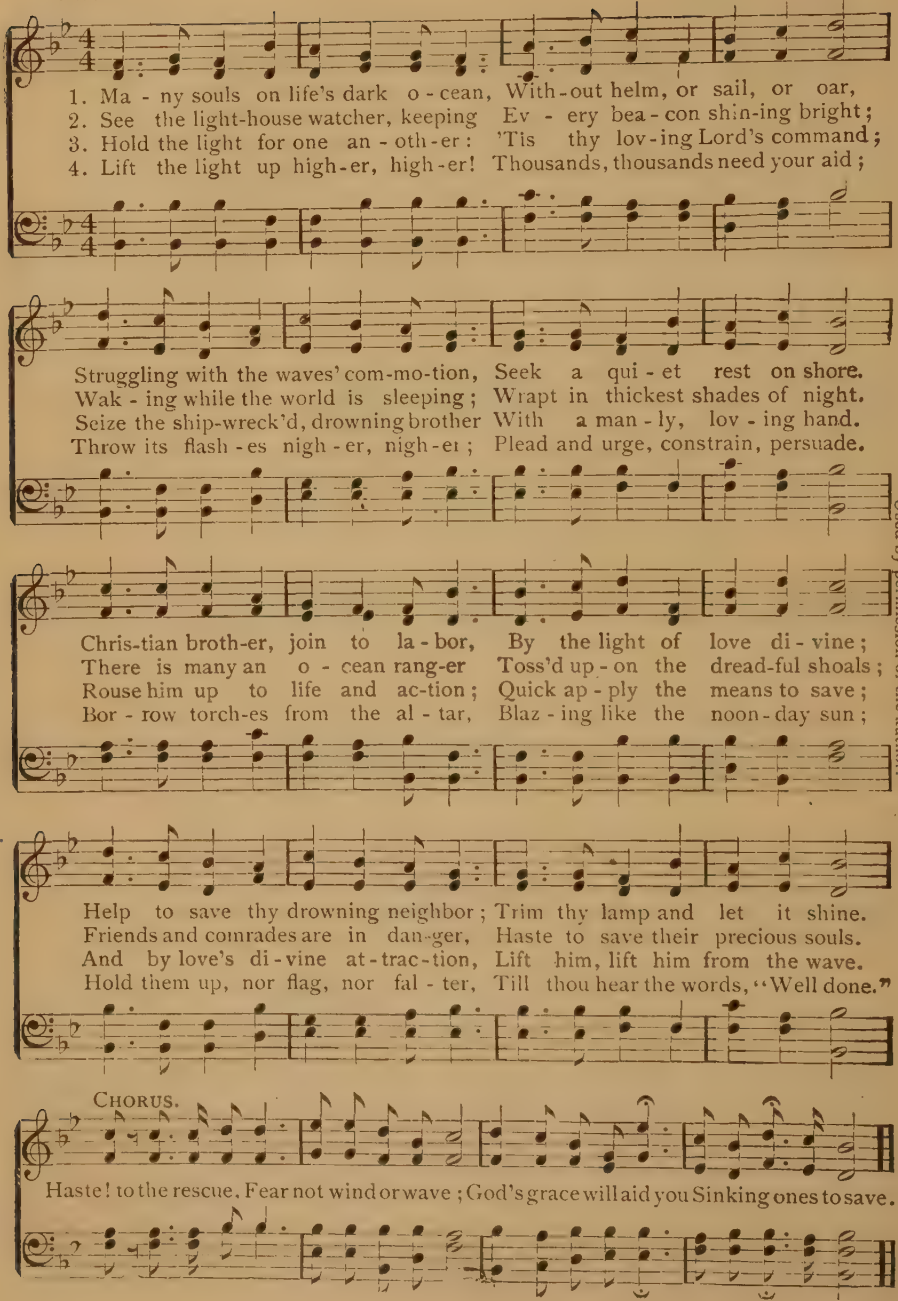
The Rescue.

G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.


1. Ma - ny souls on life's dark o - cean, With - out helm, or sail, or oar,
2. See the light-house watcher, keeping Ev - ery bea - con shin-ing bright;
3. Hold the light for one an - oth - er: 'Tis thy lov - ing Lord's command;
4. Lift the light up high - er, high - er! Thousands, thousands need your aid;
Struggling with the waves' com-mo-tion, Seek a qui - et rest on shore.
Wak - ing while the world is sleeping; Wrapt in thickest shades of night.
Seize the ship-wreck'd, drowning brother With a man - ly, lov - ing hand.
Throw its flash - es nigh - er, nigh - er; Plead and urge, constrain, persuade.
Chris-tian broth-er, join to la - bor, By the light of love di - vine;
There is many an o - cean rang-er Toss'd up - on the dread-ful shoals;
Rouse him up to life and ac-tion; Quick ap - ply the means to save;
Bor - row torch-es from the al - tar, Blaz - ing like the noon - day sun;
Help to save thy drowning neighbor; Trim thy lamp and let it shine.
Friends and comrades are in dan-ger, Haste to save their precious souls.
And by love's di - vine at - trac - tion, Lift him, lift him from the wave.
Hold them up, nor flag, nor fal - ter, Till thou hear the words, "Well done."
CHORUS.
Haste! to the rescue, Fear not wind or wave; God's grace will aid you Sinking ones to save.

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Now is the Day.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.

1. List to the voice that is call-ing to-day, O yield to its pleadings, no
2. "Some other time" has swept millions a-way; Be-yond har-bor lights it is
3. Seek not the way of earth's pleasures to tread, Or say thou wilt pause in the
4. Time's closing shadows soon o'er thee may fall; O then for his mer-cy in
long-er de-lay; Re-ject not, as oft thou hast done in the past, "Some
sail-ing each day, And rocks that are hid-den by storm-clouds so dark Are
jour-ney a-head, And "some time" accept what God *now* would bestow; Thy
vain you may call; The Spir-it long griev'd shall then leave thee a-lone; Then
CHORUS.
oth-er time" choosing, for time may not last. "Some oth-er time" for
strewn with the lost from this treach-er-ous bark.
num-ber of years, or of days, who can know?
make now thy choice while to-day is thine own.
thee may not come; "Some other time" may be sealed to thy doom; Come and ac-
cept of this of-fer so free, *Now* is the day of sal-va-tion for thee.

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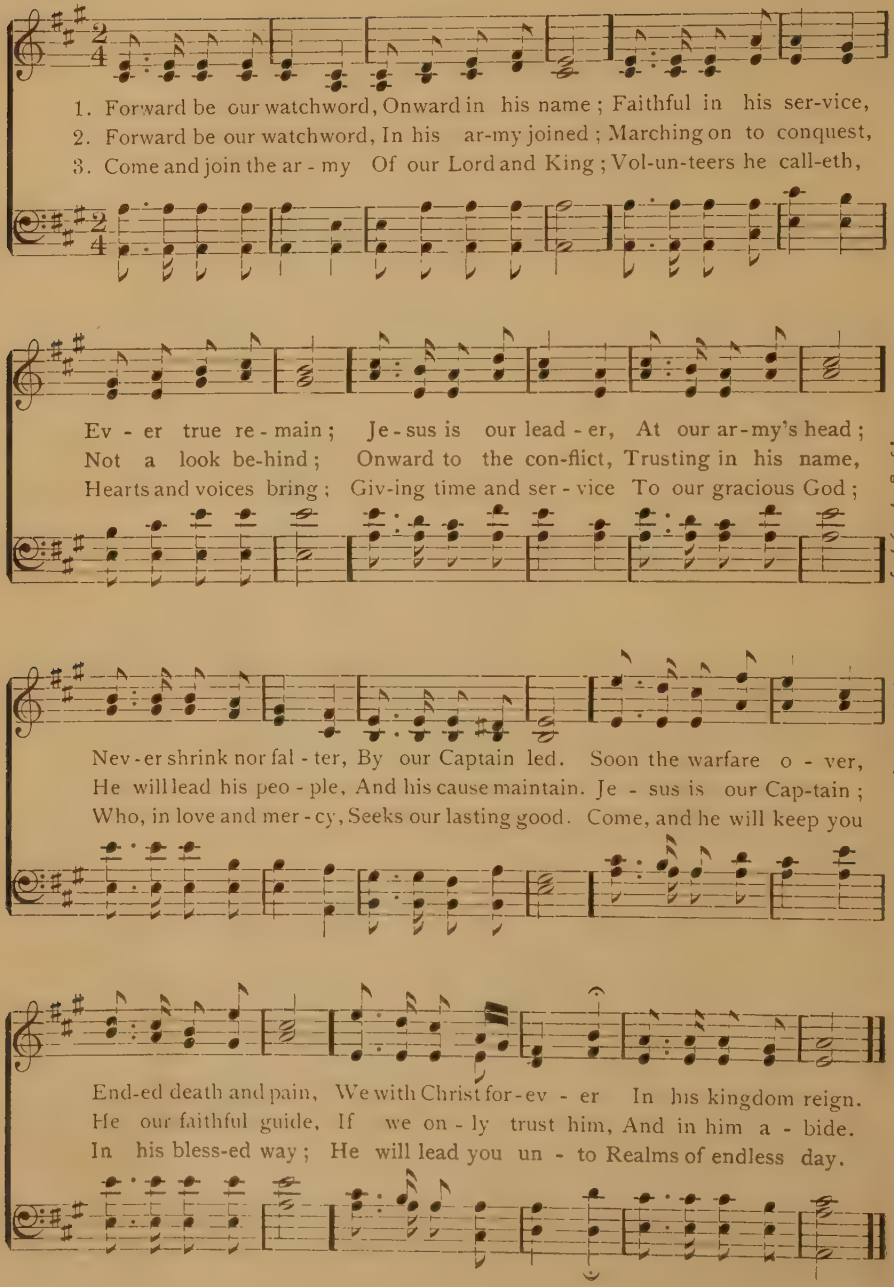
Forward.

F. D. B. F. D. Barnes.


1. Forward be our watchword, Onward in his name; Faithful in his ser-vice,
2. Forward be our watchword, In his ar-my joined; Marching on to conquest,
3. Come and join the ar - my Of our Lord and King; Vol-un-teers he call-eth,
Ev - er true re - main; Je - sus is our lead - er, At our ar - my's head;
Not a look be-hind; Onward to the con-flict, Trusting in his name,
Hearts and voices bring; Giv-ing time and ser - vice To our gracious God;
Nev - er shrink nor fal - ter, By our Captain led. Soon the warfare o - ver,
He will lead his peo - ple, And his cause maintain. Je - sus is our Cap-tain;
Who, in love and mer - cy, Seeks our lasting good. Come, and he will keep you
End-ed death and pain, We with Christ for-ev - er In his kingdom reign.
He our faithful guide, If we on - ly trust him, And in him a - bide.
In his bless-ed way; He will lead you un - to Realms of endless day.

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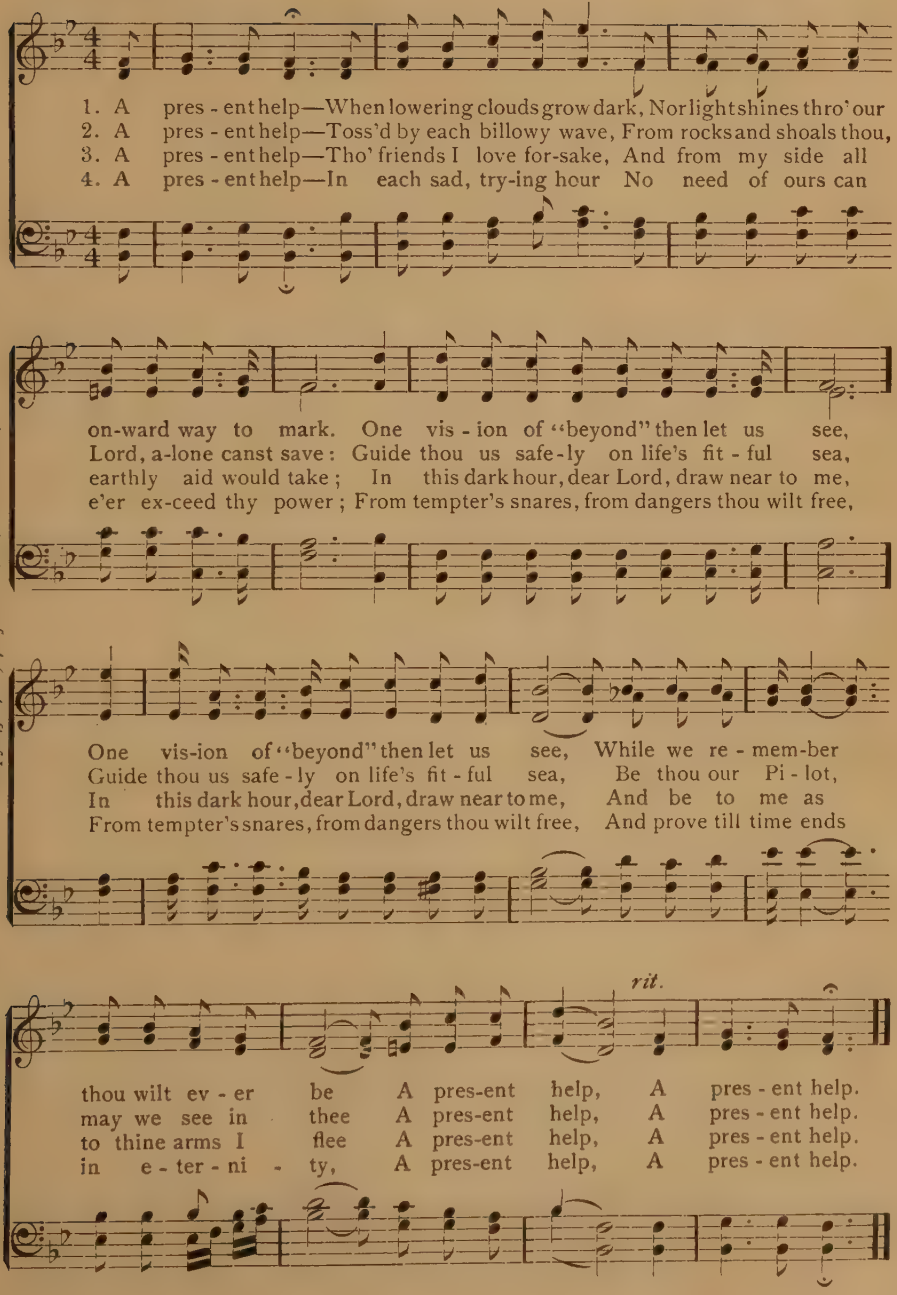
67 A Present Help.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. A pres - ent help—When lowering clouds grow dark, Nor light shines thro' our
2. A pres - ent help—Toss'd by each billowy wave, From rocks and shoals thou,
3. A pres - ent help—Tho' friends I love for-sake, And from my side all
4. A pres - ent help—In each sad, try-ing hour No need of ours can
on-ward way to mark. One vis - ion of "beyond" then let us see,
Lord, a-lone canst save: Guide thou us safe-ly on life's fit - ful sea,
earthly aid would take; In this dark hour, dear Lord, draw near to me,
e'er ex-ceed thy power; From tempter's snares, from dangers thou wilt free,
One vis-ion of "beyond" then let us see, While we re - mem-ber
Guide thou us safe - ly on life's fit - ful sea, Be thou our Pi - lot,
In this dark hour, dear Lord, draw near to me, And be to me as
From tempter's snares, from dangers thou wilt free, And prove till time ends
rit.
thou wilt ev - er be A pres-ent help, A pres - ent help.
may we see in thee A pres-ent help, A pres - ent help.
to thine arms I flee A pres-ent help, A pres - ent help.
in e - ter - ni - ty, A pres-ent help, A pres - ent help.

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The Better Day.

E. S. MANSFIELD. D. R. MANSFIELD. Arr.

1. Oh, the Lamb that was slain, soon is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing
2. Then look up, wea - ry saint, for thy mourn-ing shall end, And the
3. Wand'ring child, lone and sad, from thy Fa - ther's a - bode, On the
4. Roll a - way, sky of blue, let the Sav - iour come thro'—An - gry
back in his king - ly ar - ray; The bright glo - ry-light, as it
fount - ain of tears shall be dried: Sing—joy - ful - ly sing un - to
mount-ain of sin, dark and cold, The kind Shepherd waits, with a
na - tions rush on to the fray; But saints clad in white, and the
breaks on our sight, Shines the curse of the earth all a - way.
Je - sus the King, Who will reign with his bride at his side.
light at the gate, He is call - ing thee back to the fold.
an - gels of light, With the con - quer - ing Lamb, win the day.
CHORUS.
Oh, the bet - ter day is com-ing,—the day - star is shin-ing, The
bet-ter day is coming bye and bye; Oh, the better day is coming, in the

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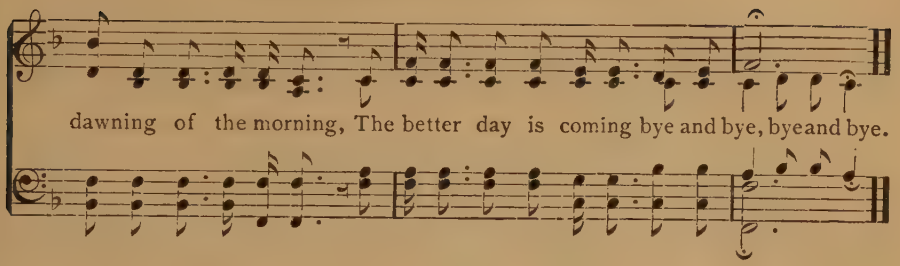
The Better Day. Concluded.



69 No One Like Thee.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.

1. No one, my Lord, like thee, no one so true; Thou nev-er wilt for-sake
2. No help, my Lord, but thee, no strength mine own, All which by self I've wrought
3. No guide, my Lord, like thee, my path to show; No one to coun-sel me
4. No hope, my Lord, but thee that will a-vail, My claims of righteousness
the jour-ney through. Thou art the on-ly friend A-bid-ing
hath weak-ness shown. With help from thee I win Vic-t'ry o'er
whith-er to go. Thou wilt the way pre-pare And go be-
will not pre-vail. I gain a-lone in thee Life and e-
to the end; No friend have I like thee, no friend like thee.
ev-ery sin; No help have I but thee, no help but thee.
fore me there; No guide have I like thee, no guide like thee.
ter-ni-ty; No hope have I but thee, no hope but thee.

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He's Just the Same To-day.

Arr. by F. A. PERKINS.

1. When Mos-es and the Is-rael-ites From Egypt's land did flee, Be - hind them were proud Pharaoh's host, In front of them the sea. God raised the wa - ter like a wall And o-pened up their way ; And the God that lived in Mos-es' time
2. When Daniel, faithful to his God, Would not bow down to men, And by God's en - e - mies was hurl'd In - to the li - on's den, God shut the li - ons' mouths, we read, And robb'd them of their prey; And the God that lived in Daniel's time
3. When Da - vid and Go - li - ah met—The wrong against the right—The gi - ant arm with hu - man power, And David with God's might. God's power with David's sling and stone The gi-ant low did lay ; And the God that lived in Da-vid's time
4. When Pen-te-cost had ful - ly come And fire from heaven did fall, As a might-y wind the Ho - ly Ghost Baptized them one and all. Three thousand were con- vert-ed and Were soldiers right a-way ; And the God that lived at Pen - te-cost
CHORUS
Is just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, He's just the same to-day ;
And the God that lived in old - en time Is just the same to - day.

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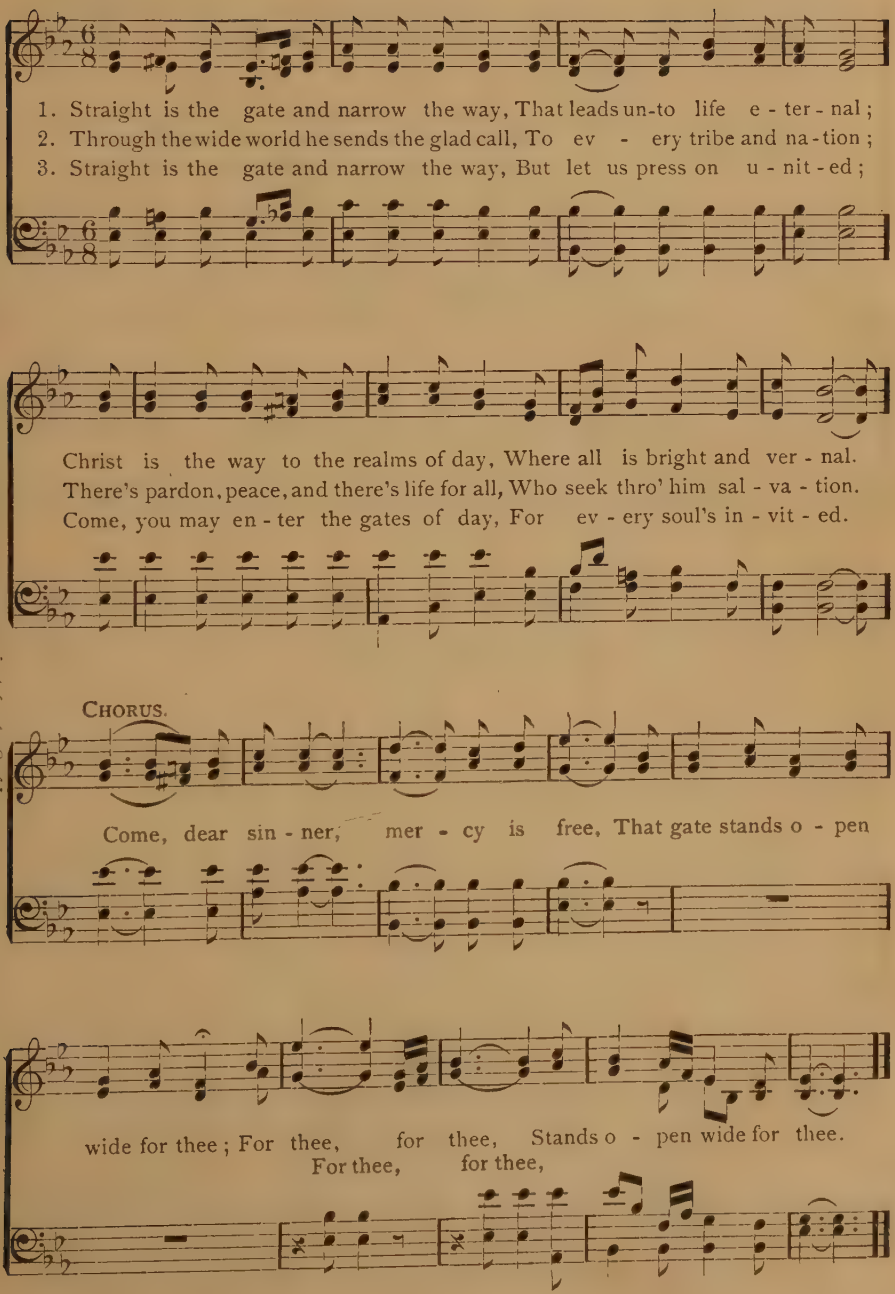
The Open Gate.

F. D. B. F. D. Barnes.


1. Straight is the gate and narrow the way, That leads un-to life e - ter - nal;
2. Through the wide world he sends the glad call, To ev - ery tribe and na - tion;
3. Straight is the gate and narrow the way, But let us press on u - nit - ed;
Christ is the way to the realms of day, Where all is bright and ver - nal.
There's pardon, peace, and there's life for all, Who seek thro' him sal - va - tion.
Come, you may en - ter the gates of day, For ev - ery soul's in - vit - ed.
Chorus.
Come, dear sin - ner, mer - cy is free, That gate stands o - pen
wide for thee; For thee, for thee, Stands o - pen wide for thee.
For thee, for thee,

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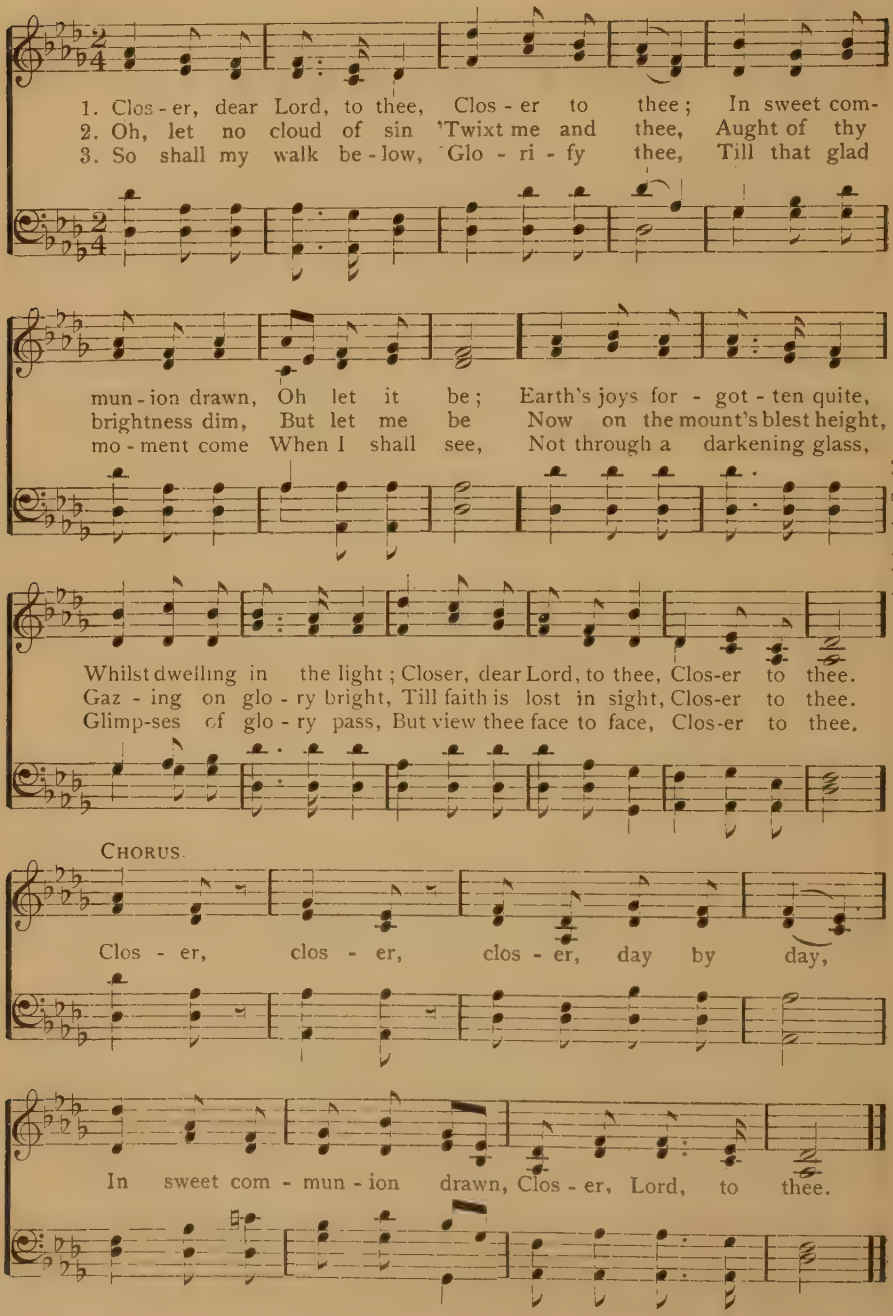
72 Closer, Dear Lord, to Thee.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. F. D. BARNES.


1. Clos - er, dear Lord, to thee, Clos - er to thee; In sweet com-
2. Oh, let no cloud of sin 'Twixt me and thee, Aught of thy
3. So shall my walk be - low, Glo - ri - fy thee, Till that glad
mun - ion drawn, Oh let it be; Earth's joys for - got - ten quite,
brightness dim, But let me be Now on the mount's blest height,
mo - ment come When I shall see, Not through a darkening glass,
Whilst dwelling in the light; Closer, dear Lord, to thee, Clos-er to thee.
Gaz - ing on glo - ry bright, Till faith is lost in sight, Clos-er to thee.
Glimp-ses of glo - ry pass, But view thee face to face, Clos-er to thee.
CHORUS.
Clos - er, clos - er, clos - er, day by day,
In sweet com - mun - ion drawn, Clos - er, Lord, to thee.

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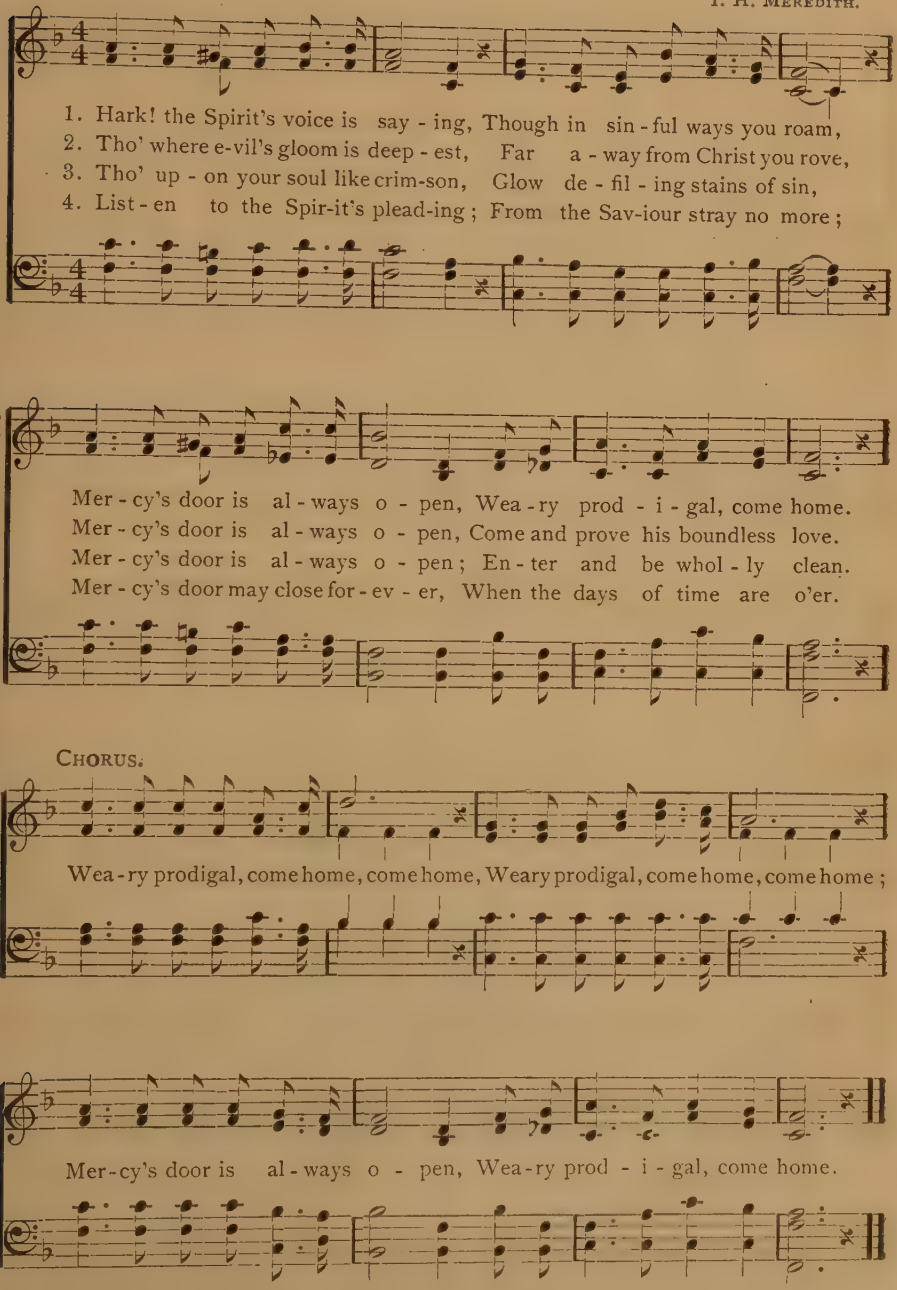
Mercy's Door is Always Open.

JENNIE WILSON. I. H. MEREDITH.


1. Hark! the Spirit's voice is say - ing, Though in sin - ful ways you roam,
2. Tho' where e-vil's gloom is deep - est, Far a - way from Christ you rove,
3. Tho' up - on your soul like crim-son, Glow de - fil - ing stains of sin,
4. List - en to the Spir-it's plead-ing; From the Sav-iour stray no more;
Mer - cy's door is al - ways o - pen, Wea - ry prod - i - gal, come home.
Mer - cy's door is al - ways o - pen, Come and prove his boundless love.
Mer - cy's door is al - ways o - pen; En - ter and be whol - ly clean.
Mer - cy's door may close for - ev - er, When the days of time are o'er.
CHORUS.
Wea - ry prodigal, come home, come home, Weary prodigal, come home, come home;
Mer - cy's door is al - ways o - pen, Wea - ry prod - i - gal, come home.

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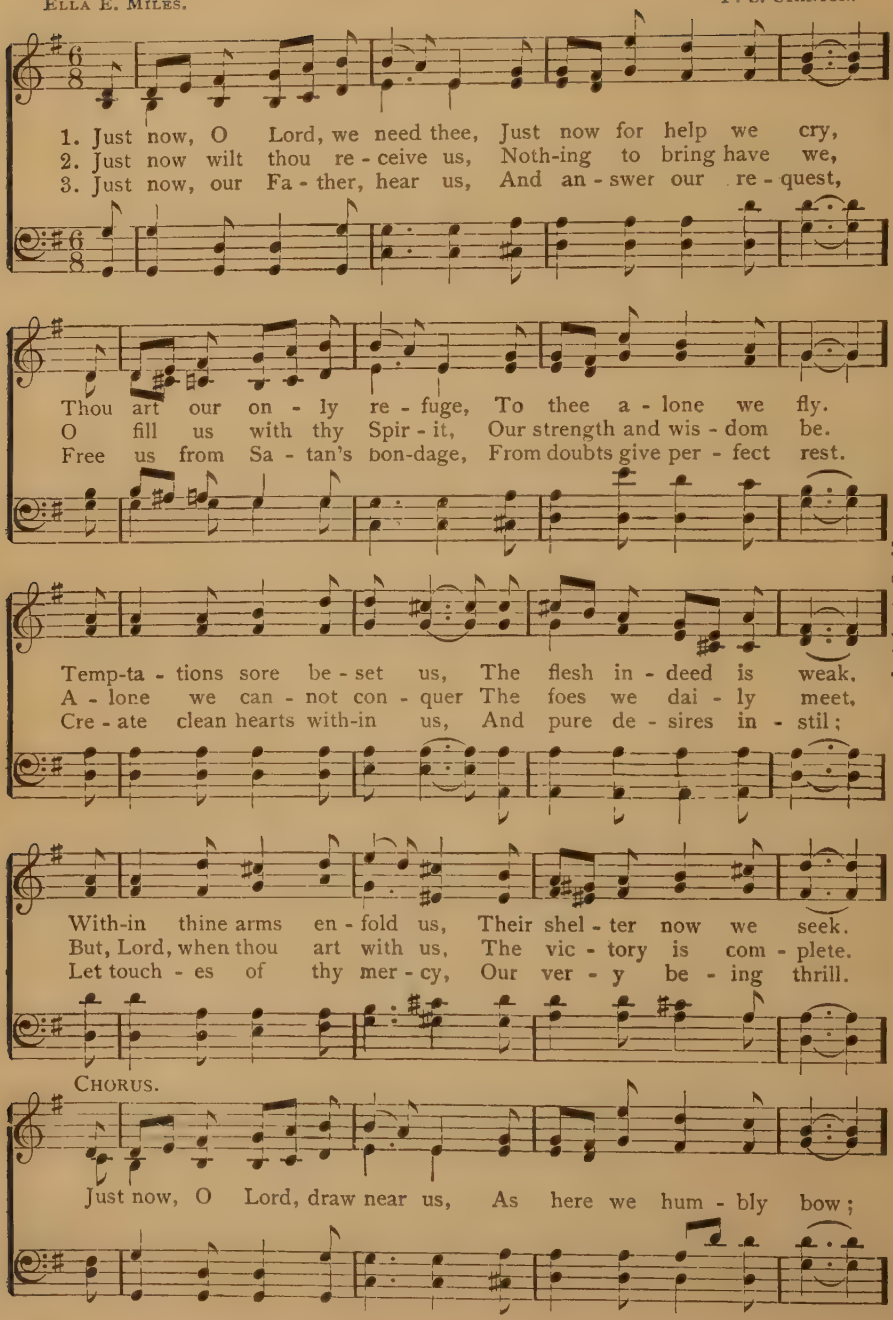
74

Just Now, O Lord.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. Just now, O Lord, we need thee, Just now for help we cry,
2. Just now wilt thou re - ceive us, Noth-ing to bring have we,
3. Just now, our Fa - ther, hear us, And an - swer our re - quest,
Thou art our on - ly re - fuge, To thee a - lone we fly.
O fill us with thy Spir - it, Our strength and wis - dom be.
Free us from Sa - tan's bon-dage, From doubts give per - fect rest.
Temp-ta - tions sore be - set us, The flesh in - deed is weak.
A - lone we can - not con - quer The foes we dai - ly meet,
Cre - ate clean hearts with-in us, And pure de - sires in - stil;
With-in thine arms en - fold us, Their shel - ter now we seek.
But, Lord, when thou art with us, The vic - tory is com - plete.
Let touch - es of thy mer - cy, Our ver - y be - ing thrill.
CHORUS.
Just now, O Lord, draw near us, As here we hum - bly bow;

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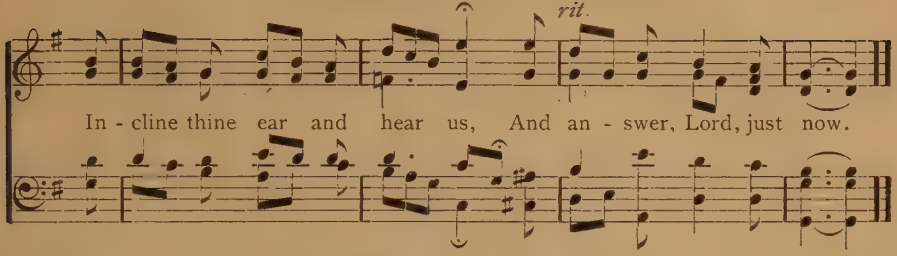
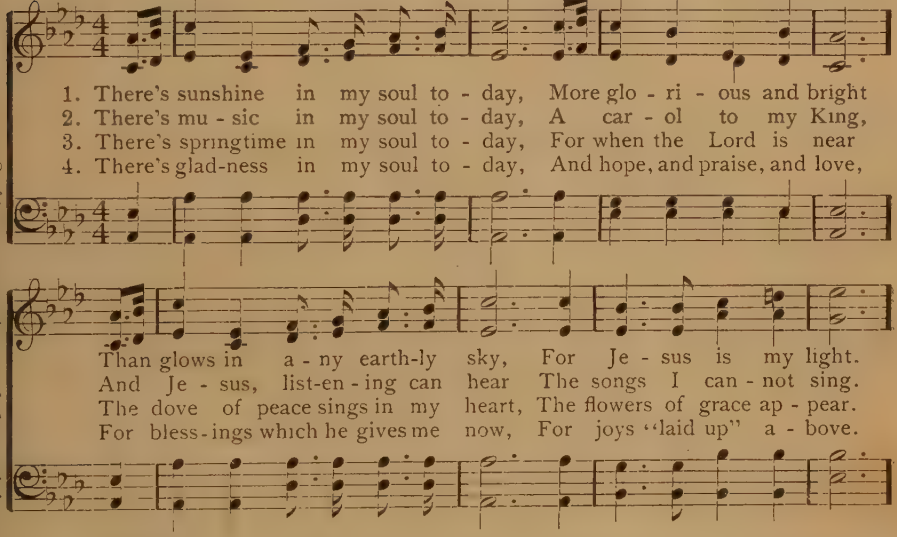
Just Now, O Lord. Concluded.



75 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. J. R. SWENEY.


1. There's sunshine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list-en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

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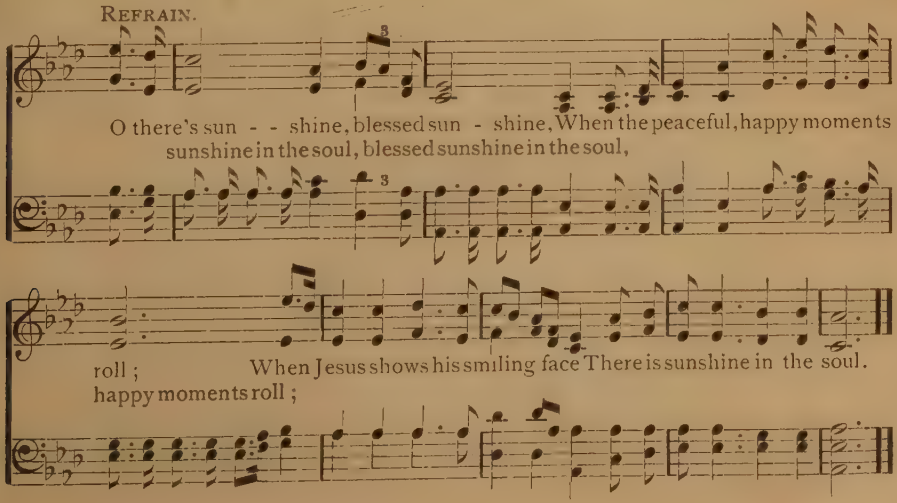
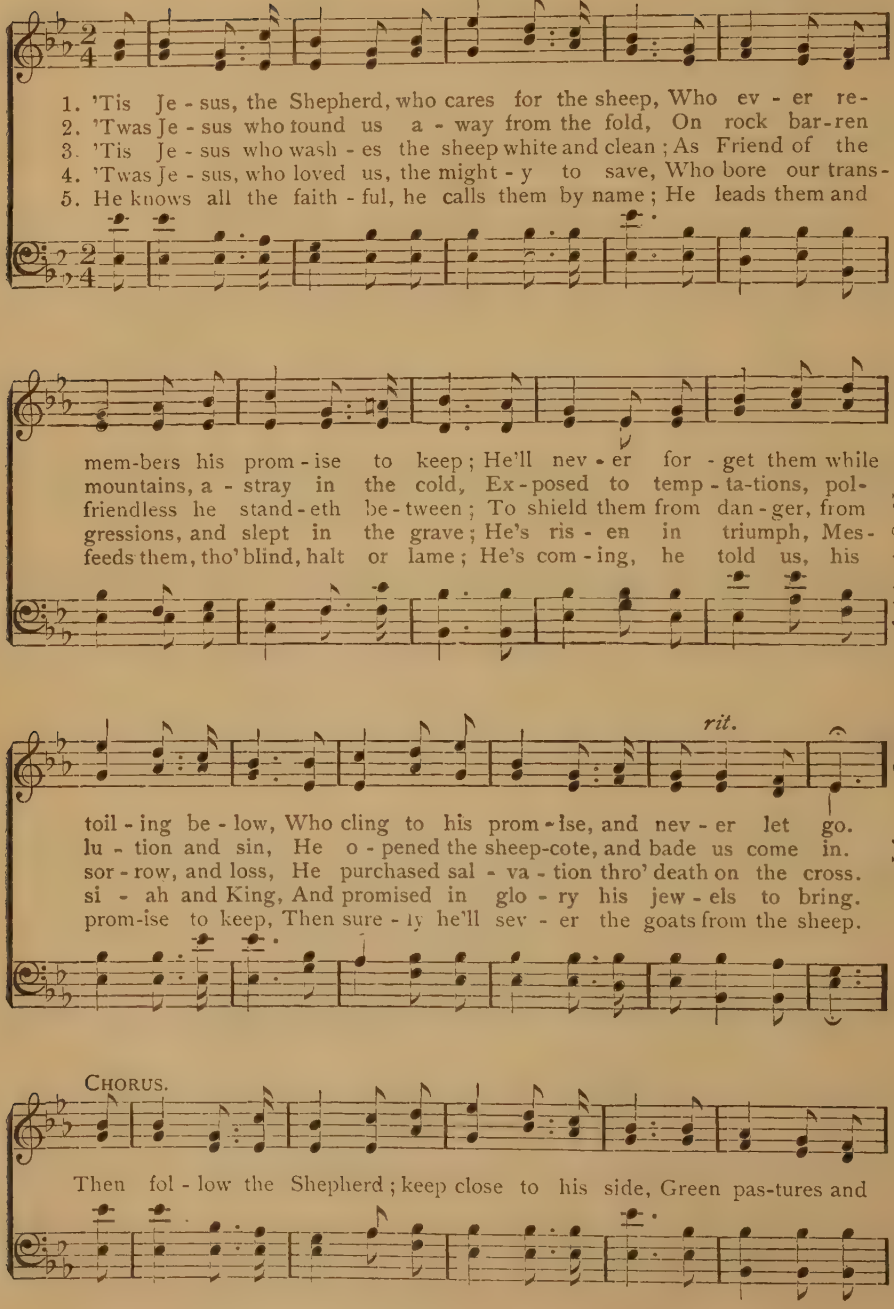

O there's sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,
roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll ;

Jesus, the Shepherd.

G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.


1. 'Tis Je - sus, the Shepherd, who cares for the sheep, Who ev - er re-
2. 'Twas Je - sus who found us a - way from the fold, On rock bar-ren
3. 'Tis Je - sus who wash - es the sheep white and clean; As Friend of the
4. 'Twas Je - sus, who loved us, the might - y to save, Who bore our trans-
5. He knows all the faith - ful, he calls them by name; He leads them and
mem-bers his prom - ise to keep; He'll nev - er for - get them while
mountains, a - stray in the cold, Ex - posed to temp - ta-tions, pol-
friendless he stand - eth be - tween; To shield them from dan - ger, from
gressions, and slept in the grave; He's ris - en in triumph, Mes-
feeds them, tho' blind, halt or lame; He's com - ing, he told us, his
rit.
toil - ing be - low, Who cling to his prom - ise, and nev - er let go.
lu - tion and sin, He o - pened the sheep-cote, and bade us come in.
sor - row, and loss, He purchased sal - va - tion thro' death on the cross.
si - ah and King, And promised in glo - ry his jew - els to bring.
prom-ise to keep, Then sure - ly he'll sev - er the goats from the sheep.
CHORUS.
Then fol - low the Shepherd; keep close to his side, Green pas-tures and

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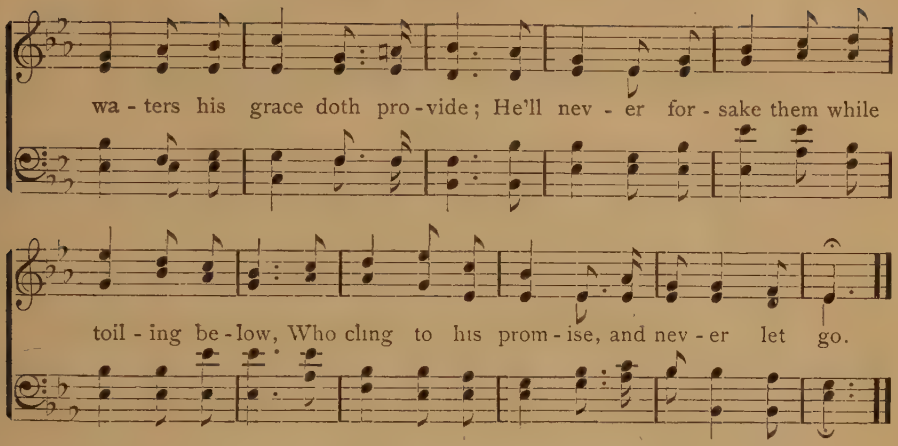
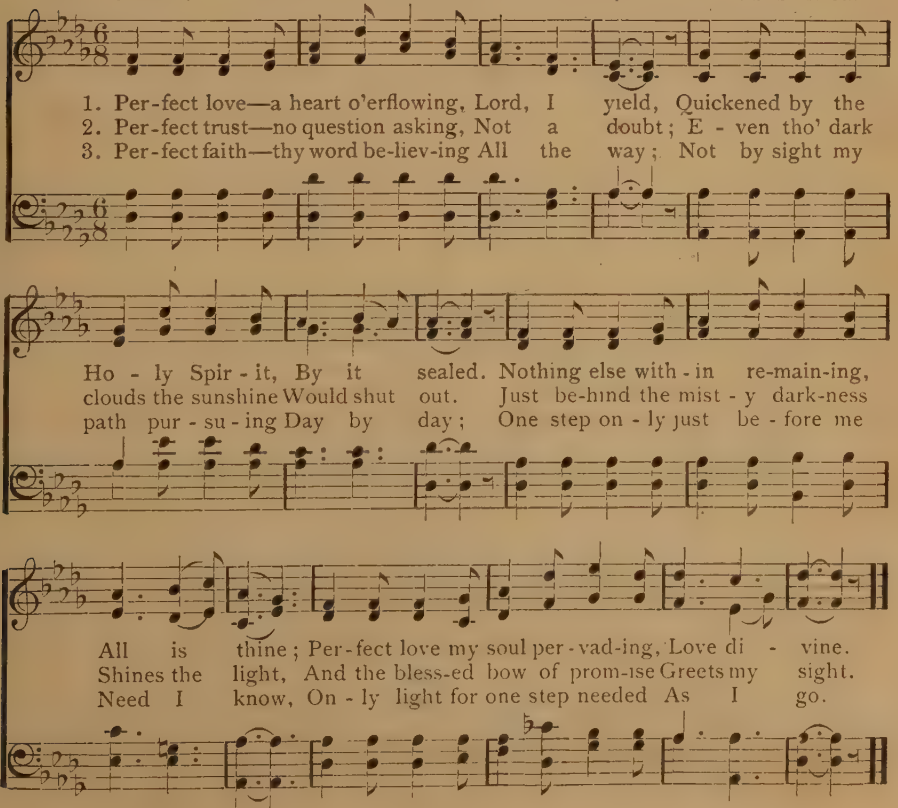
Jesus, the Shepherd. Concluded.



77 Perfect Through Christ.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. Per-fect love—a heart o'erflowing, Lord, I yield, Quickened by the
2. Per-fect trust—no question asking, Not a doubt; E - ven tho' dark
3. Per-fect faith—thy word be-liev-ing All the way; Not by sight my
Ho - ly Spir - it, By it sealed. Nothing else with - in re-main-ing,
clouds the sunshine Would shut out. Just be-hind the mist - y dark-ness
path pur - su - ing Day by day; One step on - ly just be - fore me
All is thine; Per-fect love my soul per - vad-ing, Love di - vine.
Shines the light, And the bless-ed bow of prom-ise Greets my sight.
Need I know, On - ly light for one step needed As I go.

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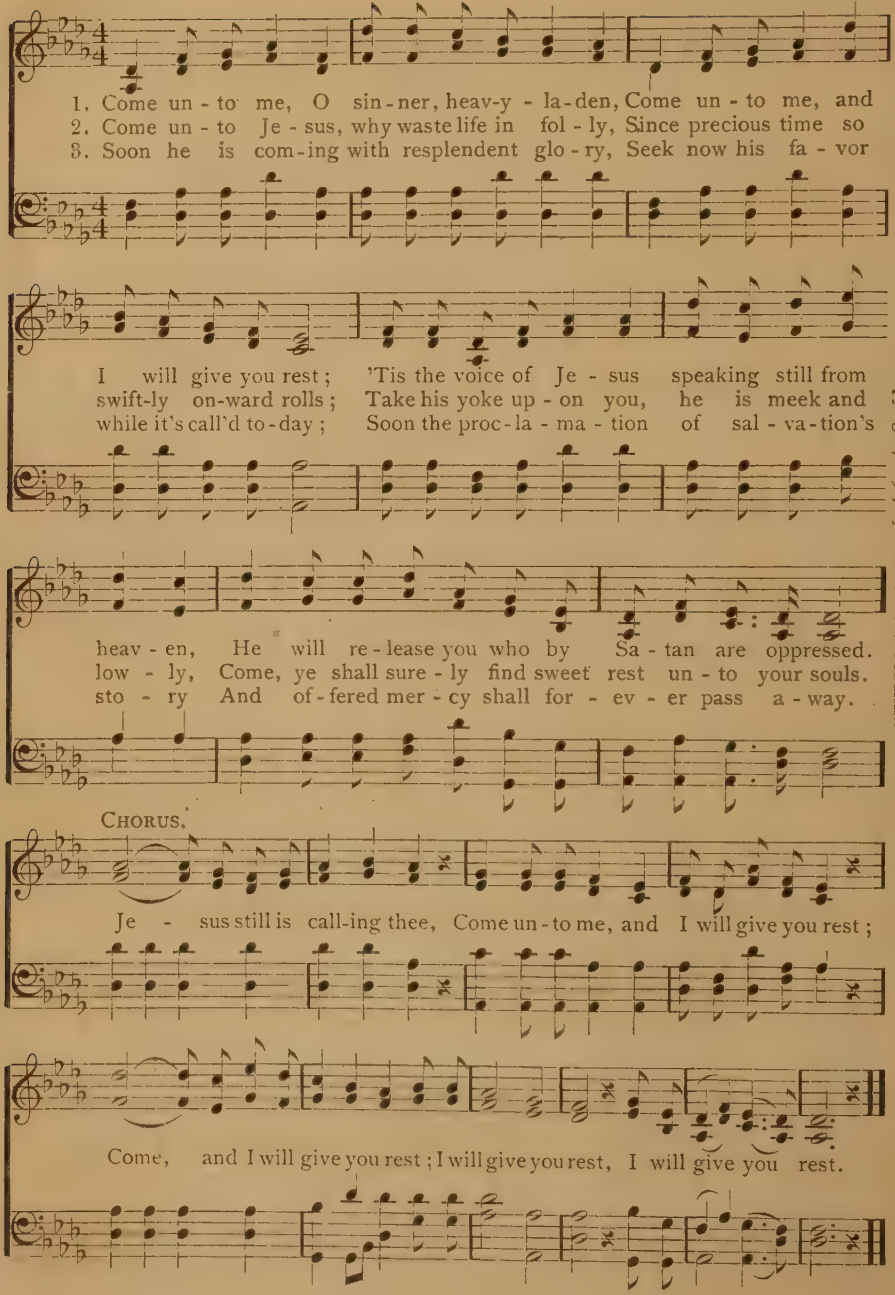
Come Unto Me.

F. D. B. F. D. Barnes.


1. Come un - to me, O sin - ner, heav-y - la-den, Come un - to me, and
2. Come un - to Je - sus, why waste life in fol - ly, Since precious time so
3. Soon he is com-ing with resplendent glo - ry, Seek now his fa - vor
I will give you rest; 'Tis the voice of Je - sus speaking still from
swift-ly on-ward rolls; Take his yoke up - on you, he is meek and
while it's call'd to-day; Soon the proc-la - ma - tion of sal - va-tion's
heav - en, He will re - lease you who by Sa - tan are oppressed.
low - ly, Come, ye shall sure - ly find sweet rest un - to your souls.
sto - ry And of-fered mer - cy shall for - ev - er pass a - way.
Chorus.
Je - sus still is call-ing thee, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will give you rest; I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

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79
E. S. U.

Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Arr.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, my
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will this sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will we rest on the
some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er, O, who then will dare,
broth-er, so long? See! he is sink-ing, O, has-ten to-day,
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe,
fair E-den shore; Trust, now, his mer-cy so gra-cious and free,
To res-cue the lost one, his per-il to share?
Then out with the life-boat, a-way, then a-way!
Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
For Je-sus has thrown out the Life-Line to thee.
Chorus.
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a-way;
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

A "Convenient Season."

F. A. B.

F. A. Blackmer.

Duet.

1. "At some con - ven - ient sea - son," a young man said, "I
2. "A few more days of pleas - ure," a maid - en said, "And
3. Un - to a feast in - vit - ed, a dy - ing world A
4. But Je - sus long has wait - ed, is wait - ing still, Sal-
sure - ly mean to seek the Lord; When I have got - ten
I will seek the liv - ing way;' But now, while youth and
Sav - iour's love has long a - bused; And man has scorned his
va - tion full and free to give; O plead not vain ex-
rich - es and gain'd a name, And time I bet - ter can af-ford."
beau - ty, and health are mine, I'll taste the world and still be gay."
mes-sage and strangely said, "I pray thee," Lord, "have me excused."
cu - ses this sol - emn hour, But turn un - to the Lord and live.
Refrain.
A more convenient season will nev-er come, There's danger in further de-lay;
O, wait not for the mor-row that may not come, Nor harden your hearts to-day.

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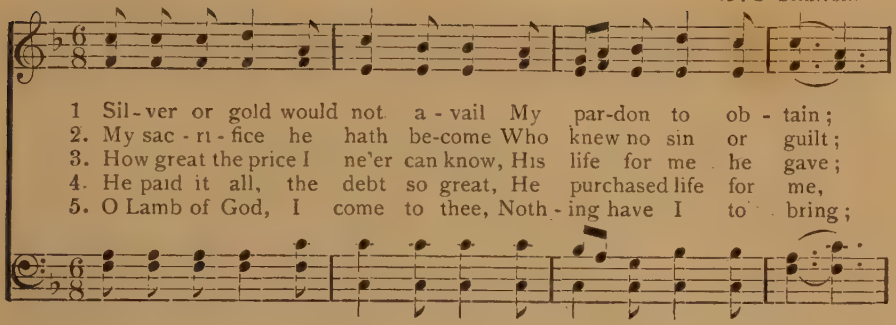
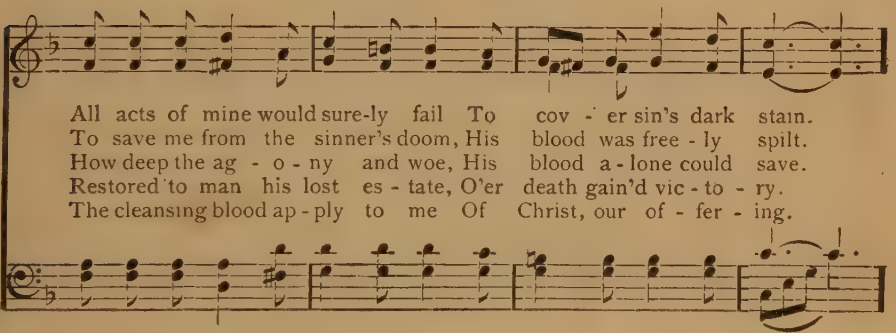
Jesus, the Crucified.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S STANTON.


1 Sil-ver or gold would not a-vail My par-don to ob-tain;
2. My sac-ri-fice he hath be-come Who knew no sin or guilt;
3. How great the price I ne'er can know, His life for me he gave;
4. He paid it all, the debt so great, He purchased life for me,
5. O Lamb of God, I come to thee, Noth-ing have I to bring;


All acts of mine would sure-ly fail To cov-er sin's dark stain.
To save me from the sinner's doom, His blood was free-ly spilt.
How deep the ag-o-ny and woe, His blood a-lone could save.
Restored to man his lost es-tate, O'er death gain'd vic-to-ry.
The cleansing blood ap-ply to me Of Christ, our of-fer-ing.

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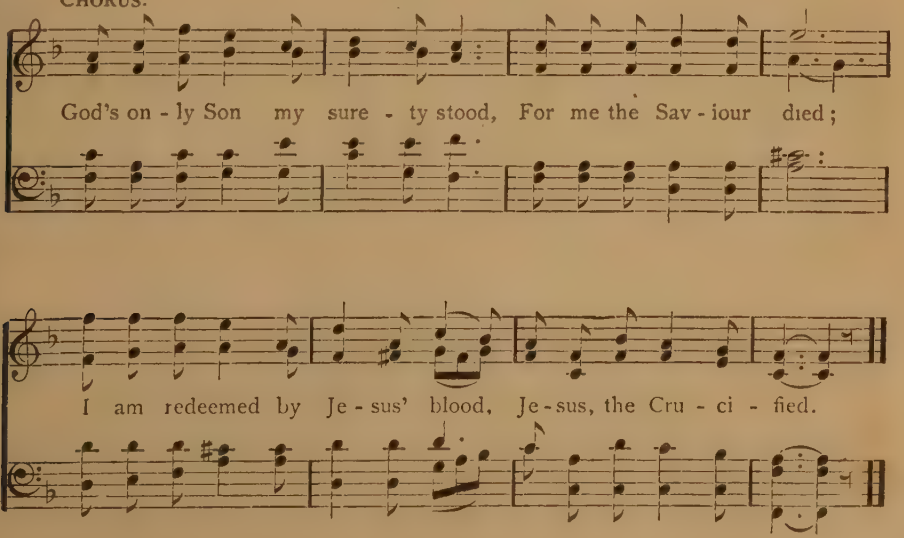
CHORUS.



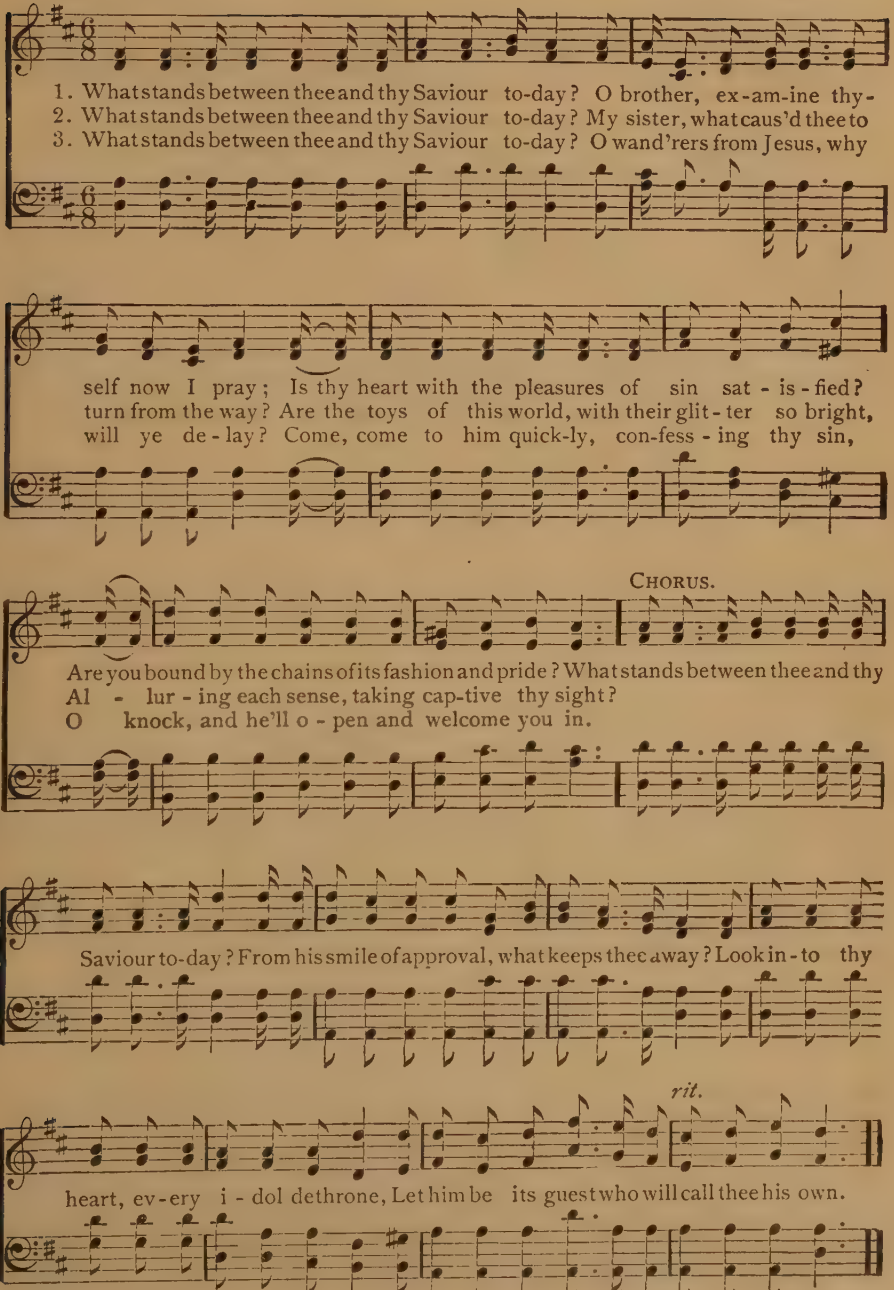
Christ's Yoke is Easy.

ANON. Arr by G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. What poor de - spis - ed com - pa - ny Of trav - el - ers are these,
2. Ah, these are of a roy - al line. All chil - dren of a King;
3. But why keep they that nar - row road, That rugged, thorn - y maze?
4. Why must they shun the pleas - ant path, That worldlings love so well?
5. What, is there then no oth - er road To Sa - lem's hap - py ground?
REFRAIN.—I'd rather be the least of them. Who are the Lord's a - lone,
Who walk in yon-der nar - row way, The world they can - not please?
Heirs of im - mor - tal crowns di - vine, And lo, for joy they sing.
Why, that's the way their Lead - er trod, They love and keep his ways.
Be - cause that is the road to death, The o - pen road to hell.
Christ is the on - ly way to God, None oth - er can be found.
Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, and sit up - on a throne.
CHORUS.
His yoke is ea - sy, his burden's light, I find it so, I find it so,
rit.
He lead - eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa - ters flow.

83 What Stands Between?

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. What stands between thee and thy Saviour to-day? O brother, ex-am-ine thy-
2. What stands between thee and thy Saviour to-day? My sister, what caus'd thee to
3. What stands between thee and thy Saviour to-day? O wand'rers from Jesus, why
self now I pray; Is thy heart with the pleasures of sin sat - is - fied?
turn from the way? Are the toys of this world, with their glit - ter so bright,
will ye de - lay? Come, come to him quick-ly, con-fess - ing thy sin,
CHORUS.
Are you bound by the chains of its fashion and pride? What stands between thee and thy
Al - lur - ing each sense, taking cap-tive thy sight?
O knock, and he'll o - pen and welcome you in.
Saviour to-day? From his smile of approval, what keeps thee away? Look in - to thy
rit.
heart, ev - ery i - dol dethrone, Let him be its guest who will call thee his own.

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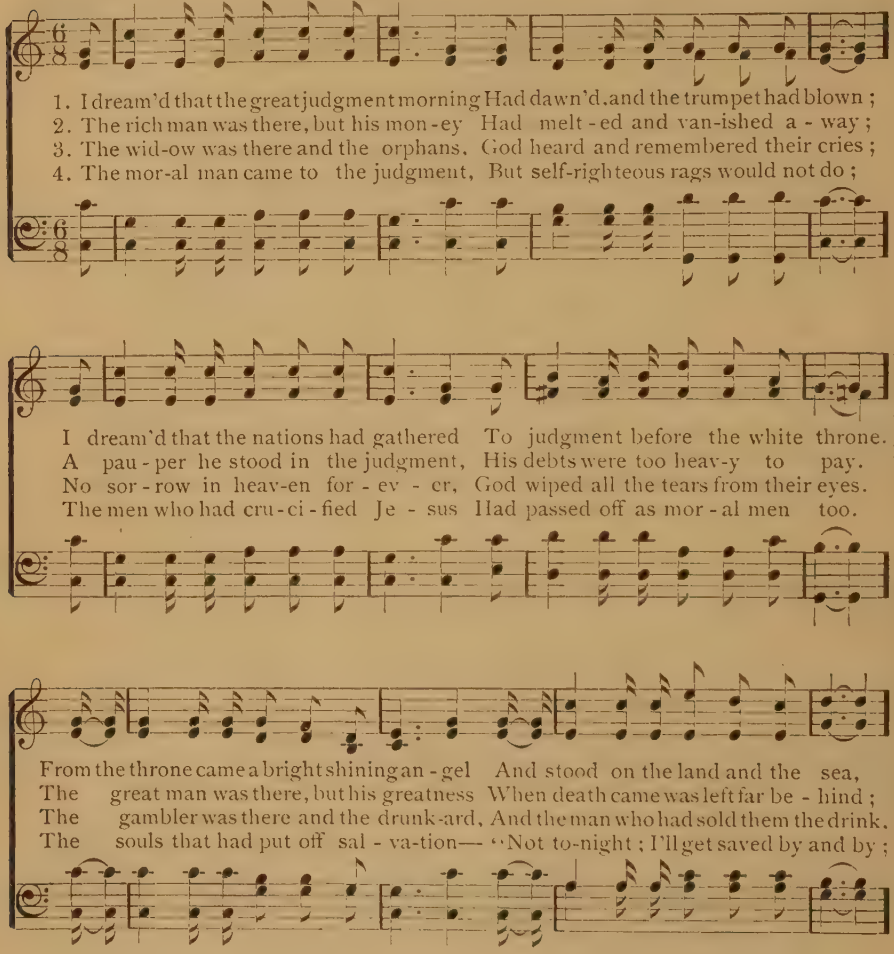
The Great Judgment Morning.

L. L. PICKETT.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.


1. I dream'd that the great judgment morning Had dawn'd, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a-way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But self-righteous rags would not do;
I dream'd that the nations had gathered To judgment before the white throne.
A pau-per he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heav-en for-ev-er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je-sus Had passed off as mor-al men too.
From the throne came a bright shining an-gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be-hind;
The gambler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink.
The souls that had put off sal-va-tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by and by;
And swore with his hand rais'd to heaven, That time was no long-er to be.
The an-gel that opened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
With peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—To-geth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re-lig-ion!" At last they had found time to die.

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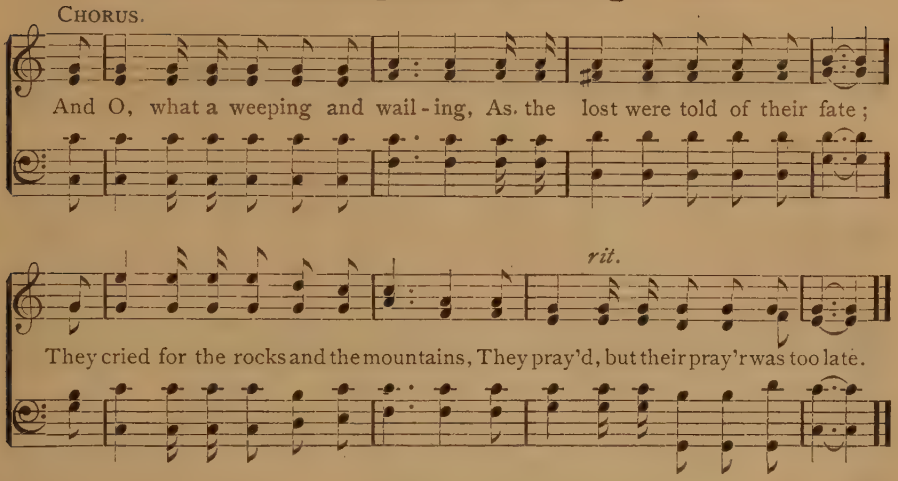
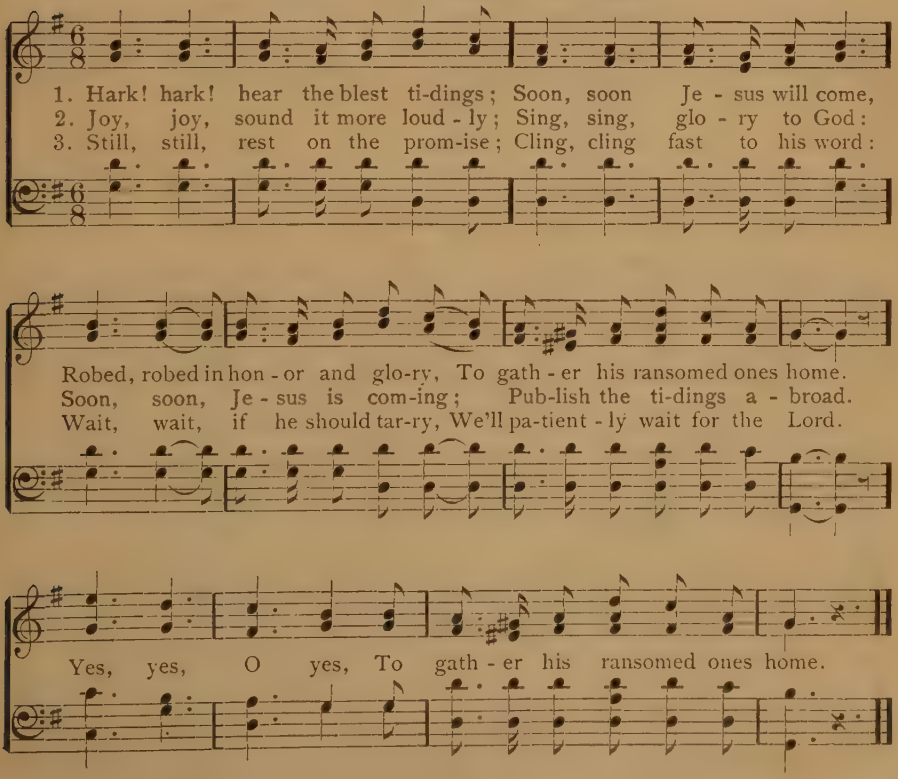
The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

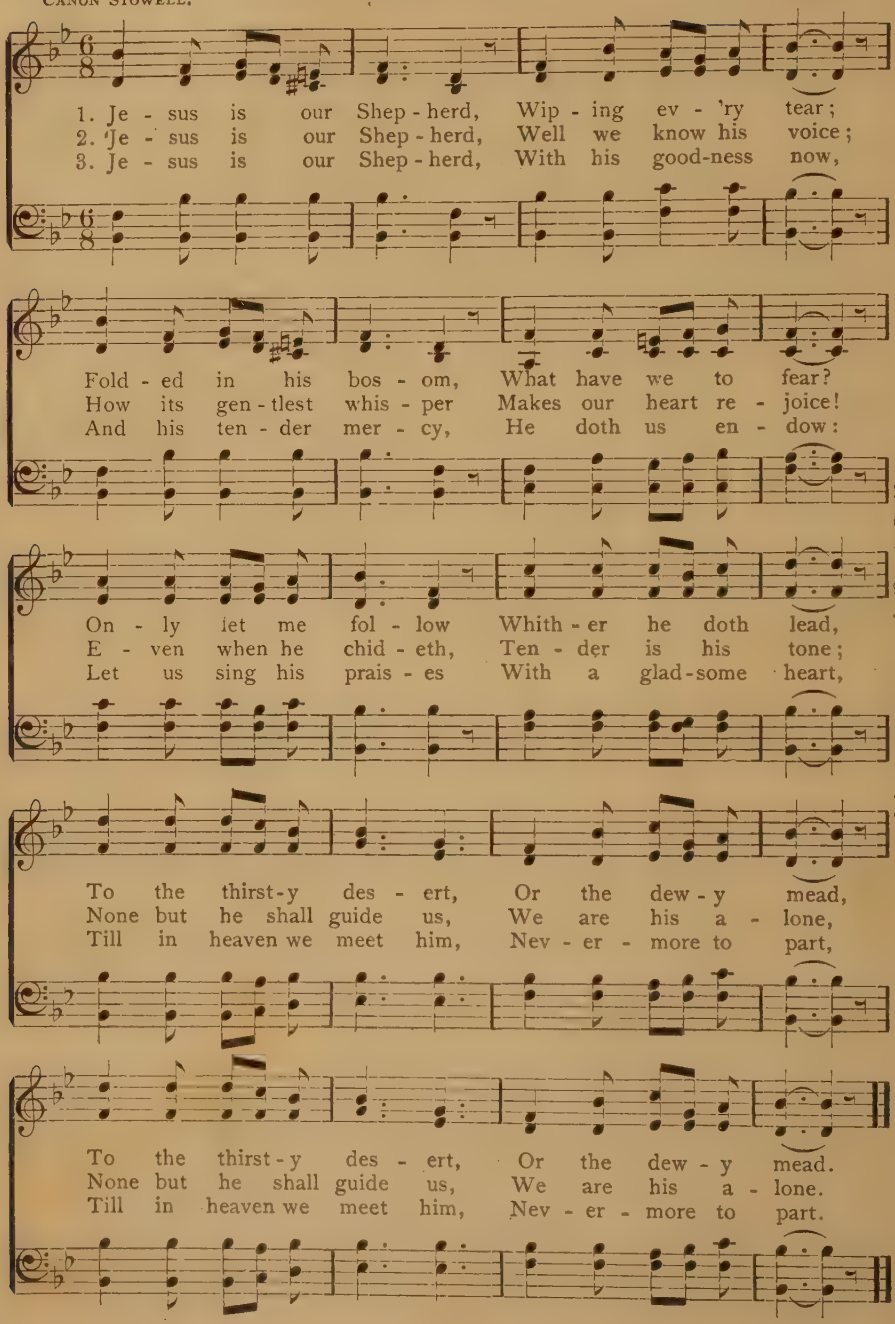

CHORUS.
And O, what a weeping and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;
rit.
They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They pray'd, but their pray'r was too late.

85 Hark! the Blest Tidings.


1. Hark! hark! hear the blest ti-dings; Soon, soon Je-sus will come,
2. Joy, joy, sound it more loud-ly; Sing, sing, glo-ry to God:
3. Still, still, rest on the prom-ise; Cling, cling fast to his word:
Robed, robed in hon-or and glo-ry, To gath-er his ransomed ones home.
Soon, soon, Je-sus is com-ing; Pub-lish the ti-dings a-broad.
Wait, wait, if he should tar-ry, We'll pa-tient-ly wait for the Lord.
Yes, yes, O yes, To gath-er his ransomed ones home.

The Good Shepherd.

CANON STOWELL. F. S. STANTON.


1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wip - ing ev - 'ry tear;
2. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Well we know his voice;
3. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, With his good-ness now,
Fold - ed in his bos - om, What have we to fear?
How its gen - tlest whis - per Makes our heart re - joice!
And his ten - der mer - cy, He doth us en - dow:
On - ly let me fol - low Whith - er he doth lead,
E - ven when he chid - eth, Ten - der is his tone;
Let us sing his prais - es With a glad-some heart,
To the thirst-y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead,
None but he shall guide us, We are his a - lone,
Till in heaven we meet him, Nev - er - more to part,
To the thirst-y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead.
None but he shall guide us, We are his a - lone.
Till in heaven we meet him, Nev - er - more to part.

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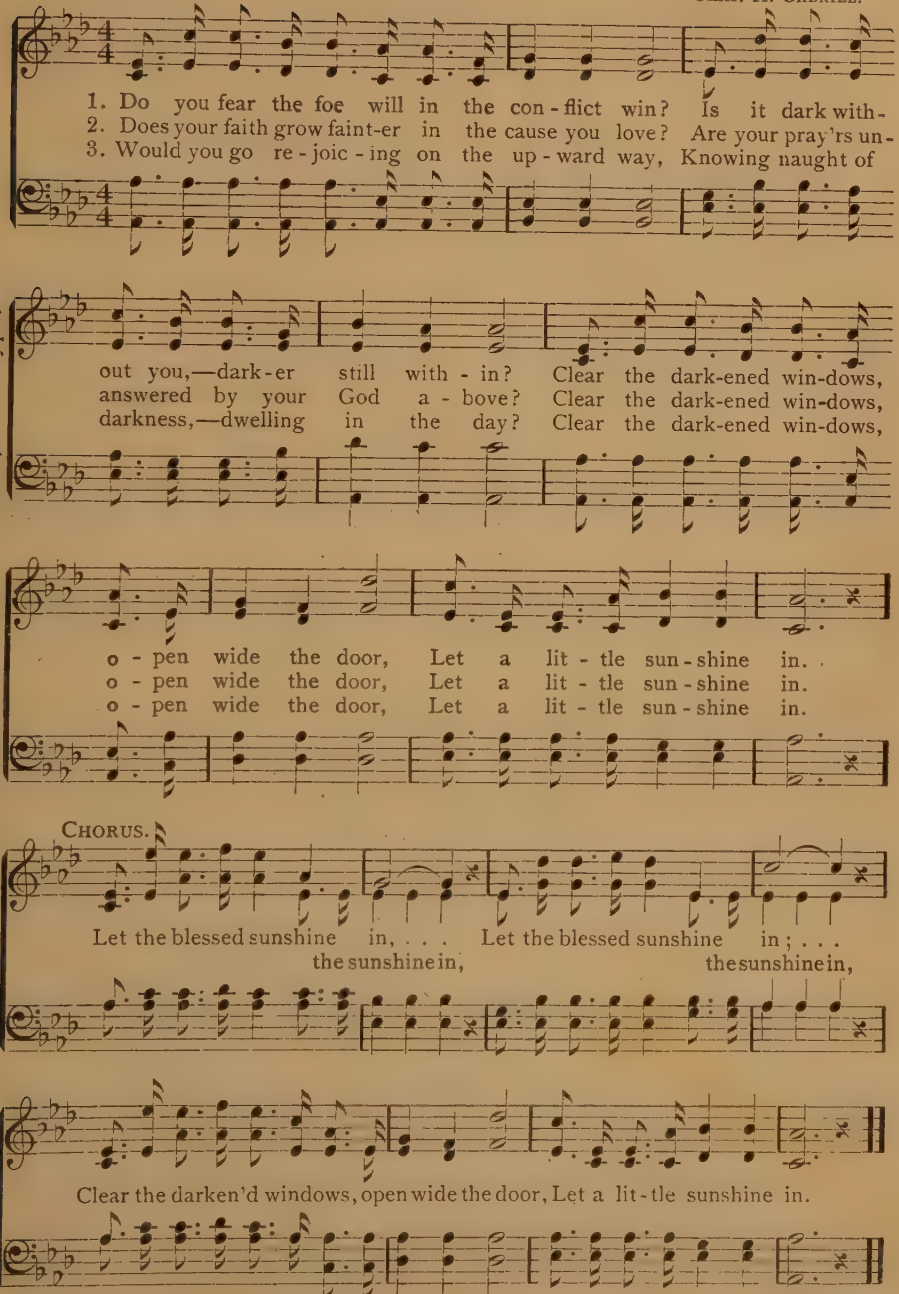
Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of
out you,—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened win-dows,
answered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-ened win-dows,
darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the dark-ened win-dows,
o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.
o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.
o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.
CHORUS.
Let the blessed sunshine in, . . . Let the blessed sunshine in; . . .
the sunshine in, the sunshine in,
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit-tle sunshine in.

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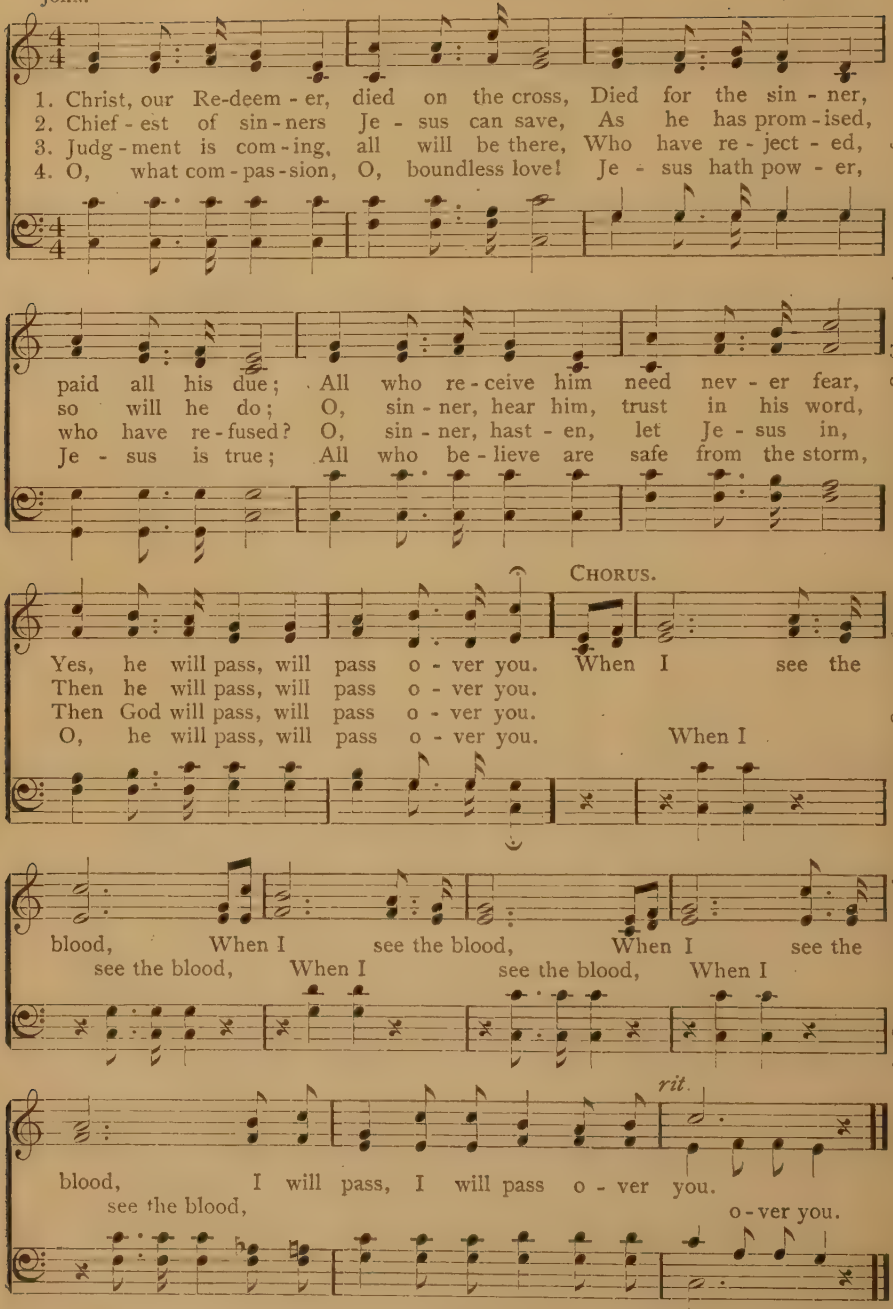
When I See the Blood.

JOHN. J. G. F.


1. Christ, our Re-deem - er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin - ners Je - sus can save, As he has prom - ised,
3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
4. O, what com - pas - sion, O, boundless love! Je - sus hath pow - er,
paid all his due; All who re - ceive him need nev - er fear,
so will he do; O, sin - ner, hear him, trust in his word,
who have re - fused? O, sin - ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
Je - sus is true; All who be - lieve are safe from the storm,
CHORUS.
Yes, he will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
Then he will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
O, he will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I
blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I
rit.
blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
see the blood, o - ver you.

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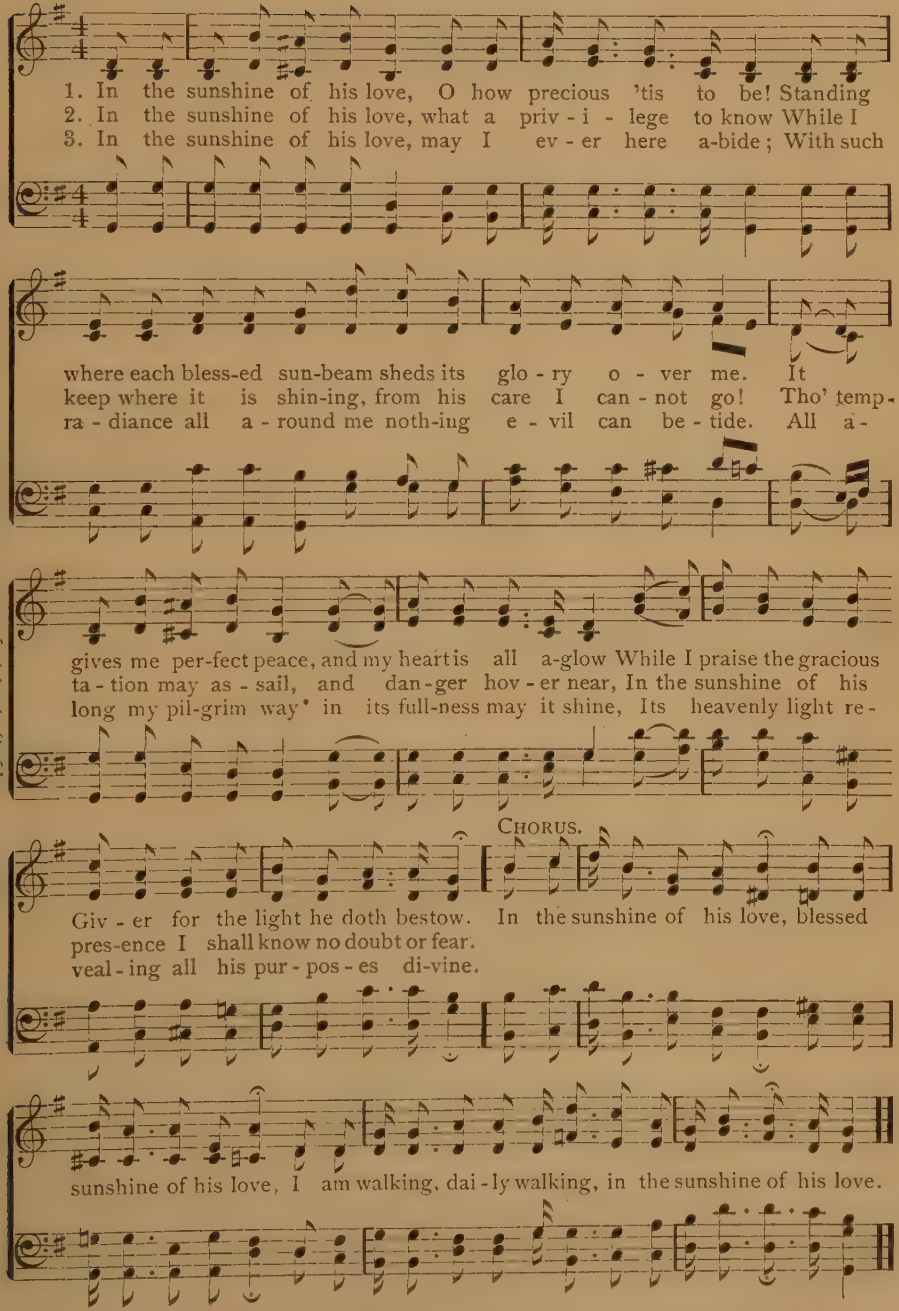
In the Sunshine.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. In the sunshine of his love, O how precious 'tis to be! Standing
2. In the sunshine of his love, what a priv - i - lege to know While I
3. In the sunshine of his love, may I ev - er here a-bide; With such
where each bless-ed sun-beam sheds its glo - ry o - ver me. It
keep where it is shin-ing, from his care I can - not go! Tho' temp-
ra - diance all a - round me noth-ing e - vil can be - tide. All a-
gives me per-fect peace, and my heart is all a-glow While I praise the gracious
ta - tion may as - sail, and dan - ger hov - er near, In the sunshine of his
long my pil-grim way in its full-ness may it shine, Its heavenly light re-
CHORUS.
Giv - er for the light he doth bestow. In the sunshine of his love, blessed
pres-ence I shall know no doubt or fear.
veal - ing all his pur - pos - es di-vine.
sunshine of his love, I am walking, dai - ly walking, in the sunshine of his love.

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There's a Great Day Coming.

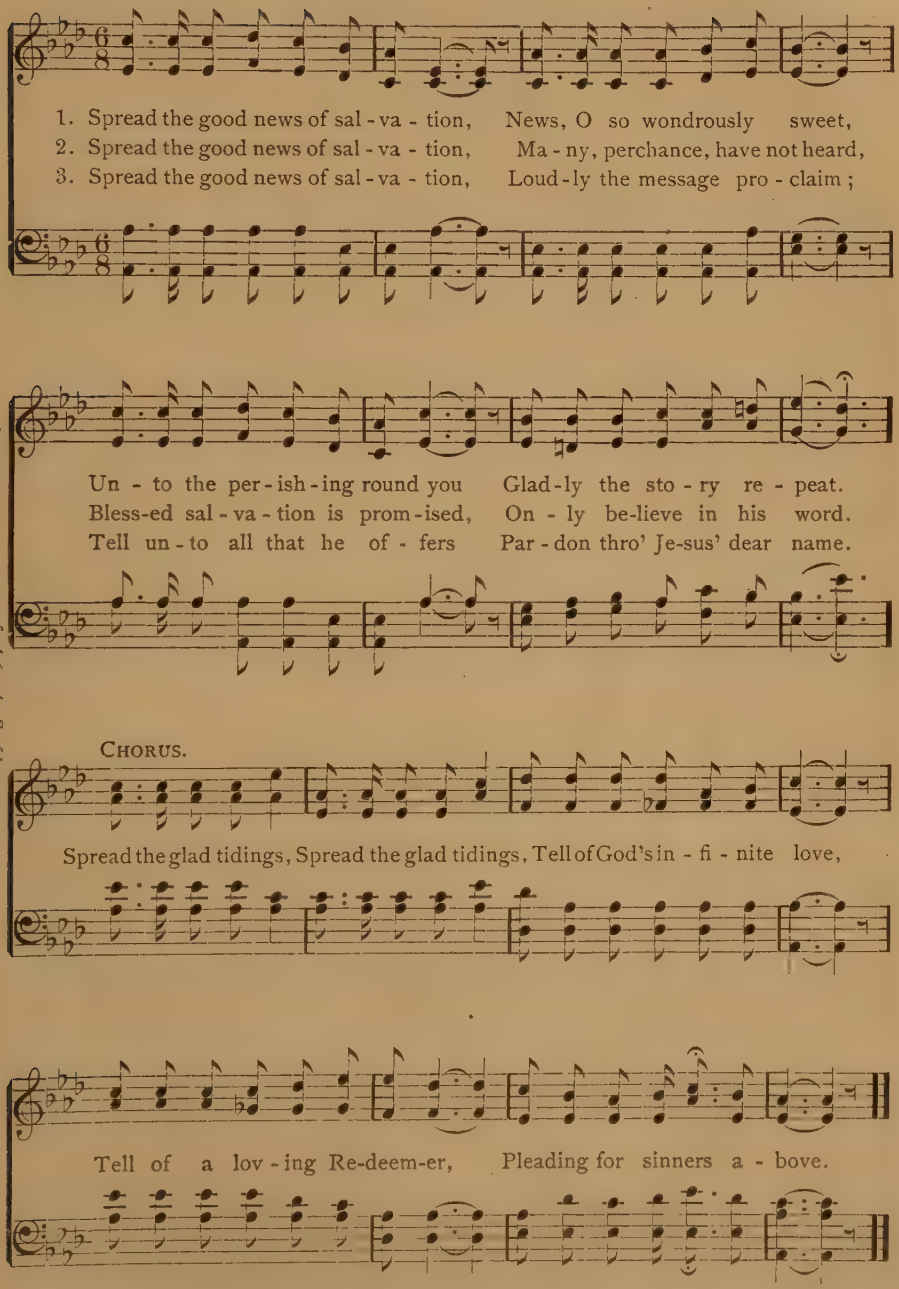
W. L. T. W. L. Thompson. By per.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day
com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-
part-ed right and left. Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord. Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?
Chorus.
m pp m
Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the
m pp m
judg-ment day? Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the judgment day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

Spread the Good News.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. Spread the good news of sal - va - tion, News, O so wondrously sweet,
2. Spread the good news of sal - va - tion, Ma - ny, perchance, have not heard,
3. Spread the good news of sal - va - tion, Loud - ly the message pro - claim ;
Un - to the per - ish - ing round you Glad - ly the sto - ry re - peat.
Bless-ed sal - va - tion is prom - ised, On - ly be-lieve in his word.
Tell un - to all that he of - fers Par - don thro' Je-sus' dear name.
CHORUS.
Spread the glad tidings, Spread the glad tidings, Tell of God's in - fi - nite love,
Tell of a lov - ing Re-deem-er, Pleading for sinners a - bove.

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Washed in the Blood.

I. Watts. G. W. Sederquist.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glory died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his Word.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Chorus.
cleansing blood,
I'm redeemed by the Saviour's cleansing blood, It has wash'd and made me
cleansing blood,
whit-er than the snow: Yes, I'm washed in the Sav-iour's cleansing
the snow:
cleansing blood, (I will go.)
blood, As I jour-ney on to vic-tory, I will go.
cleansing blood,

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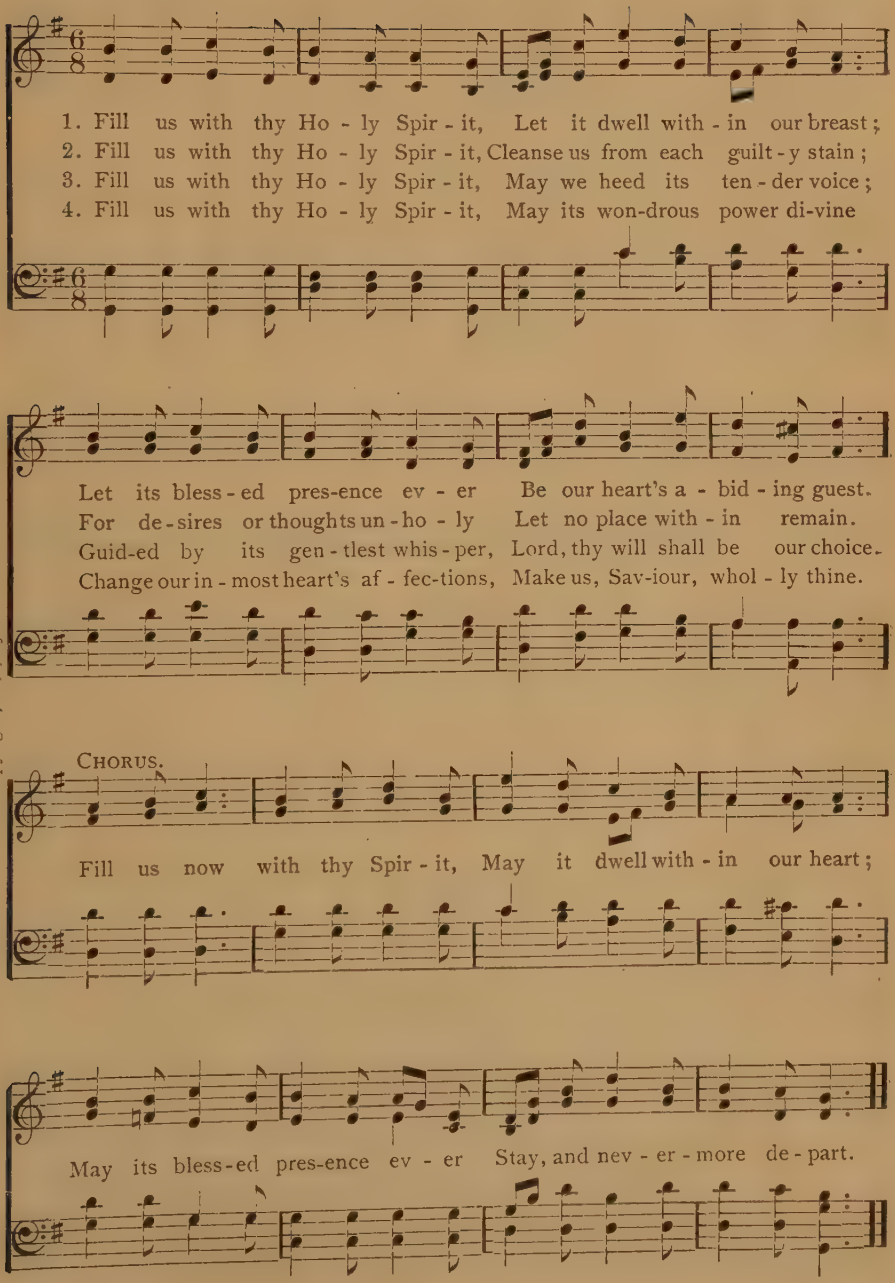
Fill Us Now.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. Fill us with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Let it dwell with - in our breast;
2. Fill us with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Cleanse us from each guilt - y stain;
3. Fill us with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, May we heed its ten - der voice;
4. Fill us with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, May its won-drous power di-vine
Let its bless - ed pres-ence ev - er Be our heart's a - bid - ing guest.
For de - sires or thoughts un - ho - ly Let no place with - in remain.
Guid-ed by its gen - tlest whis - per, Lord, thy will shall be our choice.
Change our in - most heart's af - fec-tions, Make us, Sav-iour, whol - ly thine.
CHORUS.
Fill us now with thy Spir - it, May it dwell with - in our heart;
May its bless-ed pres-ence ev - er Stay, and nev - er - more de - part.

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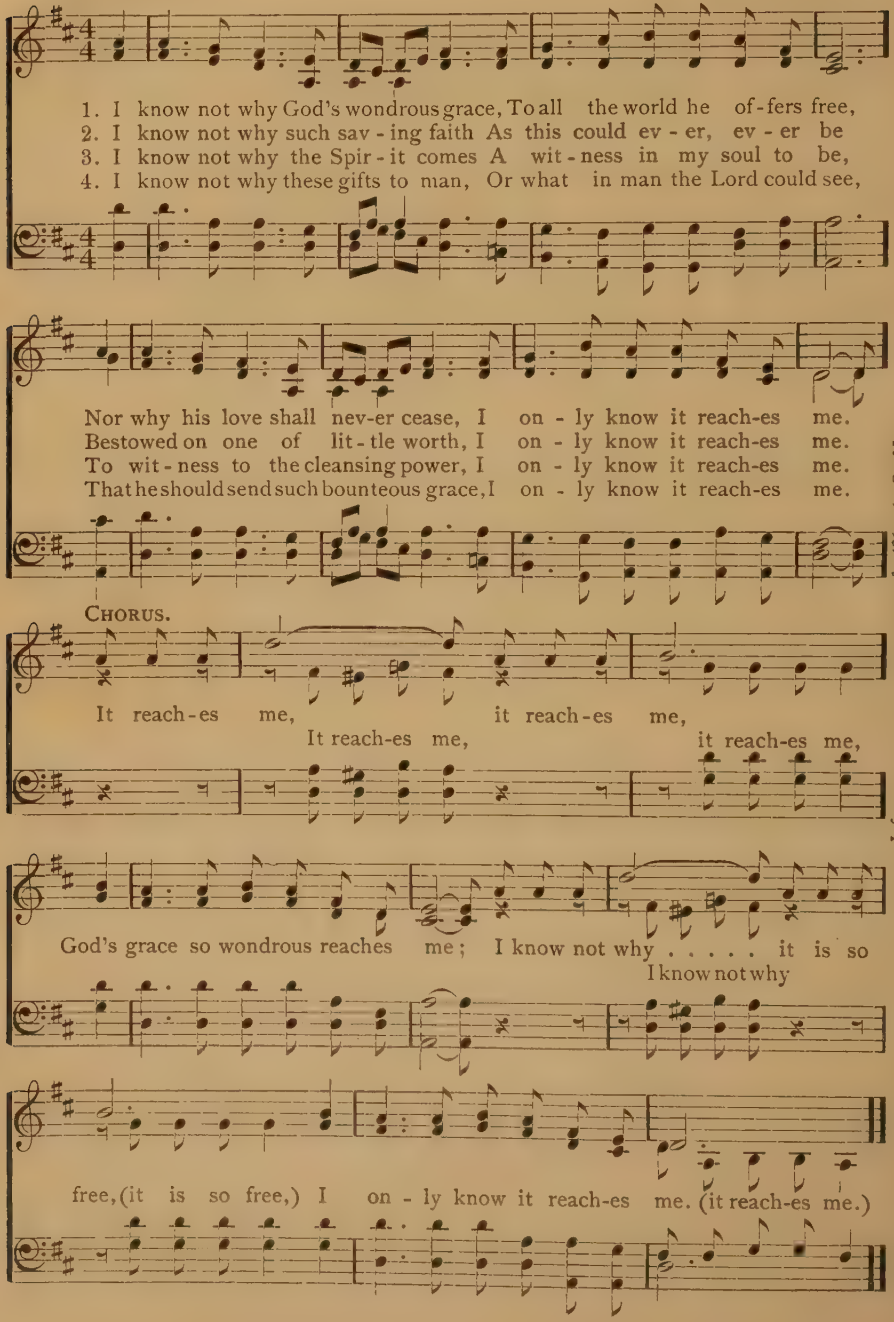
94 I Only Know It Reaches Me.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace, To all the world he of-fers free,
2. I know not why such sav-ing faith As this could ev-er, ev-er be
3. I know not why the Spir-it comes A wit-ness in my soul to be,
4. I know not why these gifts to man, Or what in man the Lord could see,
Nor why his love shall nev-er cease, I on-ly know it reach-es me.
Bestowed on one of lit-tle worth, I on-ly know it reach-es me.
To wit-ness to the cleansing power, I on-ly know it reach-es me.
That he should send such bounteous grace, I on-ly know it reach-es me.
CHORUS.
It reach-es me, it reach-es me,
It reach-es me, it reach-es me,
God's grace so wondrous reaches me; I know not why . . . . . it is so
I know not why
free, (it is so free,) I on-ly know it reach-es me. (it reach-es me.)

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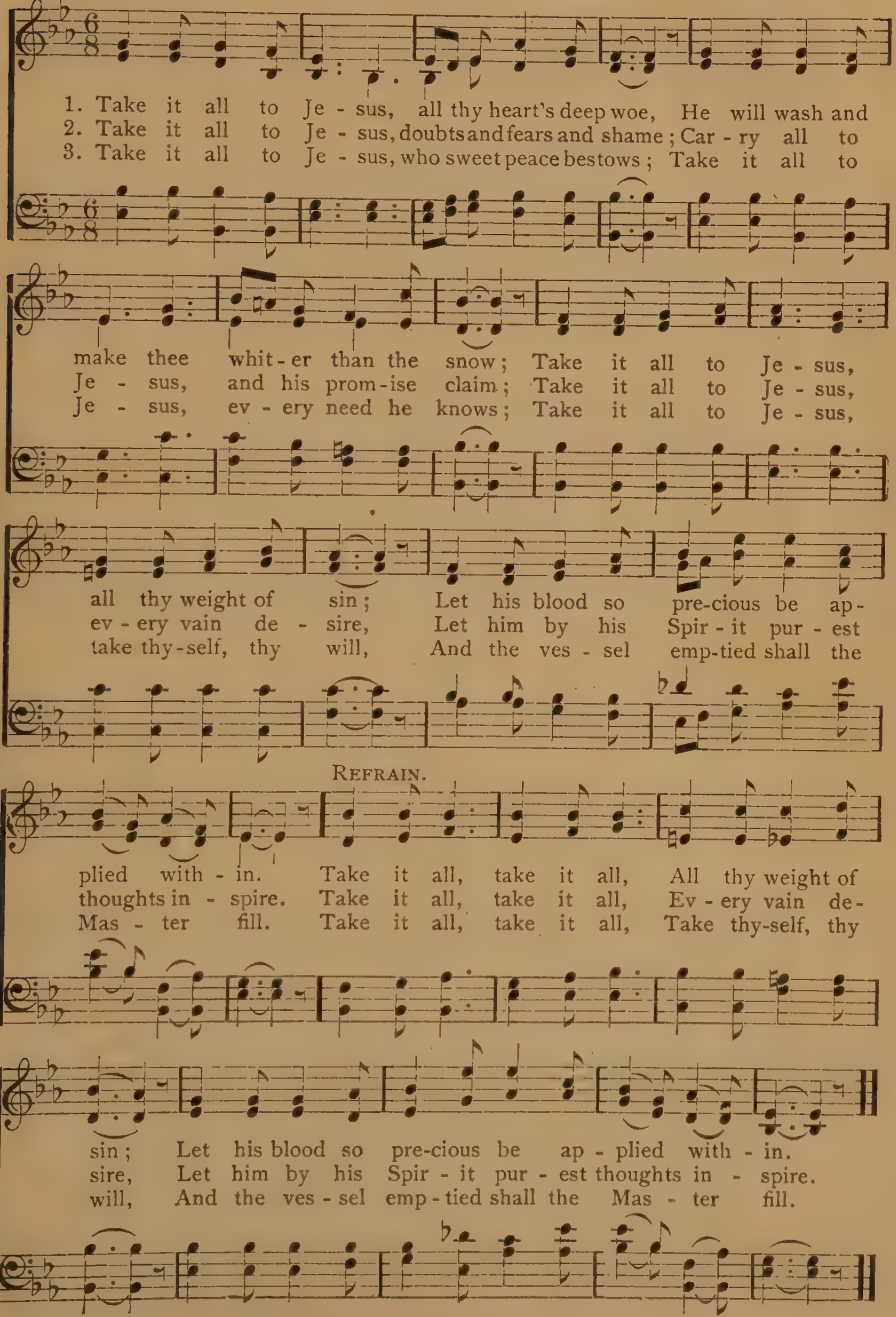
Take It All to Jesus.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. Take it all to Je - sus, all thy heart's deep woe, He will wash and
2. Take it all to Je - sus, doubts and fears and shame; Car - ry all to
3. Take it all to Je - sus, who sweet peace bestows; Take it all to
make thee whit - er than the snow; Take it all to Je - sus,
Je - sus, and his prom - ise claim; Take it all to Je - sus,
Je - sus, ev - ery need he knows; Take it all to Je - sus,
all thy weight of sin; Let his blood so pre-cious be ap-
ev - ery vain de - sire, Let him by his Spir - it pur - est
take thy-self, thy will, And the ves - sel emp-tied shall the
REFRAIN.
plied with - in. Take it all, take it all, All thy weight of
thoughts in - spire. Take it all, take it all, Ev - ery vain de-
Mas - ter fill. Take it all, take it all, Take thy-self, thy
sin; Let his blood so pre-cious be ap - plied with - in.
sire, Let him by his Spir - it pur - est thoughts in - spire.
will, And the ves - sel emp - tied shall the Mas - ter fill.

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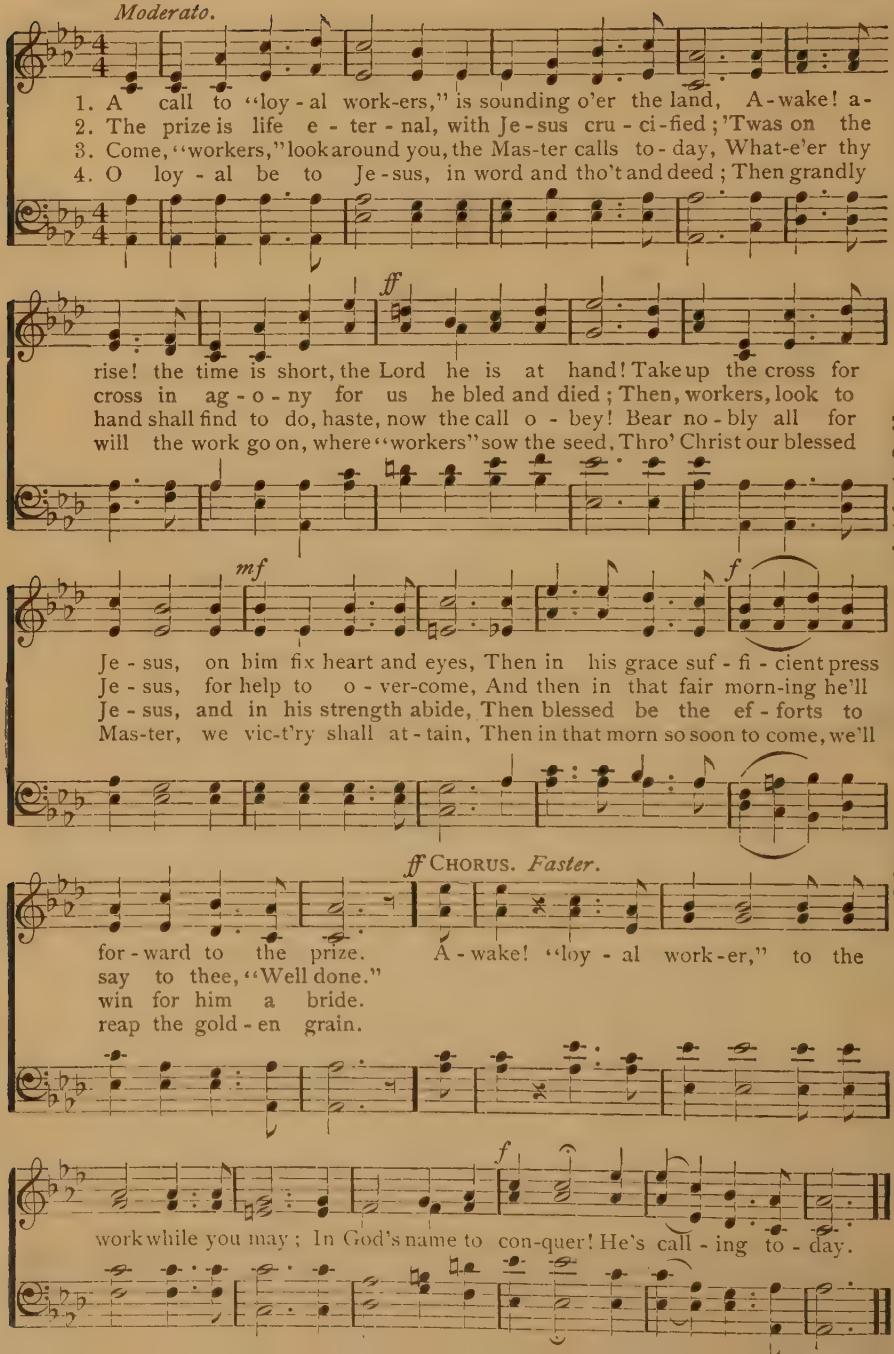
The Loyal Call.

L. B. Kenyon. M. E. Place.

Moderato.


1. A call to "loy - al work-ers," is sounding o'er the land, A-wake! a-
2. The prize is life e - ter - nal, with Je-sus cru - ci-fied; 'Twas on the
3. Come, "workers," look around you, the Mas-ter calls to - day, What-e'er thy
4. O loy - al be to Je-sus, in word and tho't and deed; Then grandly
ff
rise! the time is short, the Lord he is at hand! Take up the cross for
cross in ag - o - ny for us he bled and died; Then, workers, look to
hand shall find to do, haste, now the call o - bey! Bear no - bly all for
will the work go on, where "workers" sow the seed, Thro' Christ our blessed
mf
f
Je - sus, on him fix heart and eyes, Then in his grace suf - fi - cient press
Je - sus, for help to o - ver-come, And then in that fair morn-ing he'll
Je - sus, and in his strength abide, Then blessed be the ef - forts to
Mas-ter, we vic-t'ry shall at - tain, Then in that morn so soon to come, we'll
ff Chorus. Faster.
for - ward to the prize. A - wake! "loy - al work - er," to the
say to thee, "Well done."
win for him a bride.
reap the gold - en grain.
f
work while you may; In God's name to con-quer! He's call - ing to - day.

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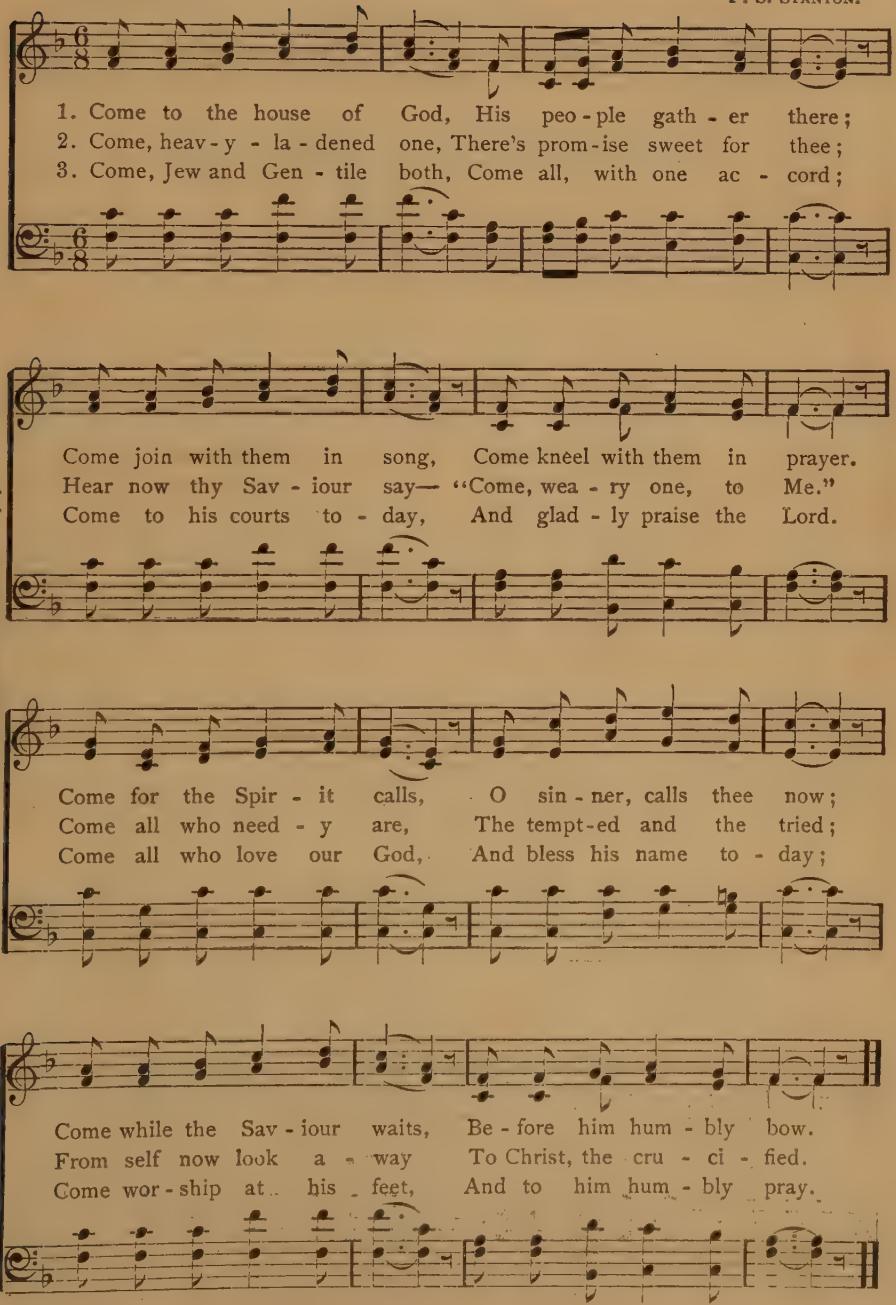
Come!

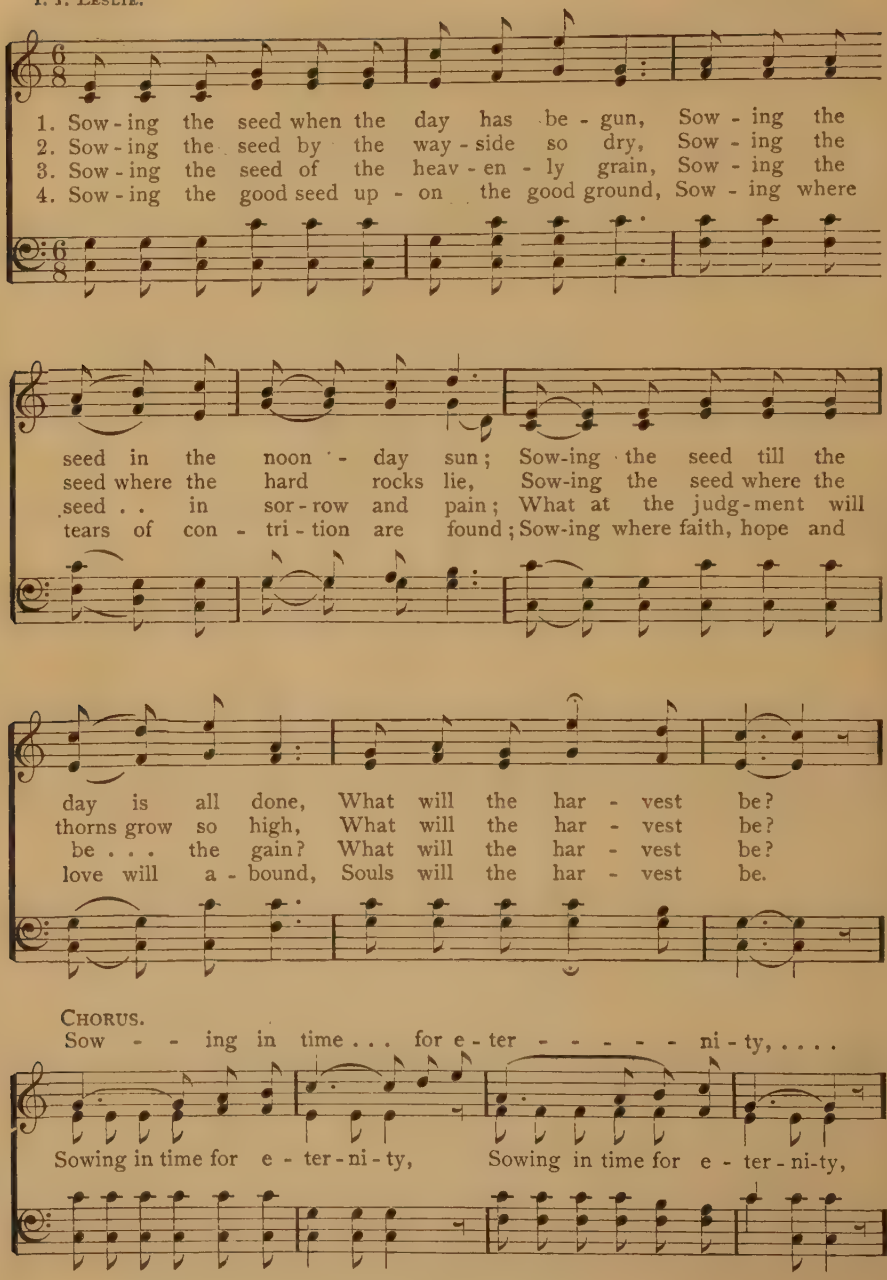
L. D. HARRINGTON. F. S. STANTON.


1. Come to the house of God, His peo-ple gath-er there;
2. Come, heav-y-la-dened one, There's prom-ise sweet for thee;
3. Come, Jew and Gen-tile both, Come all, with one ac-cord;
Come join with them in song, Come kneel with them in prayer.
Hear now thy Sav-iour say— "Come, wea-ry one, to Me."
Come to his courts to-day, And glad-ly praise the Lord.
Come for the Spir-it calls, O sin-ner, calls thee now;
Come all who need-y are, The tempt-ed and the tried;
Come all who love our God, And bless his name to-day;
Come while the Sav-iour waits, Be-fore him hum-bly bow.
From self now look a-way To Christ, the cru-ci-fied.
Come wor-ship at his feet, And to him hum-bly pray.

From "SWEET HOSANNAHS." By per.

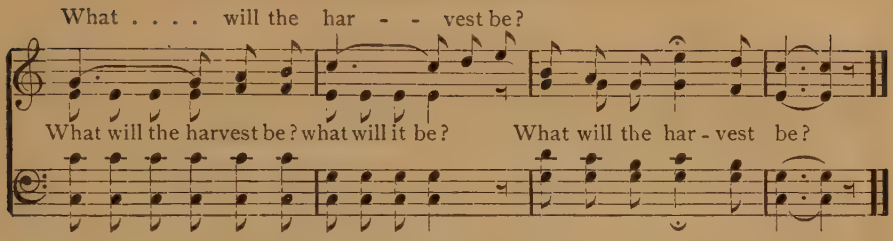
What Will the Harvest Be?

I. J. Leslie. I. Baltzell.


1. Sow-ing the seed when the day has be-gun, Sow-ing the
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side so dry, Sow-ing the
3. Sow-ing the seed of the heav-en-ly grain, Sow-ing the
4. Sow-ing the good seed up-on the good ground, Sow-ing where
seed in the noon-day sun; Sow-ing the seed till the
seed where the hard rocks lie, Sow-ing the seed where the
seed . . in sor-row and pain; What at the judg-ment will
tears of con-tri-tion are found; Sow-ing where faith, hope and
day is all done, What will the har-vest be?
thorns grow so high, What will the har-vest be?
be . . . the gain? What will the har-vest be?
love will a-bound, Souls will the har-vest be.
Chorus.
Sow - - ing in time . . . for e-ter - - - - - ni-ty, ...
Sowing in time for e-ter-ni-ty, Sowing in time for e-ter-ni-ty,

From "Golden Songs," by per.

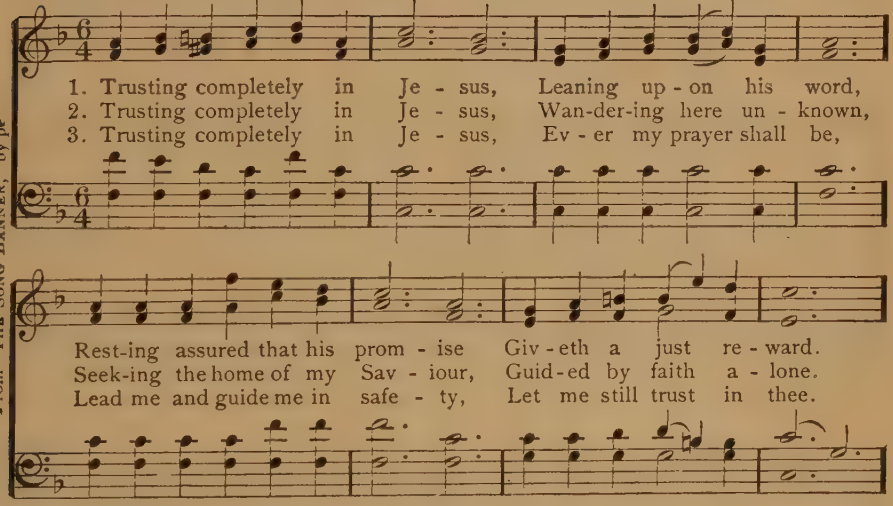
What Will the Harvest Be? Concluded.



99 Trusting Completely in Jesus.

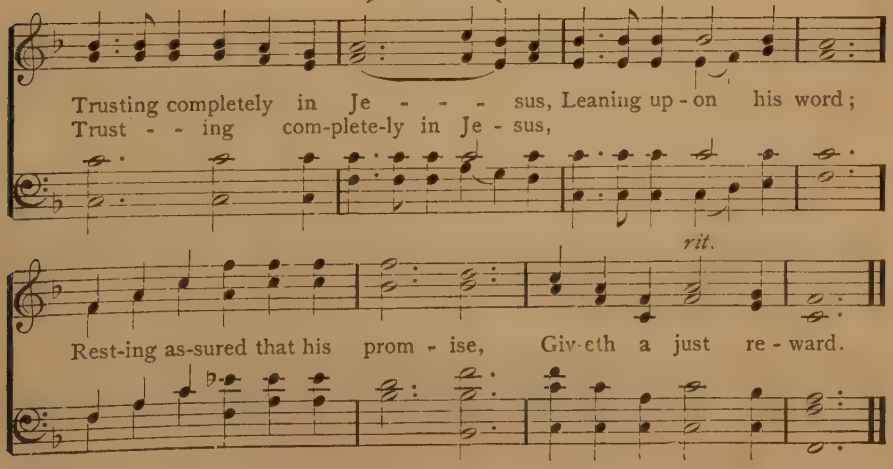
E. O. Butterfield.

Can be Sung as a Duet.


1. Trusting completely in Je - sus, Leaning up - on his word,
2. Trusting completely in Je - sus, Wan-der-ing here un - known,
3. Trusting completely in Je - sus, Ev - er my prayer shall be,
Rest-ing assured that his prom - ise Giv - eth a just re - ward.
Seek-ing the home of my Sav - iour, Guid-ed by faith a - lone.
Lead me and guide me in safe - ty, Let me still trust in thee.

From "The Song Banner," by per

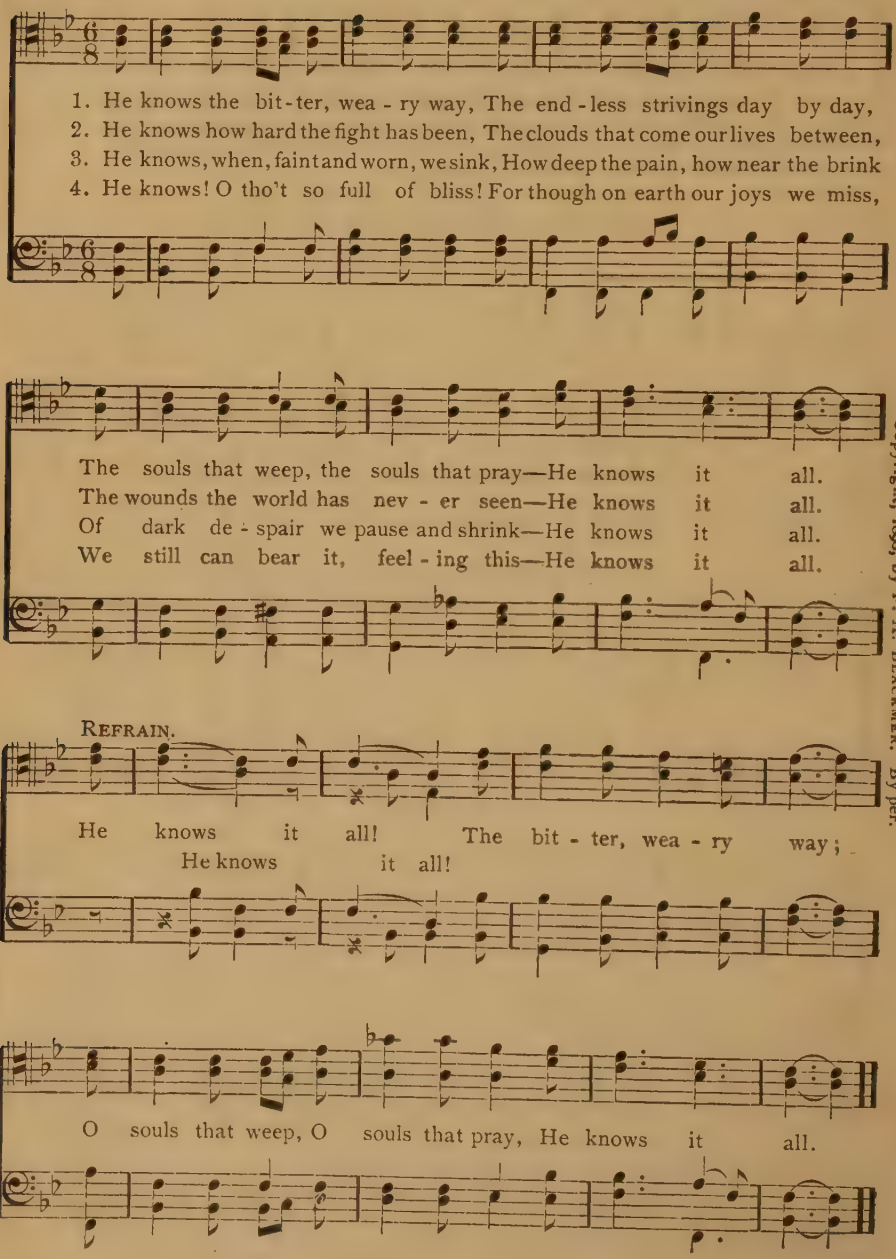
Chorus.


Trusting completely in Je - - - - sus, Leaning up - on his word;
Trust - - ing com-plete-ly in Je - sus,
rit.
Rest-ing as-sured that his prom - ise, Giv-eth a just re - ward.

He Knows.

FOR MALE VOICES.

UNKNOWN. F. A. BLACKMER.


1. He knows the bit-ter, wea - ry way, The end-less strivings day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
4. He knows! O tho't so full of bliss! For though on earth our joys we miss,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows it all.
The wounds the world has nev - er seen—He knows it all.
Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink—He knows it all.
We still can bear it, feel - ing this—He knows it all.
REFRAIN.
He knows it all! The bit - ter, wea - ry way;
He knows it all!
O souls that weep, O souls that pray, He knows it all.

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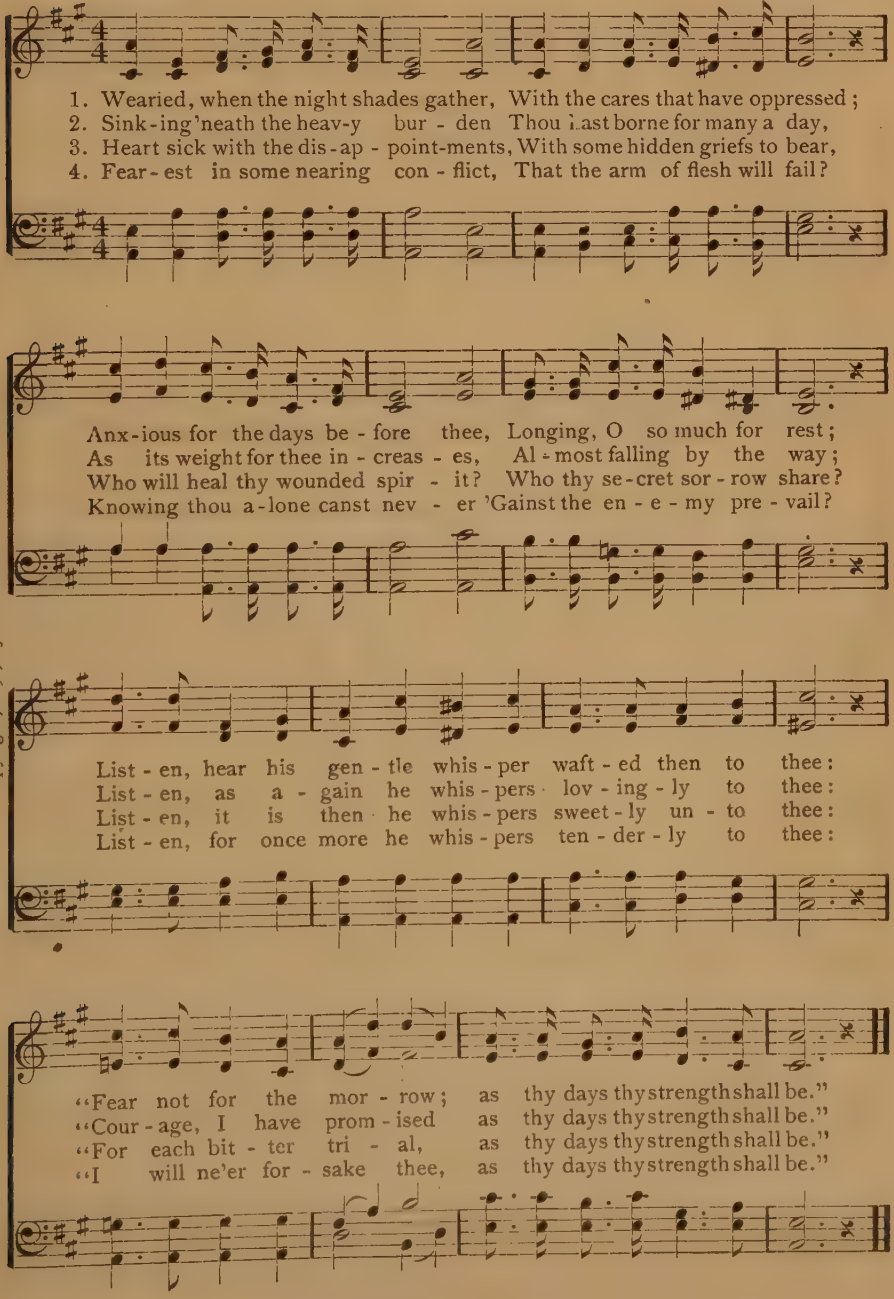
101 As Thy Days Thy Strength Shall Be.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.


1. Wearied, when the night shades gather, With the cares that have oppressed;
2. Sink-ing 'neath the heav-y bur - den Thou hast borne for many a day,
3. Heart sick with the dis-ap - point-ments, With some hidden griefs to bear,
4. Fear-est in some nearing con - flict, That the arm of flesh will fail?
Anx-ious for the days be - fore thee, Longing, O so much for rest;
As its weight for thee in - creas - es, Al - most falling by the way;
Who will heal thy wounded spir - it? Who thy se-cret sor - row share?
Knowing thou a-lone canst nev - er 'Gainst the en - e - my pre - vail?
List - en, hear his gen - tle whis - per waft - ed then to thee:
List - en, as a - gain he whis - pers lov - ing - ly to thee:
List - en, it is then he whis - pers sweet - ly un - to thee:
List - en, for once more he whis - pers ten - der - ly to thee:
"Fear not for the mor - row; as thy days thy strength shall be."
"Cour - age, I have prom - ised as thy days thy strength shall be."
"For each bit - ter tri - al, as thy days thy strength shall be."
"I will ne'er for - sake thee, as thy days thy strength shall be."

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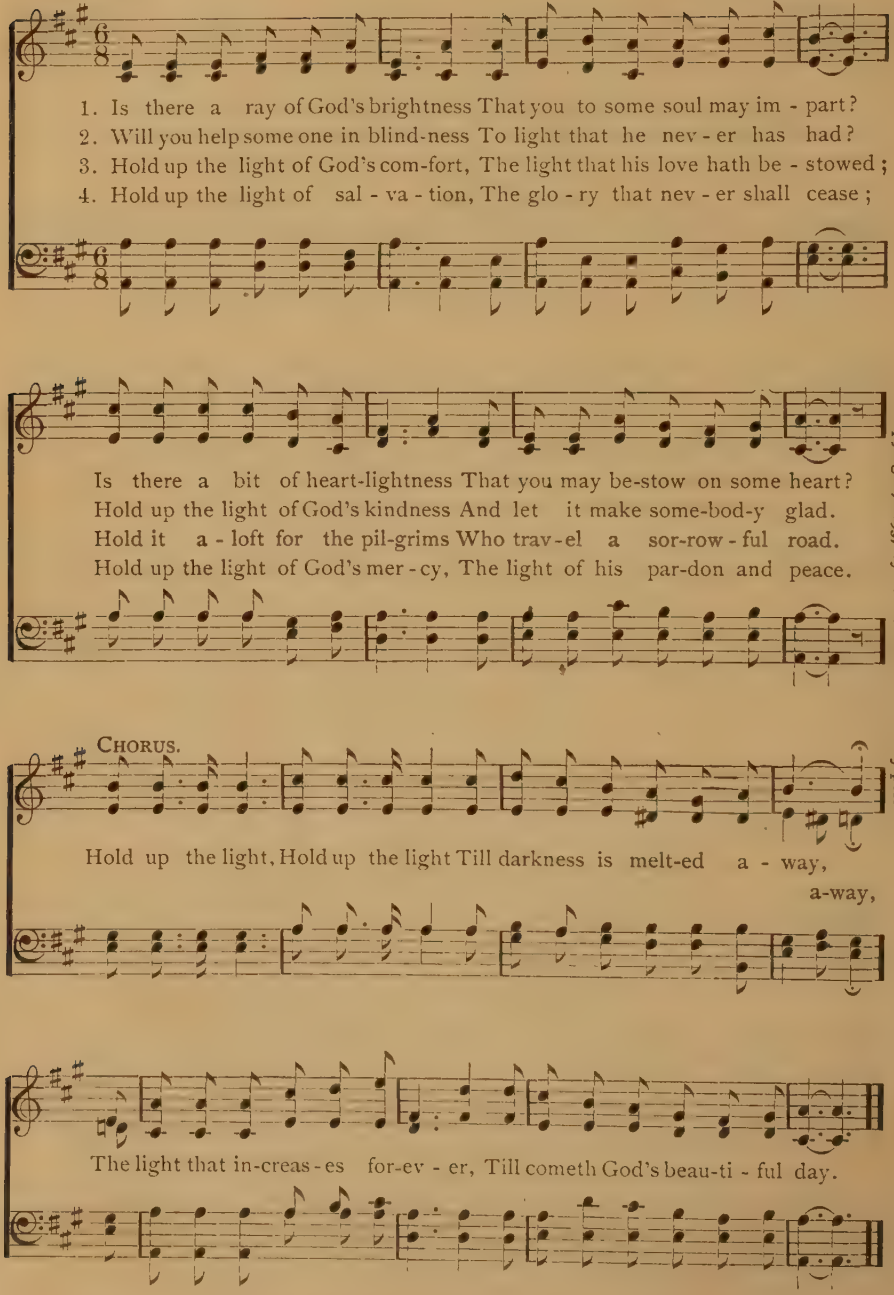
Hold Up the Light.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. I. H. MEREDITH.


1. Is there a ray of God's brightness That you to some soul may im - part?
2. Will you help some one in blind-ness To light that he nev - er has had?
3. Hold up the light of God's com-fort, The light that his love hath be - stowed;
4. Hold up the light of sal - va - tion, The glo - ry that nev - er shall cease;
Is there a bit of heart-lightness That you may be-stow on some heart?
Hold up the light of God's kindness And let it make some-bod-y glad.
Hold it a - loft for the pil-grims Who trav-el a sor-row - ful road.
Hold up the light of God's mer - cy, The light of his par-don and peace.
CHORUS.
Hold up the light, Hold up the light Till darkness is melt-ed a - way,
a-way,
The light that in-creas - es for-ev - er, Till cometh God's beau-ti - ful day.

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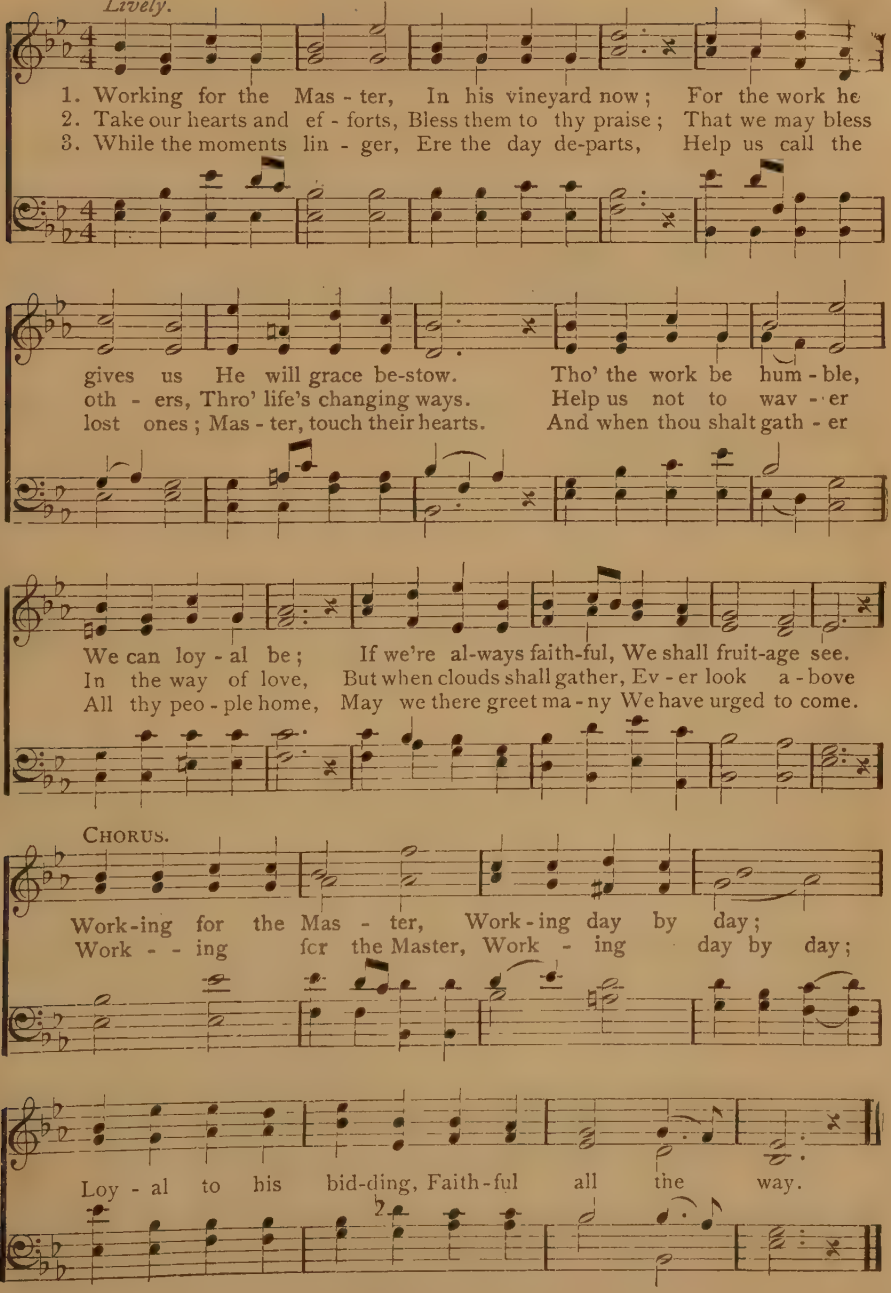
103 Working Loyally.

F. S. S. **Dedicated to the L. W's.** F. S. Stanton.

Lively.


1. Working for the Mas - ter, In his vineyard now; For the work he
2. Take our hearts and ef - forts, Bless them to thy praise; That we may bless
3. While the moments lin - ger, Ere the day de-parts, Help us call the
gives us He will grace be-stow. Tho' the work be hum - ble,
oth - ers, Thro' life's changing ways. Help us not to wav - er
lost ones; Mas - ter, touch their hearts. And when thou shalt gath - er
We can loy - al be; If we're al-ways faith-ful, We shall fruit-age see.
In the way of love, But when clouds shall gather, Ev - er look a - bove
All thy peo - ple home, May we there greet ma - ny We have urged to come.
Chorus.
Work-ing for the Mas - ter, Work - ing day by day;
Work - - ing for the Master, Work - ing day by day;
Loy - al to his bid-ding, Faith-ful all the way.

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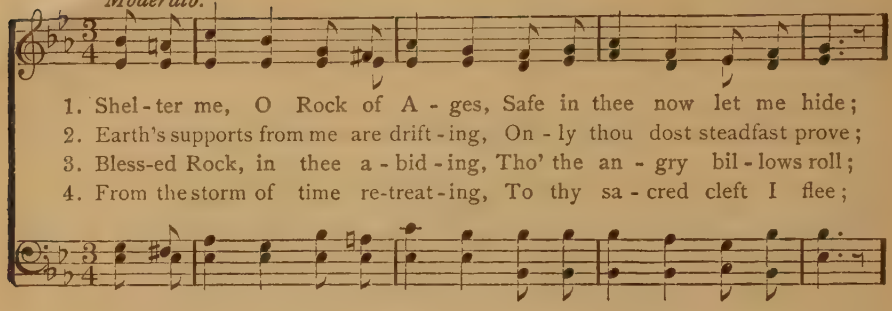
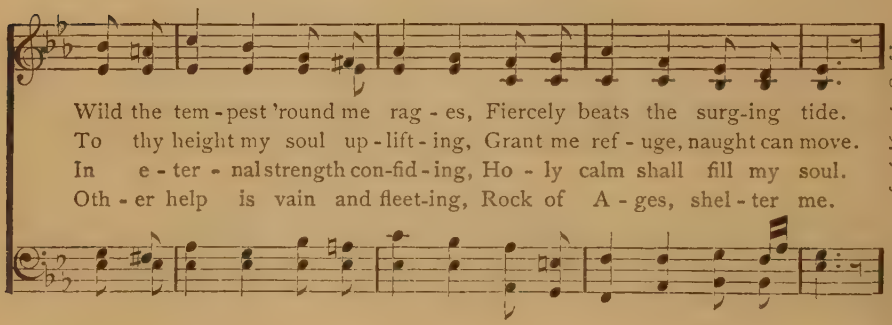
Shelter Me, O Rock of Ages.

JENNIE WILSON. I. H. MEREDITH.

Moderato.


1. Shel-ter me, O Rock of A-ges, Safe in thee now let me hide;
2. Earth's supports from me are drift-ing, On-ly thou dost steadfast prove;
3. Bless-ed Rock, in thee a-bid-ing, Tho' the an-gry bil-lows roll;
4. From the storm of time re-treat-ing, To thy sa-cred cleft I flee;


Wild the tem-pest 'round me rag-es, Fiercely beats the surg-ing tide.
To thy height my soul up-lift-ing, Grant me ref-uge, naught can move.
In e-ter-nal strength con-fid-ing, Ho-ly calm shall fill my soul.
Oth-er help is vain and fleet-ing, Rock of A-ges, shel-ter me.

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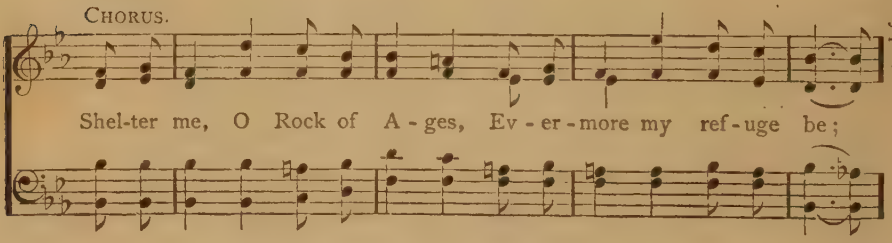
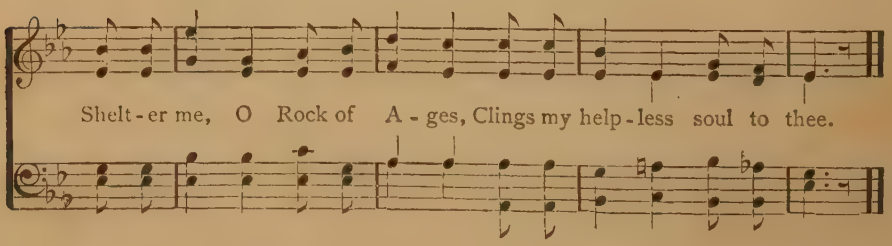
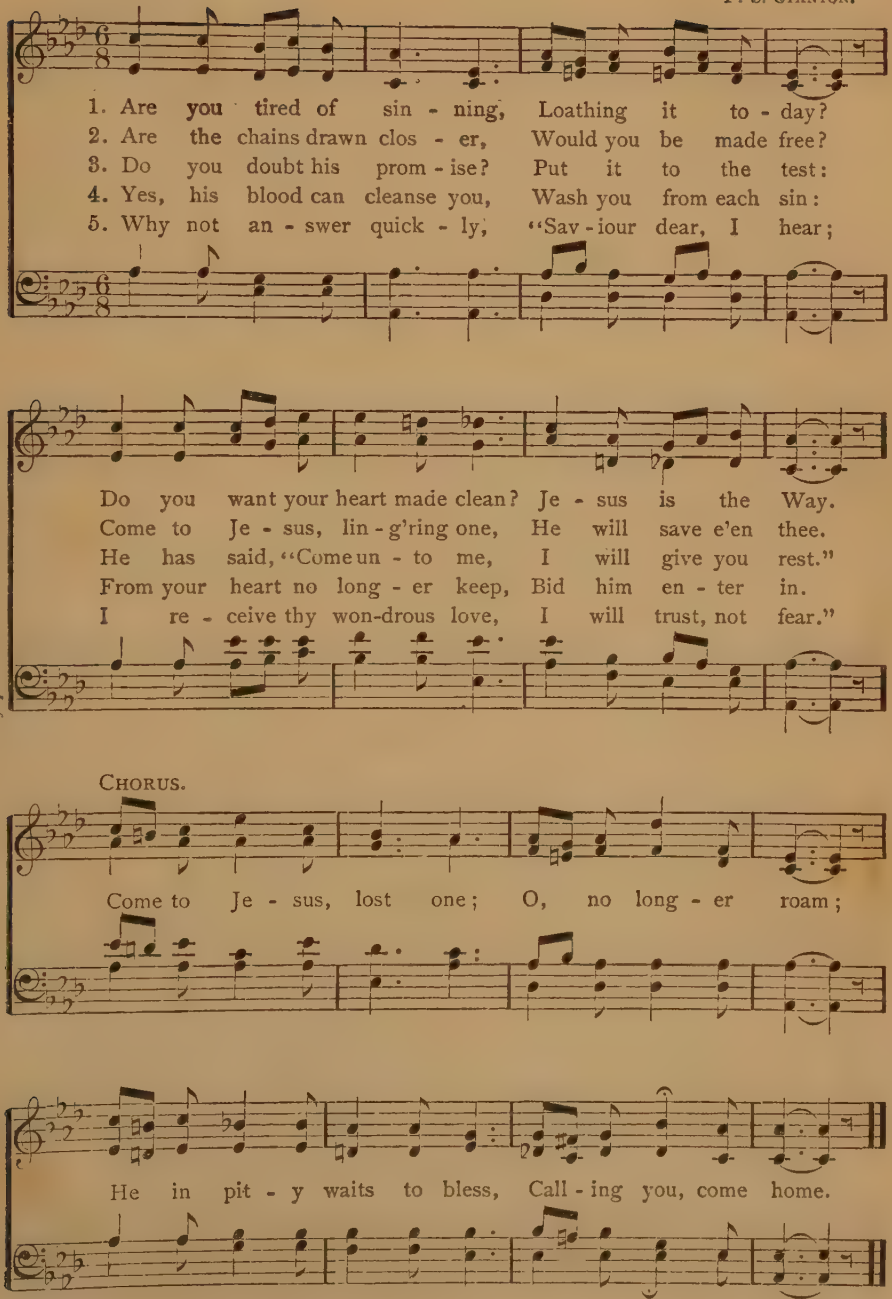
CHORUS.





105 Come to Jesus.

F. S. S. F. S. Stanton.


1. Are you tired of sin - ning, Loathing it to - day?
2. Are the chains drawn clos - er, Would you be made free?
3. Do you doubt his prom - ise? Put it to the test:
4. Yes, his blood can cleanse you, Wash you from each sin:
5. Why not an - swer quick - ly, "Sav - iour dear, I hear;
Do you want your heart made clean? Je - sus is the Way.
Come to Je - sus, lin - g'ring one, He will save e'en thee.
He has said, "Come un - to me, I will give you rest."
From your heart no long - er keep, Bid him en - ter in.
I re - ceive thy won-drous love, I will trust, not fear."
Chorus.
Come to Je - sus, lost one; O, no long - er roam;
He in pit - y waits to bless, Call - ing you, come home.

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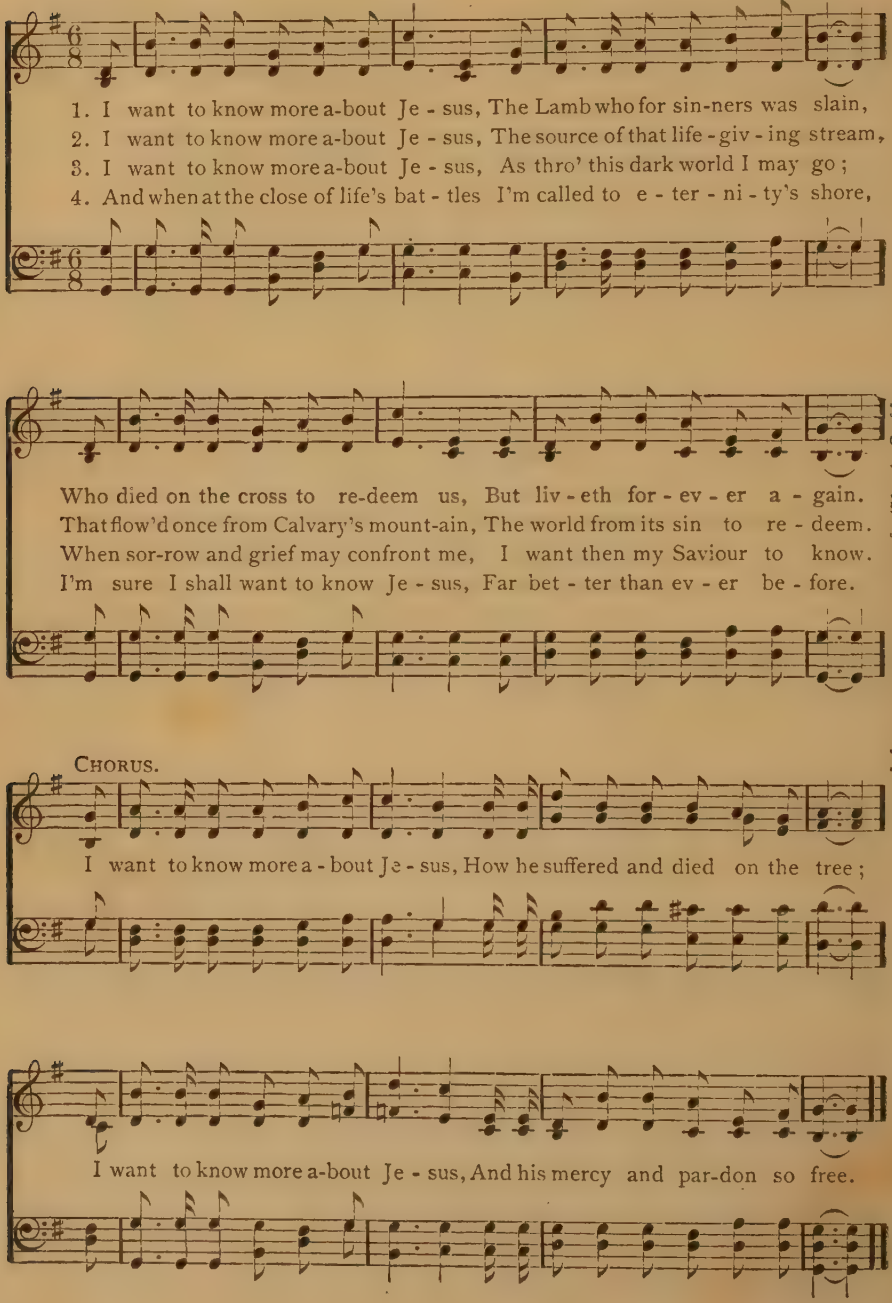
106 I Want to Know More About Jesus.

G. C. T. GRANT C. TULLAR.


1. I want to know more a-bout Je - sus, The Lamb who for sin-ners was slain,
2. I want to know more a-bout Je - sus, The source of that life - giv - ing stream,
3. I want to know more a-bout Je - sus, As thro' this dark world I may go;
4. And when at the close of life's bat - tles I'm called to e - ter - ni - ty's shore,
Who died on the cross to re-deem us, But liv - eth for - ev - er a - gain.
That flow'd once from Calvary's mount-ain, The world from its sin to re - deem.
When sor-row and grief may confront me, I want then my Saviour to know.
I'm sure I shall want to know Je - sus, Far bet - ter than ev - er be - fore.
CHORUS.
I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, How he suffered and died on the tree;
I want to know more a-bout Je - sus, And his mercy and par-don so free.

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107

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy praise;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

R. Robinson.

108

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:

3 In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I with the throng unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. Toplady.

109

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
||: And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains. :||

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
||: And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away. :||

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
||: Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more. :||

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
||: Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die. :||

5 But in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save [tongue
||: When this poor lisping, stammering
Is ransomed from the grave. :||

W. Cowper.

110

Tune.—"Hold the Fort."

1 Look, my brethren, see the tokens
O'er the earth abroad,
All that holy seers have spoken
In the word of God.

Chorus.

Hold the faith, the Lord is coming,
Joy, the kingdom's near;
Let your lamps be trimmed and burning,
Christ will soon appear.

2 Now the pent up wrath of nations
Girds the sword for war;
Men and demons high in station
Sound the blast afar.—Cho.

3 See the mighty men are waking
For the gory strife;
Thrones and sceptres now are shaking,
Vengeance now is rife.—Cho.

4 Swift the sands of time are running,
Day of doom draws near;
Soon with all his angels coming,
Throne and Judge appear.—Cho.

5 Then redemption's wondrous story
Is forever told
In God's kingdom filled with glory,
On its streets of gold.—Cho.

S. S. Brewer.

111

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

H. Bonar.

112

1 Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive me home at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art!
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

113

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett.

114

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

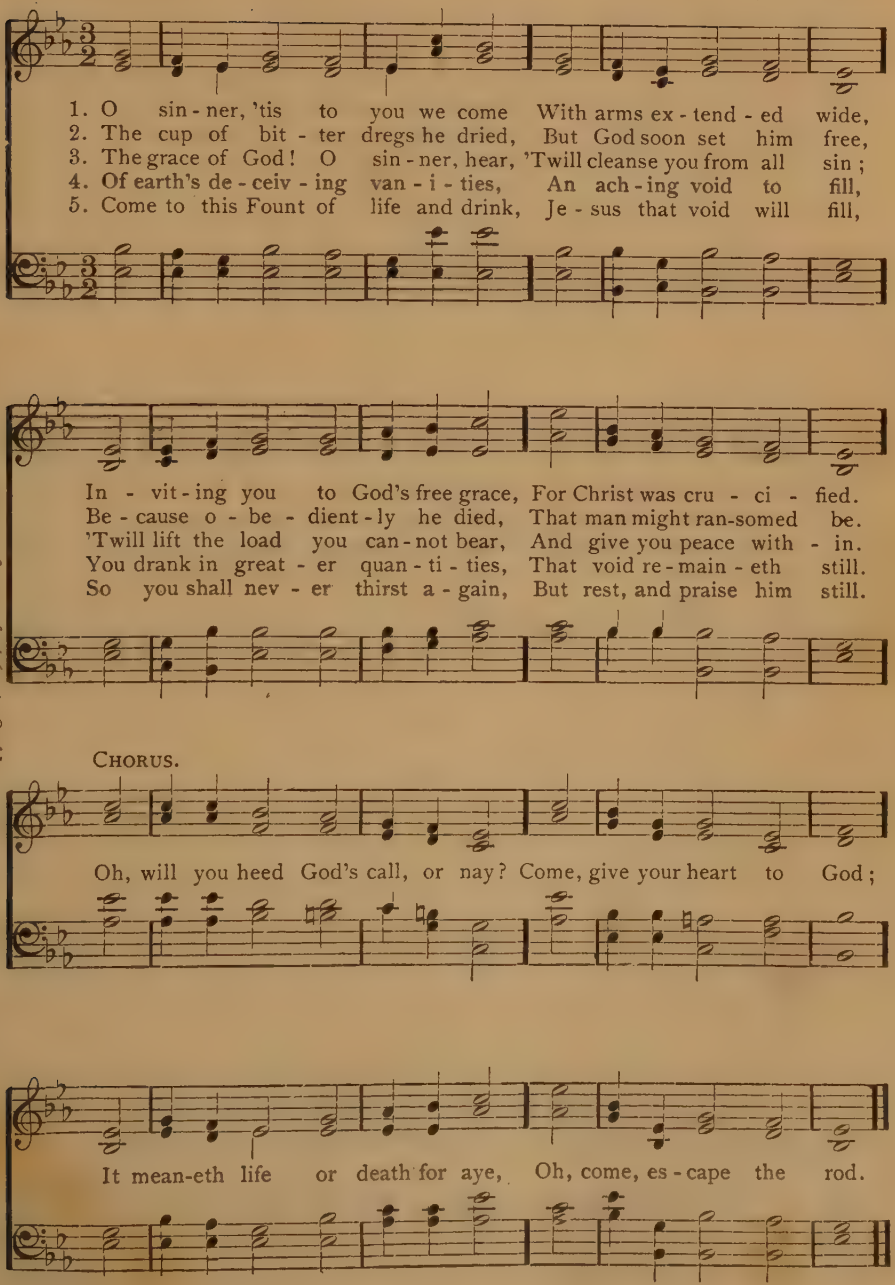
2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

3 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

E. Perronet.

Sufficiency in Christ.

GEO. J. FRENCH. GEO. J. FRENCH.


1. O sin - ner, 'tis to you we come With arms ex - tend - ed wide,
2. The cup of bit - ter dregs he dried, But God soon set him free,
3. The grace of God! O sin - ner, hear, 'Twill cleanse you from all sin;
4. Of earth's de - ceiv - ing van - i - ties, An ach - ing void to fill,
5. Come to this Fount of life and drink, Je - sus that void will fill,
In - vit - ing you to God's free grace, For Christ was cru - ci - fied.
Be - cause o - be - dient - ly he died, That man might ran-somed be.
'Twill lift the load you can - not bear, And give you peace with - in.
You drank in great - er quan - ti - ties, That void re - main - eth still.
So you shall nev - er thirst a - gain, But rest, and praise him still.
CHORUS.
Oh, will you heed God's call, or nay? Come, give your heart to God;
It mean-eth life or death for aye, Oh, come, es - cape the rod.

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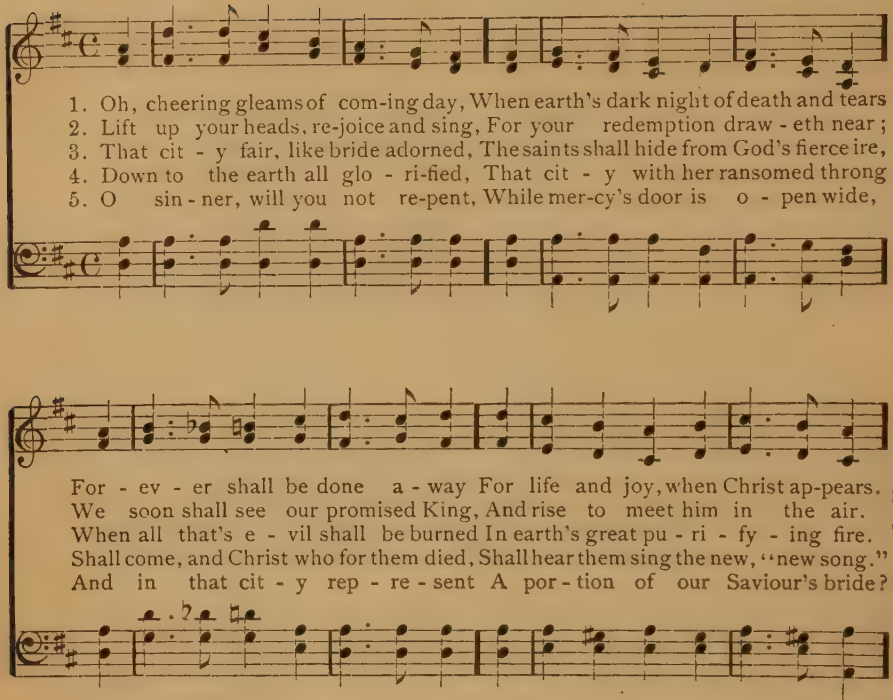
Good Tidings.

Geo. J. French. Mrs. F. L. Kahler.


1. Oh, cheering gleams of com-ing day, When earth's dark night of death and tears
2. Lift up your heads, re-joice and sing, For your redemption draw-eth near;
3. That cit-y fair, like bride adorned, The saints shall hide from God's fierce ire,
4. Down to the earth all glo-ri-fied, That cit-y with her ransomed throng
5. O sin-ner, will you not re-pent, While mer-cy's door is o-pen wide,
For-ev-er shall be done a-way For life and joy, when Christ ap-pears.
We soon shall see our promised King, And rise to meet him in the air.
When all that's e-vil shall be burned In earth's great pu-ri-fy-ing fire.
Shall come, and Christ who for them died, Shall hear them sing the new, "new song."
And in that cit-y rep-re-sent A por-tion of our Saviour's bride?

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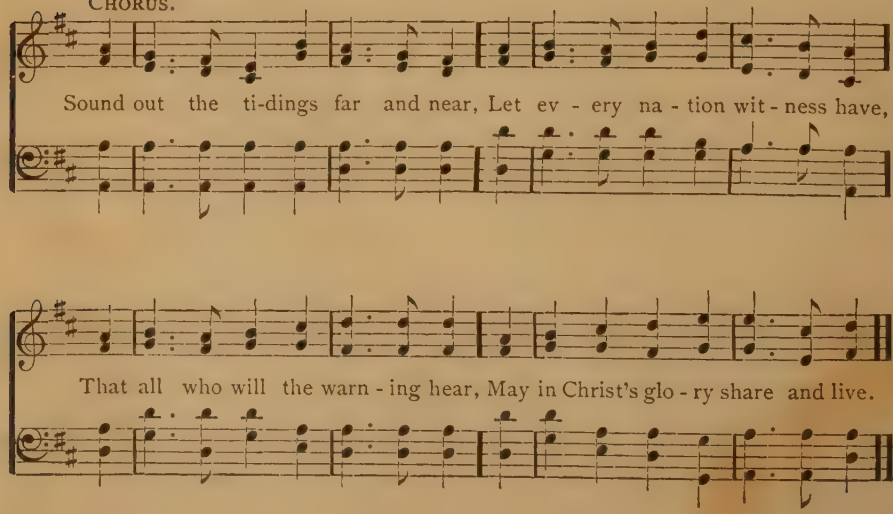
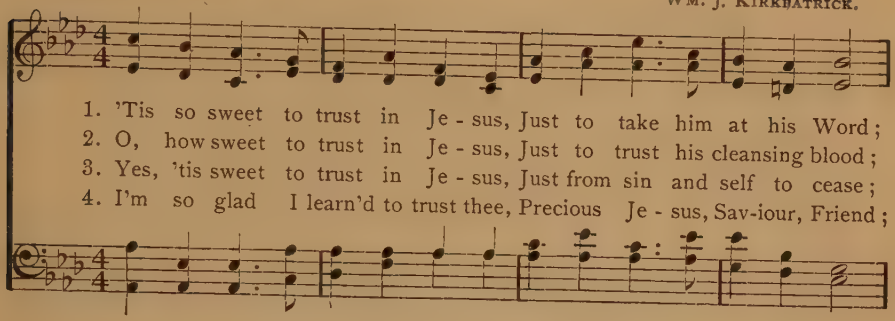
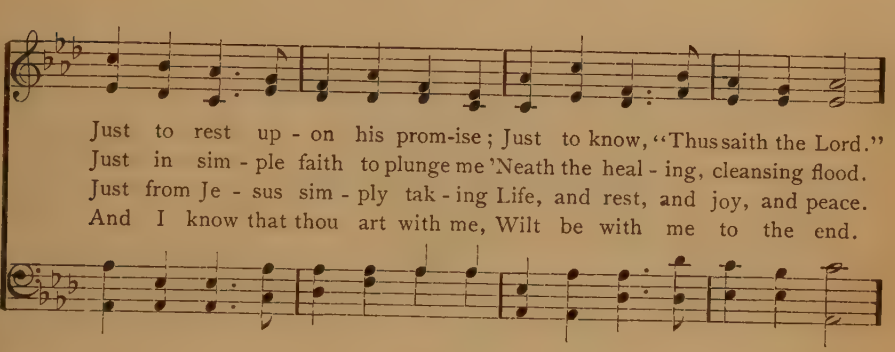
Chorus.


Sound out the ti-dings far and near, Let ev-ery na-tion wit-ness have,
That all who will the warn-ing hear, May in Christ's glo-ry share and live.

117 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;


Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

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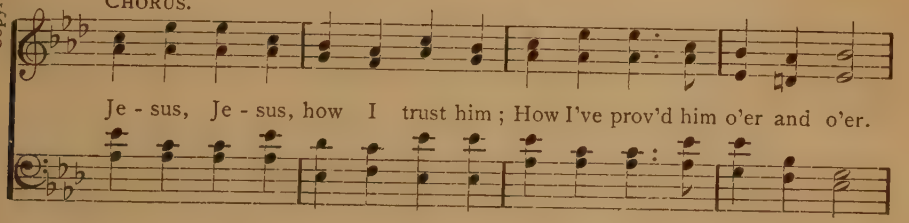
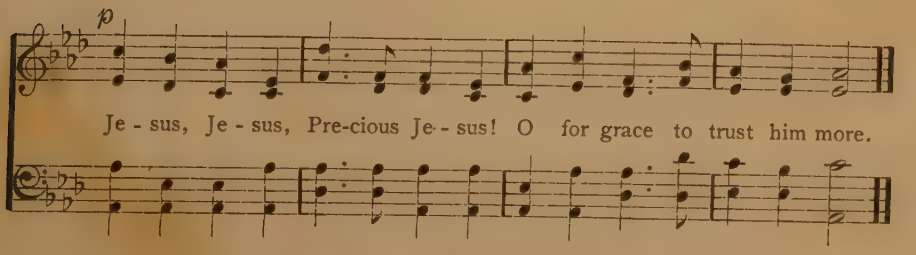
CHORUS.

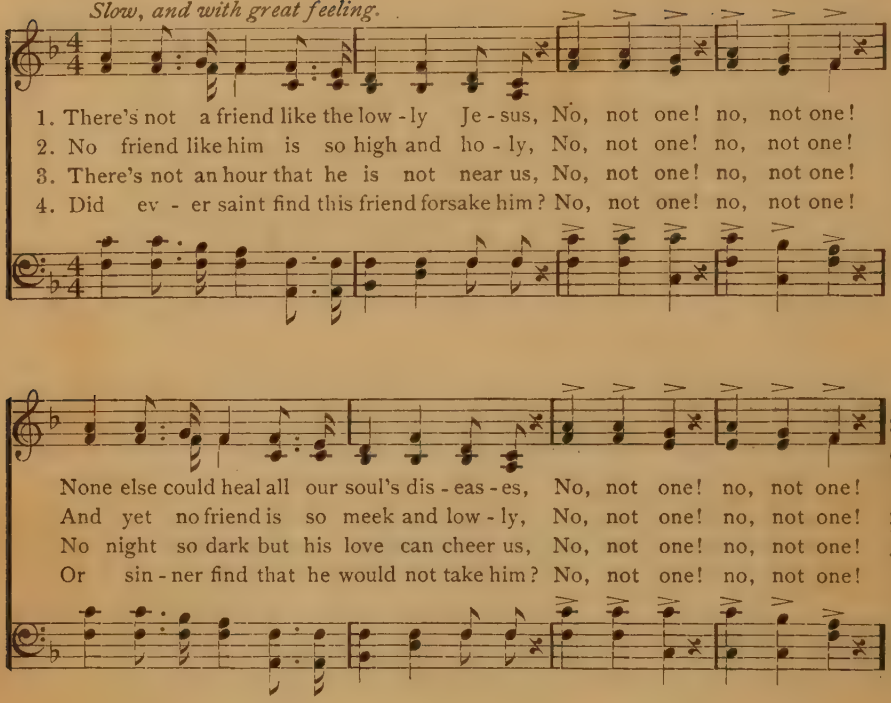




No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

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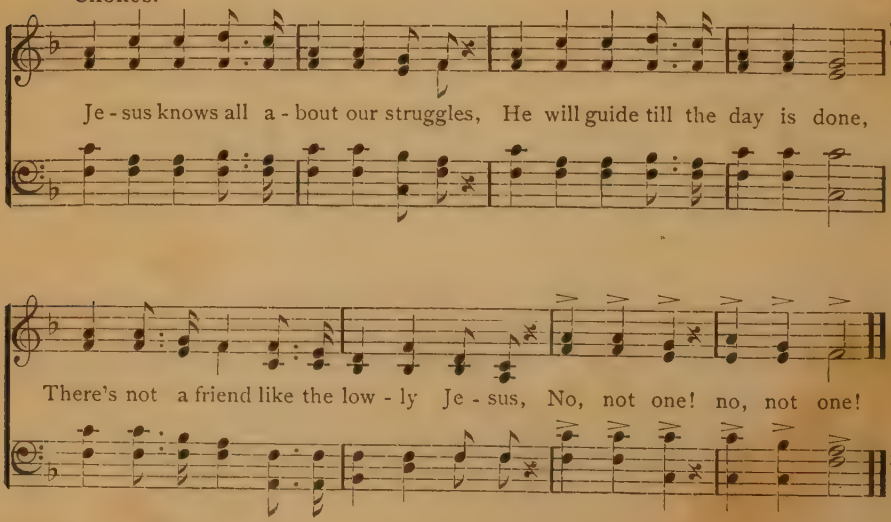
CHORUS.


Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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